
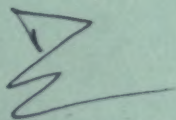
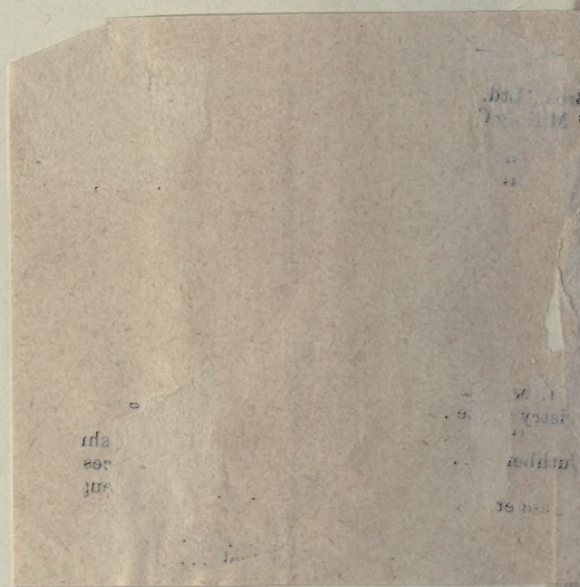




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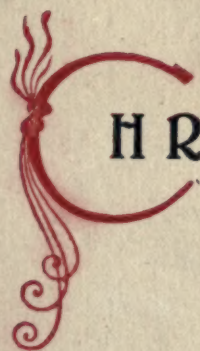
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The
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Review



HRISTMAS

1904

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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1904

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



S.A.C. SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904.

Editorials.

THE progress of St. Andrew's College since the first class was enrolled in 1899 has been little short of phenomenal, and now that our new building is all but completed, it would seem that possibilities of expansion and influence, little dreamed of by the founders, are within reach. The success with which the College has met, and the honorable place it holds among the preparatory schools of the Dominion must be attributed, we take it, to efficient management, fidelity to high ideals and painstaking, sympathetic teaching. But efficiency such as we are aiming at cannot be gained without considerable outlay, and we are bold enough to suggest to the friends of the College that there is still ample opportunity for them to assist the Principal in his efforts to meet the increased demands upon the funds which the progress of the country, the growth of the school, and the educational requirements of the age necessitate.

IT may be of interest to our readers to know from where the College motto, ἀνδριζεσθε κραταιουσθε, "Quit ye like men; be strong," is taken.

The expression first occurs in the First Book of Samuel, chapter four, verse nine, where with these words the Philistines encourage each other before joining battle with the Israelites. It proved to be a battle-cry under which they advanced to victory.

It is used again by Paul in the thirteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, where the great apostle is urging those to whom he writes to renewed vigor and steadfastness in the conflict for the faith against evil.

A stirring battle-cry, an inspiring counsel from the lips of the great apostle, it is indeed a magnificent motto for a schoolboy. For it is a call to participate in a good fight; a call to arm for the great conflict that must be waged by all in every-day life.

THE Rugby season just passed has been in many respects most satisfactory. Early in September a schedule committee, composed of representatives from the four schools, met in Toronto and arranged dates for all games in the interschool series, thus doing away with the unnecessary and annoying delays of previous years. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope that it will not be discontinued in the future. In the practices this fall one could not help noticing that the boys displayed more interest in the game than heretofore, and the result has been that they experienced but one defeat. This was administered by U.C.C., our stumbling block upon many a former occasion. It is unfortunate that we have to waste much of the time set aside for the practices in travelling to and from Rosedale, but this is one of the many inconveniences that will be overcome when we get into our new quarters, and next year even greater things will be expected of the team.

Never before perhaps has there been a keener interest taken in hockey. Every one is rejoicing that we are to be represented once more in the junior series of the O.H.A., especially as the prospects of a winning seven are most bright. Just a word or two of advice. If study is in any wise interfered with or the capacity of the sick room overtaxed, as was the case two years ago, a stop will surely be put to all connection with the O.H.A. in future. It is incumbent, therefore, upon the members of the first and second teams to satisfy the Principal that we can be represented in this league without having the regular work of the school disorganized. The matches will begin almost immediately upon the re-opening of College, and if we expect to make a good showing this year those who are to represent us must get into condition during the holidays. Much can be done by simply taking a reasonable amount of exercise each day, and keeping regular hours.

OF the Canadian biographies this year none perhaps has proved more interesting than "The Life of the Late Principal Grant," by his son, William Lawson Grant, and Frederick Hamilton (Morang & Co., Toronto). Mr. Grant, who was associated with this school for two years as a teacher, and who is at present in Paris studying history, has done his part of the book admirably. THE REVIEW heartily congratulates one of its former

editors upon the results of his labors in this field, and trusts that when he again takes pen in hand he will give us something equally entertaining. Mr. Findlay's review of this work, which appears elsewhere in our columns, will be of interest to all.

SINCE our last issue in June many changes have taken place. The staff has lost two of its members—Mr. Grant from the Upper and Miss Grier from the Lower school. The latter will in future devote her time to Domestic Science; the former, after spending a year in Paris studying history, intends returning to Canada and undertaking more advanced work. Both were very popular with the boys, and will be greatly missed by them. Each year, however, brings its gains as well as its losses, and the staff has been strengthened by Mr. Bell, late of Victoria Collegiate School, and Mr. Northcott, a recent graduate of Trinity College.

Dr. Meyer, who was instrumental in establishing the Junior School, and in making it such a success, has taken a house in one of the residential parts of the city where he will in future reside, unmolested by the "madding crowd." He will remain on the teaching staff, however, and his place in residence will be taken by Mr. Robinson.

THE articles in this number have not, as in previous years, been entirely the work of the boys themselves, and a word or two of explanation is perhaps due. "The Bell of St. Ives," by Mr. Beddow, appeared some time ago in one of the city papers, but in all probability did not reach many of the boys, and we have obtained permission to reprint it here as a sample of a good school story. Mr. Robinson in his article on Venice has described for us a few of the places he visited while abroad during the summer holidays. Mr. Macdonald has accepted our invitation to write an open letter to the Old Boys, many of whom subscribe to THE REVIEW, and will be glad to hear from their old Principal. The review of Mr. W. L. Grant's work on the life of his father has been written by another of our masters, Mr. Findlay, but the rest of the issue, and all business connected with the printing thereof has been left in the hands of the boys.

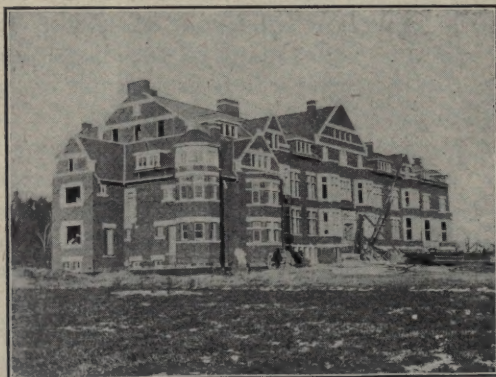
Principal Caven.

THE sad news of Principal Caven's death was received with widespread signs of sorrow. His decease removes from St. Andrew's one of her ablest directors and warmest friends. The wisdom of his counsel as a member of the Board will be greatly missed as it will be wherever he was known. As a fitting mark of respect for a great man no afternoon classes were held at St. Andrew's on the day of the funeral, and twenty or more of the boys were chosen to represent the College there.

The service at Knox College was very impressive. The chapel was crowded with the most distinguished men of the province and a large number of students who will miss very much the kindly face of their beloved Principal. When the service was over, the funeral *cortege* moved slowly away between silent throngs. Bodies of students from all the colleges marched in the procession, and it was one of the longest that have been seen in Toronto for years. The whole occasion, though it lacked anything like pomp or ceremony, was exceedingly impressive in its very simplicity. It was eminently fitting that it should be so, for the life of the man himself was a personification of that same virtue—simplicity.

Dr. Caven was a great Presbyterian, but the name of a mere denomination is too narrow a term for him. He was a great Canadian—a great and good man, and his life with its splendid outstanding characteristics of tireless industry, broad-mindedness, wise leadership, and simple living, makes him a fine example for those who are to be the men of to-morrow.

MASSEY.




A VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.

—Photo by G. M. W.

The Big Bell at St. Ives.

BY F. S. BEDDOW.

“ELL Moffatt that ‘Tug’ wants to see every fellow in the sixth form right after school to-night. He will be under the trees at the bottom of the campus. Don’t make a noise about it, now. Keep your eye skinned for masters!” Off went the messenger, proud to bear a message from the mighty “Tug.”

“Tug” was not in the sixth form, nor indeed in the fifth, for he was a “chump” at lessons, but he led the school, notwithstanding, by sheer force of personality. So whenever there was anything “on,” “Tug” was at the head of it.

It must be understood that there existed a far-famed and bitter rivalry between Redgate and the neighboring St. Ives—a rivalry handed down from generation to generation of boys—and each of the schools was always on the lookout to “get even” with the other. This had inspired “Tug’s” message.

The sixth form found “Tug” had concocted a splendid, new scheme—a scheme in every way worthy of himself. It was a secret expedition to St. Ives under cover of night, and the object was to bring away the clapper of the big bell which hung in the tower. This plot was daring enough to charm the heart of the wildest boy, and if successful would place a halo of everlasting glory about the head of every member of the expedition. For Redgate to gain possession of the tongue of the enemy’s bell—that big bell that for so many years had rung out over St. Ives—was a dream well calculated to appeal to the boy-nature of the redoubtable “Tug” and his companions. Then, the risk to be taken was simply splendid. To begin with, it was, of course, against the rules to be out of the building after dark, and much more against the rules to leave the college grounds. Then there was a distance of a mile and a half to be covered without being seen. Then there was the task of clambering over the wall of St. Ives, and getting into the ancient tower, and climbing up the old, winding staircase in the darkness. Next, there was getting the heavy clapper unhooked. Then the return journey, which meant all the risks multiplied by two. But the night was going to be dark, and “Tug” had laid most elaborate plans, and the boys were keen to go.

That night at “lights out” every boy in “Tug’s” dormitory

was ready for bed. This was surprising, and a sure sign that something was "on"—good behavior always was.

It need not be thought the whole school was in the secret—"Tug" was a better general than that. Only a picked few knew anything about this great expedition, that seemed to the boys in the plot to rival anything ever done, even the famous march of Xenophon's 10,000 Greeks.

At last "the general" thought everybody in the building was sound asleep—even the vigilant masters—so a window was cautiously raised, and three boys crept out on to the roof just below. "Tug" led the way down a waterpipe, and in a little while the whole party was safely on the ground. It seemed terribly dark standing, at midnight, of one of the blackest nights of the year, crouching beneath the great walls of the school, not a light showing at a single window. In fact, it was so dark that two of the party felt just a little like "funking it," but they looked at "Tug" and all their courage returned.

It was an exciting tramp, that mile and a half across the bleak fields in the inky darkness, and once the boys almost ran into a farmer, who would have been certain to know them, but creeping close under a hedge they escaped, though their hearts beat very fast for a minute.

At length they reached St. Ives, and in a few minutes more stood at the foot of the massive stone bell-tower. They had just turned their attention to the outer door, which gave admittance to the tower, when suddenly their ears were startled by approaching footsteps. There was no time to run, so they drew themselves up as close as possible to the wall and waited, with their hearts in their mouths. "Were they caught?" "It meant expulsion certainly!" "They had been seen!" Just as such thoughts were flying through their heads, who should come round the corner but little Johnny Stibbs, one of the lower school at Redgate, a midget about eight years old. "Tug" was perfectly frantic with rage, but did not dare to make any noise about it, and, as the youngster refused to go back, he had to be allowed to stay. It seems he had somehow got wind of the secret expedition, and, "Tug" being his idol, had sneaked out of bed and followed the adventurers.

The door before which the boys were now standing was locked, but "Tug," it must be remembered, was a tactician of no mean order, and while able to plan an expedition as a whole, was none the less able to command all details thereof as well. The door was locked, but he had only to feel in his pocket to produce

a key. It might be mentioned here, as a side-light on the genius of "Tug," that the masters of St. Ives had missed the key to this door more than three weeks before, and no one in the school had been able to explain its disappearance. The lock turned beautifully, but to the astonishment of the boys the door stuck fast. The fact was, a heavy bolt had been put on inside since "Tug" had last visited the scene! Surely even Cæsar would have been beaten by a thing like that, thought "Tug," who was an ardent admirer of that illustrious Roman's military powers, though, of course, a most cordial hater of his commentaries. But presently a small window on the farther side of the tower was found. Now if they could only get it open! Yes, it would open with the help of a knife! But the next difficulty was, it was too small to crawl through. Ah! "Tug" has an idea, and his ideas are usually worth having, that is, about affairs military—why not use little Stibbs?

In next to no time little Stibbs had been hoisted in, and had unbolted the door. "What luck that 'kid' came," muttered "Tug," as the prowlers began stealthily to mount the stairs, feeling their way by inches in the dark. But how those old steps did creak! It almost seemed as if they knew they were being trodden upon by the enemies of St. Ives, and were doing their best to give the alarm.

But in spite of the darkness, and the dreadful creaking and cracking of the old stairs, and the terrifying noises made by armies of scampering rats, the boys at length reached the top of the tower, and, looking up, could just make out the huge shape of the big bell hanging above them. A little more climbing and the coveted clapper was within easy reach. "It just wants unhooking," said "Tug," under his breath, not because anyone could hear him up there, but simply because all men and boys naturally talk like that when they are doing what they should not on someone else's premises.

"You fellows steady me while I reach up," came the order. "Tug" was standing on a beam and just reaching out his arms to unhook the heavy clapper, when a frightful sound filled the darkness in the tower, and struck consternation and terror into the heart even of "Tug." The boys instinctively held both hands tightly over their ears, and huddled into a corner. The great bell was ringing out its deafening tones only a foot or two from them, for someone below was vigorously pulling the rope, and in the confined space of the stone belfry the din was almost unbearable. Looking out through an opening in the stone-work they saw to their horror St. Ives was on fire!

All the old bitter feeling towards the boys of St. Ives instantly vanished, and the four Redgate lads were now just as keen to give any aid they might as, a moment before, they had been keen to get possession of the bell-clapper. Yet, they dared not stir, for they knew that to show themselves meant detection, and detection meant dire consequences. Things were serious. The clapper was quite forgotten. They had unexpectedly become prisoners; they must wait like prisoners—but how long? There was no telling. Perhaps the fire would be put out, and when everything was quiet and dark again they could slip off undiscovered. But supposing the fire attacked the tower! And how could they be sure it had not already begun to do so? Thus they were wondering, now determining on this, now on that, and even the resourceful "Tug" was unnerved and at a loss, when suddenly little Stibbs pointed at a boy running across the playground. "Why, there's 'Jib' Rooney!" he cried. Sure enough there was the well-known "Jib," their schoolmate, and what delighted them was that he was immediately followed by the whole of Redgate, who had heard the news and had rushed over to help. The four prisoners in the belfry saw their chance, and it was only a few minutes before they were down out of the tower and safely lost in the excited crowd of their own schoolfellows.—*The News*.



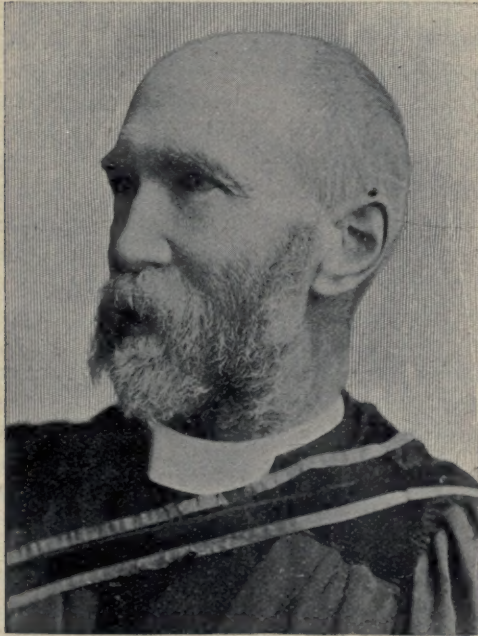
A RECRUIT SQUAD FOR THE CADET CORPS.

—Photo by G. M. W.

Principal Grant.—A Review.

BY WILLIAM LAWSON GRANT AND FREDERICK HAMILTON.

IT is only natural that we of St. Andrew's College should take an especial interest in the biography of the late Principal of Queen's, since most of its chapters were written within our own walls by a friend, who, until recently, was one of ourselves. It is even more natural, you will agree, now that the book has run into its second edition and won high praise from competent critics, that we should likewise



THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT

claim a modicum, at least, of the credit. First of all, then, let us offer our heartiest congratulations to our old colleague and master, Mr. W. L. Grant, who has performed a worthy service to his illustrious father and brought no small honor upon himself. Our sincere hope is that this really excellent memoir may be but the herald of many successes, which, we feel confident, will follow. In all fairness we must here state that Mr. Frederick

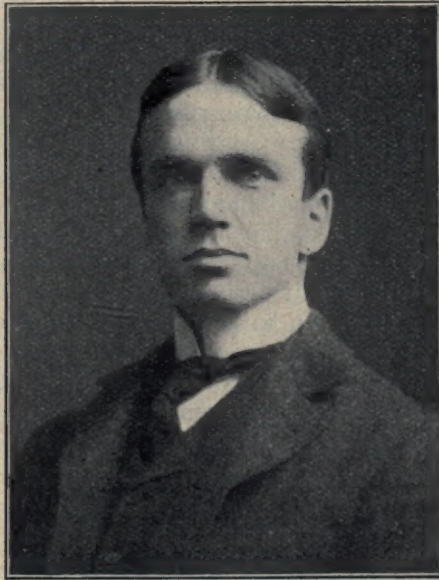
Hamilton has done his part of the work in an equally creditable manner, and we congratulate him also.

To review in a brief article a large volume of over five hundred pages, packed with facts, is no easy matter. What must it have meant to write it? It will conduce to clearness, however, to mention that of the total twenty-six chapters Mr. Grant has written seventeen and Mr. Hamilton nine; the former dealing for the most part with his father's youth, private life, and character, the latter with the principal's university and public career. With a view to letting the book speak for itself, some quotations are given, and, if the hero's earlier days are touched upon more fully than his later years, it is in the belief that this portion of his life forecasts the future and is likely to prove more interesting to our readers.

Pictou County, Nova Scotia, enjoys the reputation of having produced a larger number of famous men than any other county in Canada. In this banner county, sixty-nine years ago almost to a day (December 22nd), George Munro Grant, third son of James and Mary Grant (*née* Munro) was born. His father had emigrated from Scotland nine years before, and after teaching school for a time had settled down to life on a farm. It was here that the future principal gained his love of nature and the practical ability to turn his hand to the need of the moment. Shortly before his eighth birthday he had the misfortune to lose his right hand while playing with a new hay-cutter. As the little sufferer was being carried to his home, a comrade running by his side endeavored to cheer him up by his boyish consolation, "Dinna greet, Geordie, I hae the fingers." This accident changed the course of his life. Many stories are still current about the event; how his father said, "He'll never be a farmer now; we'll have to make him a scholar," and how, on the very evening of the accident, the little fellow began to practise writing with his left hand, an exaggeration which yet brings out vividly the indomitable pluck and energy which were his even as a boy. Three times before reaching the age of twelve he was in danger of his life; once by falling from a bridge into the river in a struggle with another boy over the ownership of a fishing-rod, and, again, by going head-first down a well in the schoolyard, while taking part in the noble game of attempting to see who could peer farthest over the top without falling in. "Do not be afraid about that boy, Mrs. Grant," said a neighbor to his mother; "The Lord has surely some work for him to do." So his mother firmly believed, and she was right.

A younger brother, Charles, tells of Geordie's delight at winning his first prize after they had moved to Pictou town to attend the academy there. "Suddenly I saw George—it is my first clear vision of him—bounding across the vacant space between the academy and our house, for neither then nor ever could he move save forcefully, and 'Cha, I have got the medal,' he cries. I looked up from my mud-pie and wondered that he should seem so surprised. The idea of any other boy being equal to him! And so thought we, all of us."

Many other stories are told in bright and easy style of the boy's pluck and vivacity, but those which we have given will perhaps suffice.



MR. W. L. GRANT

These were the days when factions in Nova Scotia were at their fiercest. George Grant was brought up in an atmosphere of political and secular bitterness and this filled him with the ardent desire to do away with it. He became fired with that passion for unity which was one of the strongest features of his religious life. The great need of the Nova Scotian Church at that time was a native ministry, and, as there was no local theological hall, the people decided to send some of their choicest students to Scotland for the requisite training. Accordingly, in 1853, four young

men set sail for Glasgow University, the youngest of whom was George Munro Grant.

At Glasgow, Grant's superabounding energy and widespread sympathies carried him into every sphere of student life—the classes, the debating society and athletics. His bright and buoyant spirit and his engaging manner soon made him a unique figure among his fellow-undergraduates.

On the football team he is said to have been ardent and untiring, full of wiles and dash, and perfectly regardless of injuries either to himself or his opponents. He fell into frequent scrapes, out of which his cleverness usually extricated him. On one mid-winter day a fierce snowball fight began opposite the college gates between some younger students and a crowd of boys and grinning lads in the street. In the course of it one small student—conspicuous in his scarlet college gown—had thrown a snowball which struck a big lad full in the eye. In sudden passion the big fellow dropped his snowball, rushed at the boy and began to pummel him unmercifully. At this moment Grant appeared at the college gate with his books under his arm. The instant he saw what was going on he handed his books to another student, fought his way quickly to the heart of the crowd and went for the bully. So fierce was his attack that the blood spurted out over the snow, and a policeman arriving arrested Grant on a charge of stabbing. He was soon bailed out by his fellow-students, but was compelled to appear next day to stand his trial. "The Police Court was flooded with students," says Dr. Macrae, "the younger set of whom, in their enthusiasm over Grant, had conceived the wild idea, if he were condemned, of swarming over the barriers, overwhelming the police, and carrying Grant forth to liberty. As it turned out there was fortunately no occasion for attempting this mad feat. He stated the circumstances with such effect, and his statement was so fully corroborated, that the magistrate not only dismissed the case, but said something in the way of complimenting him on his chivalrous intervention. The students applauded, swarmed out with Grant, escorted him to the college court, and after a rousing cheer in his honor, and another in honor of the magistrate, dispersed."

But though so prominent in all circles of academic life, Grant never forgot that he had come to Glasgow to study. He won so many scholarships, bursaries, and medals, that he was able to maintain himself without calling on his family at home for assistance. At times he filled his scanty purse by acting as tutor in

private families. His college note-book shows that this last occupation was not always a bed of roses.

Besides devoting himself with unflagging industry to his studies, he found time to gain a knowledge of men and affairs. His readiness, coolness and dash in debate were of great service to him in his class associations and in the college elections. He was brimful of spirits, fond of a fight, but always fair. He was greatly influenced by the preachers of the Scottish city, particularly by Norman Macleod, of the Barony Church, of whom he afterwards said, "He was the greatest man I have ever known." He took an active part in Sunday School work and in the city missions, besides acting as correspondent for the *Record*, the organ of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces. In the summer of 1860 he took his testamur in theology at Glasgow University, and in the autumn went for a tour on the Continent. On his return to Scotland he was offered the position of assistant to the Rev. Norman Macleod, but declined, as, although he would have had a larger field in the Old Land, he felt that duty called him to labor in the land of his birth. The impression one gets from reading these records of Grant's student days is that he was an ideal muscular Christian. At the closing dinner, given in honor of the four Nova Scotians before leaving for home, Grant, in replying to the toast to the guests, said that his motto in college had been, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." That would be his rallying cry in the battle of life, and would, he hoped, be theirs.

On his return to Nova Scotia Grant was called to the mission field of River John, near Pictou. He went to work with a will, and at once began the erection of a new church. Shortly afterwards he was removed to Prince Edward Island, where he built another church. Finally, in 1863, when not yet twenty-eight years of age, he was called to St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, the largest and most influential church in the province.

In Halifax Grant girded himself for the work with the same zeal and determination which had distinguished him at Glasgow and on his mission fields. His charm of manner, his vivacity of conversation, as well as his power in the pulpit, soon made him a general favorite. Every department of the work in the church flourished. He became noted as a skilful organizer and administrator; above all, as an extraordinarily successful collector of money. He exterminated the mortgage on St. Matthew's Church in one night, by first getting the congregation in good humor and then passing round the subscription lists. But the work of a single

church soon seemed too small a sphere for his wonderful activity. He carried on work among the sailors and in the hospitals, but especially his thoughts were directed to the young men of the city. He aided in the building of outside churches, was largely instrumental in the revival of Dalhousie College, and endeavored to found a theological hall in Halifax. At the same time he contributed regularly to journals and took a profound interest in everything affecting the life of the country. In Grant the qualities of leadership were not difficult to discern. He was remarkably frank and outspoken; his strong militant nature sometimes arousing keen opposition, but of his sincerity there could be no doubt. His life was all of a piece. As a boy he showed the same characteristics as he did when a man.

On May 7th, 1869, he married Miss Jessie Lawson, the eldest daughter of a successful West India merchant. His wife restrained his naturally aggressive spirit by the influence of her sweet and gentle nature. He gradually learned more of caution and prudence, so that "the inward fire which consumed him gave forth not less heat, but more light."

As an example of the interest which Grant took in public affairs at this period, we may cite the part he played in the Confederation of the provinces of the Dominion. He was an ardent advocate of union, which he thought should be effected while the country was young, and before local feelings, official interests, and so forth, grew to be too strong to be broken. His desire was to apply the doctrines of Christ to the affairs of this world. For the union he spoke and wrote fearlessly. Some of his church members criticized him severely, but in the country at large he was recognized as a man of ideas and ideals, and his influence was a potent factor in bringing the Lower Provinces into Confederation.

In the summer of 1872 Grant accompanied Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming across the continent to see with his own eyes the main features of the country through which the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway was to pass. The results of this tour were embodied in the following year in his book, "Ocean to Ocean." A more admirable book of travel and adventure could scarcely be found for a Canadian boy. It closes with this expressive summary:

Distance travelled by railway.....	957 miles
Distance travelled by horses	2,185 miles
Distance travelled by steamers	1,687 miles
Distance travelled by canoes and rowboats..	485 miles
From Halifax to Victoria, between July 1st and October 11th	5,314 miles

"Thank God we have a country," wrote Grant. He foresaw the future, and called on the people of Canada to "rise up and build."

Union was the watchword of Grant's political and ecclesiastical career. In the union of the Presbyterian Churches of Canada he took an active and prominent part. In addition to his many other duties Grant had always taken a great interest in educational reform. He had fought for separate schools; had favored Dalhousie College as a non-sectarian university, and had collected money for the Pine Hill Theological College. In the autumn of 1877 he was offered the vacant principalship of Queen's University, which, on being assured of the support of his colleagues, he accepted. It was hard for him to turn his back upon his native province, but he felt that his work in Nova Scotia was done. There was a larger field beyond, and Upper Canada had need of him.

Principal Grant's work at Queen's we cannot trace in detail, as space will not permit. Indeed, it is needless to do more than present a few general statements to show the magnitude of the task he performed, as, being nearer in time and place, it is more or less familiar to all.

Before 1878 Queen's stood aloof from the provincial system of education, and was a small and struggling Presbyterian college. As it was a denominational institution it received no aid from the government. In his inaugural address the new principal struck a high note of hope and confidence; declared for independence, and began to bring Queen's prominently before the public. Although he had vowed never to start another money scheme, as his soul hated the work, his first service to Queen's was to collect. He canvassed almost the entire Province of Ontario, and within a surprisingly short time had raised a hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Again and again he collected large amounts by appealing to graduates and friends, so that the university, under his adroit management, grew and prospered. By the federation negotiations of 1885 Queen's became involved in politics. Grant, of course, was her spokesman, and he succeeded in securing, first, the recognition, and, finally, the assistance of the government. During his *régime* the faculties of medicine and practical science were developed, and Queen's gradually acquired her present high standing in the province.

The relations of the principal to his students and staff were generally of a most pleasant nature. His cheerfulness kept them

in good humor, and the fact that he was doing three men's work himself inspired them to do their best. The student body was in reality a democracy. Under Grant's strong and tactful guidance this freedom developed an admirable *esprit de corps*, although occasionally even his great powers of conciliation were put to the test. Grant, however, had a way of rising to the occasion. Take, for instance, his handling of the med. who had risen in rebellion because the meetings in their "den" had been disallowed. Grant called a mass-meeting. Had he begun as some might have done, there would have been pandemonium in five minutes. Instead of commencing with vituperation, he put them off their guard by an unexpectedly complimentary vein of wit. Before they knew it they were applauding his remarks roundly, and had quite forgotten their proper hostile attitude. After a few minutes, when he had gained complete control, he gradually and ingeniously changed the form of his remarks until he finally wound up by giving the whole medical student body such a sound trouncing, metaphorically-speaking, as they had never imagined themselves capable of experiencing. The meetings in the "den" ceased.

With regard to Principal Grant's public activities little need be said. His views on the national questions of the tariff, British connection and prohibition are clearly stated and stoutly defended in the biography. Not that either his son or his collaborator is blind to the principal's faults. Indeed, the spirit of candor and evident fairness with which his peculiarities are set forth is one of the gratifying features of the work. An interesting disclosure is made in the correspondence of the late Sir Oliver Mowat and Principal Grant, in which it is revealed that the latter was urged to accept the portfolio of Minister of Education in Ontario. He declined on the ground that he wished to be independent of any political party, and also because he could not bring himself to desert Queen's, nor to "unfrock" himself as a minister of the Gospel.

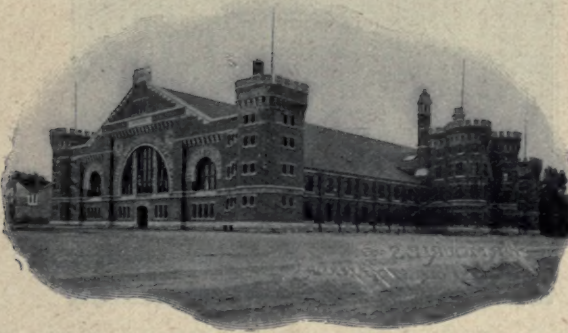
The chapter dealing with the trip around the world, which he was forced to take to recover his health, is one of the most absorbing chapters of a book that has not a dull page in it. His admiration for the Boer and his attitude toward the South African War are here fully explained. Grant was an imperialist before imperialism became popular. Like all true leaders he could read the signs of the times. As he himself said, "We build for the ages."

As for his private life—his fondness for home, his love of children, his geniality, and his deeply religious view of life—we

can but refer the reader to the biography. When he died Canada lost a truly great man. His character was so many-sided, and his activities were so numerous, that they cannot easily be summed up. The head of a university, he was keenly interested in politics; a theologian, he was sensitive to the material development of his country; a clergyman, he had singularly accurate views upon military policy; a scholar, he had superb administrative ability. Eagerness, energy, keenness and, underlying all, sympathy, were the outstanding features of the man. Like his Master, he lived "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Principal Grant, we may add in closing, evinced a kindly interest in St. Andrew's College, and on several occasions had conversations with our principal in regard to its affairs.

W. A. FINLAY.



THE ARMOURIES, TORONTO.

Venice.

THE train for Venice leaves Florence at 10.30 in the morning, and one has a long journey, first, through the Apennines, and then across the plain of the Po, arriving at Venice at about seven in the evening. The Apennines are much finer than one would imagine, the scenery being that of the Alps in miniature; but the pleasure of the journey is marred by the numerous tunnels which cut off the choicest views



DOORWAY OF ST. MARK'S.

and fill the small compartments with smoke and gas from the engine. The train passes the old and historic cities of Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, and one wishes that it were possible to break the journey at these interesting places.

As the traveller approaches Venice a change in the character of the country is apparent. The land is less carefully cultivated; here and there are pools of water; dykes are seen; then suddenly

the train runs out upon a causeway and for two and a half miles there is the sea on both sides. The railway station at Venice is very like all other railway stations, with its ticket office, news-stand, and porters, and one hardly realizes that he has arrived at the most unique city in Europe. With its noise and bustle, the station suggests modern civilization and commercialism, but outside the traveller does not find a tram-car or a cab, he must embark in a gondola; he has arrived in Venice, a city, mediæval, unpractical, poetical, beautiful, magical in its charm.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The city is situated on 117 small islands, formed by the intersection of 150 canals; the whole forming a city of 15,000 houses and palaces, about six and a half miles in circumference. Through this network of buildings, narrow streets and canals runs the Grand Canal, the main artery of traffic, two miles long and about seventy-five yards wide. The city is surrounded on all sides by the sea, and the tides of the Adriatic flow along its canals and wash the foundations of its buildings.

Venice is a very old city. Having its origin at the time of

the barbarian invasions, it rose to power, first, under the doge Enrico Dandolo, who conquered Constantinople, in 1204. It was at the zenith of its power in 1492. It was reduced, in 1797, to a population of 96,000, and it is now, as a part of the kingdom of Italy, a city of 148,500. It is a commercial and naval port, and the seat of a Roman Catholic Archbishop, who bears the title of Patriarch—the present Pope having been Patriarch of Venice before his election to the chair of St. Peter.

Of all the sights that the traveller sees in Venice, none is



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN FRONT OF ST. MARK'S.

more beautiful than the famous church of St. Mark's. According to legend, a Venetian fleet, in 828, brought the body of St. Mark to Venice, and over his tomb this splendid church was built. It stands at the end of the Piazza of St. Mark's, and is unique in design and beauty. It is colored like an opal, and carved like a jewel casket. Its mosaics would form a study in themselves. Flying about the exterior of St. Mark's are the famous pigeons, which every traveller wishes to feed. They are so tame that they will alight on the hands, head or shoulders of

anyone who offers them grain. Over the doorway of the church are placed the historic "travelled horses." These are four bronze horses cast about two thousand years ago, which have adorned various arches and buildings in Rome, Constantinople, Paris, and Venice. They are the sole surviving example of an ancient quadriga.

Next to St. Mark's in interest for the traveller is the Doges' Palace, a building of great architectural beauty and rich in historic associations and the treasures of art. Here the Italian patriot, Silvio Pellico, was confined. The largest oil painting in the world, Tintoretto's "Paradise," adorns the walls of the Council Chamber. This and the other wall paintings of the Doges' Palace are masterpieces of the Venetian school of painting.

Behind the Doges' Palace, and connecting it with a gloomy prison, is the "Bridge of Sighs," rendered famous by the familiar lines of Byron, but which, apart from its own architectural



THE CA DORO.

beauty, has no particular interest for the visitor, since no prisoners of importance have ever been conducted across the present structure. It is, however, one of the romantic sights of Venice.

One gets the best impression of Venice, as a whole, by taking a gondola from end to end of the Grand Canal, beginning at the beautiful church of Santa Marie della Salute and ending at the railway station. One passes the palace occupied by Browning and now belonging to his son; the palace where Byron stayed; the palace where Wagner died; the famous and beautiful Ca' Doro, and one passes under the ever memorable Ponte Rialto.

The Ponte Rialto is a bridge, which in its day was considered a great achievement of engineering skill. It is a massive and picturesque, single-arch bridge, spanning the Grand Canal. It has two rows of quaint shops, and three passages for pedestrians. Here we are reminded of Shylock and Antonio, and passing along in the romantic gondola one cannot help wondering from which of these ancient palaces, it may be, that the fair Jessica once looked down upon the gallant Lorenzo.

One of the chief glories of Venice passed away when the Campanile collapsed in 1901. The Italian Government, however, is rebuilding the famous tower, and the writer observed the workmen employed on the foundations, driving piles with a pile-driver, which was worked by hand, but which was quite in keeping with the artistic surroundings. The weight rose and fell as the men sang together.

Venice would not be Venice without its gondolas. These picturesque craft form half the charm of the city, and the weird cries of the gondola men along the narrow canals as warnings to one another to avoid collision are very impressive.

At night, if it be moonlight, Venice is a magic place. It was the good fortune of the writer to be there when the moon was full, and on the night of his arrival he spent an hour moving up and down between the Island of San Giorgio and the Palace of the Doges. A band was playing on the piazza of St. Mark's; numerous gondolas were gliding about; the lights along the canals trembled far down in the water; across the Canale di S. Marco, the tower of S. Giorgio Maggiore was outline in the moonlight; near by the songs and music of serenaders were heard; no one in such circumstances could be disappointed with Venice.

Venice needs the romantic rays of the moon or the bright light of the sun to be seen at its best. Otherwise its faded grandeur, its air of antiquity and decay are too apparent; but if the sunshine be strong, the intense blue of the sky, the green of the sea, the red and brown sails of fisher-boats, and the glittering whiteness of the marble buildings make a landscape of incredible color.

An Italian lady whom the writer met in Florence, said goodbye with these words, in expressive, though broken English: "Give my love to Venice; tell her I do always think of her the most beautiful thoughts!"

—PERCY J. ROBINSON.

Athletics.

McMASTER VS. ST. ANDREW'S.

The first football match this year was played against McMaster University, when the Crimson and White fell before their more weighty opponents; nevertheless the college boys put up a very stubborn game, as will be seen from the small score, 5—0. The first half was one of continual bucking, and the ball was frequently given to opponents when yards were not made.

In the second half McMaster bucked over for 5 points. The try was not converted. This ended the scoring despite the strenuous efforts of the college boys to even things up. For St. Andrew's, Alison and Ferguson, on the forward line, played well, while all the back division went through the game without an error. McMaster owe their victory chiefly to the work of McArthur, who punted and caught beautifully. The team lined up as follows:

S.A.C.: Full, Ferguson 2; halves, Cotton, Sale, Grier; quarter, E. Allan, McArthur; wings, Alison, Ferguson 1, May, Chase, Thorne, McLaren; scrimmage, Spohn, Allan, Douglas. Referee, G. H. Wallace; umpire, S. McArthur.

U. C. C. vs. S. A. C.

The first of the annual school games this year was played on October 22nd, when St. Andrew's and Upper Canada met at Rosedale.

The two teams appeared on the field about 10.30, and seemed confident of victory. In weight U. C. C. looked to be slightly the heavier.

U. C. C. won the toss and kicked with the heavy west wind that was blowing. The first point was scored by U. C. C. on a long punt, and the fast following up of their wings. This was followed by a series of bucks by St. Andrew's, but U. C. C. soon got possession of the ball and scored another rouge on a long punt by Fleet. St. Andrew's tried hard to hold their opponents down, and played chiefly on the defensive, but U. C. C.'s wing line was too strong for bucking, and they soon had possession of the ball again. U. C. C. scored two more rouges on punts by



S.A.C. SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904.

Fleet, and fumbles of St. Andrew's halves. St. Andrew's braced up considerably after this and played together much better, but seemed unable to keep the ball away from their opponents, who again got possession just before half-time. Fleet then dropped a goal from the field, making the score 9—0, and this ended the scoring for the first half.

In the second half S. A. C. started off with a rush, and soon had the ball within a few yards of their opponents' line, but were unable to buck over. U. C. C. then brought the ball back to half-way, and used their back division for bucking. In this they were quite successful, as the college wings played too far apart. In trying to stop these bucks Sale and Alison were both hurt, while Gooderham, for U. C. C., retired from the game with an injured shoulder. When St. Andrew's got possession of the ball their halves continually kicked into touch, which gave the wings no chance. Near the end of the game Cotton kicked over the line, and Ryerson was forced to kick into dead line, score 9—2. This ended the scoring, and at the end of the game the two teams retired to the club house, where refreshments were served. For U. C. C., Fleet, on the half-line, played the best game, while Clarkson, at inside wing, equally distinguished himself.

The St. Andrew's wing line played the game for the college, the most conspicuous being Alison and Allan.

Mr. Barr, as referee, and Gordon Fleck, as umpire, proved satisfactory to both teams. The line up was as follows:

Full, Fergusson; halves, Cotton, Sale, Grier; quarter, Fergusson 1; wings, Alison, Spohn, May, Allan, Thorne, McLaren; scrimmage, Douglas, Allan, Chase.

RIDLEY VS. ST. ANDREW'S.

The second big game was at Ridley College, St. Catharines, October 29th, 1904. The team landed at Ridley about eleven o'clock, and, of course, had some two hours to idle away before dinner. The teams lined up at 2.15, and from the spectators' point of view everything looked as though Ridley would win, having both weight and speed, but this was not to be.

B. R. C. won the toss and kicked with the wind. In a short time they had managed to get over our line twice, making the score 10—0 in their favor. This one-sided score did not daunt the visiting team, and from that time they worked harder and

together. After a series of punting and short runs the ball was gradually forced into Ridley territory, and then ensued a series of bucks, with here and there a run, followed by beautiful tackling. Both teams strived their utmost, B. R. C. on the attack. The strain was hard, and many were laid out. A nice run by Ferguson brought the ball to Ridley's ten-yard line. Here their weight helped them, and our bucks were repulsed. Other tactics were then resorted to, but the whistle for half time rang out with the score 10—0, and the Ridley boys showing signs of fatigue.

The wind which had helped so much in the first half dropped completely. Ridley's kick off was returned, and followed up quickly, a fumble and S. A. C.'s ball at twenty-yard line. The kick, which followed, was caught by Lee (min.) behind their line. He tried hard to relieve, but the St. Andrew's wings were there too soon, and the result was a rouge—score 10—1. Ridley now turned to line bucking, and used Lea (maj.) to good advantage. The defence of the college wings was too much for them, however, and after forcing the ball to centre by a great run of Captain Rosehill's, they lost it. St. Andrew's played an open game and gained by Cotton's kicks and fast following up. Ridley lost the ball on "Downs," near their own goal line; a high kick, a fumble, and E. Allen was over for a try—score 10—6 for Ridley.

Upon resuming play Captains Rosehill and Sale met in a head-on collision, and were laid out for a while. At nearly every scrimmage someone was hurt.

Now the St. Andrew's College team showed their staying powers, for they seemed to outplay their opponents. A series of scrimmages and a nice run by Ferguson brought S. A. C. another five points—score 10—11. Here Ridley worked like Trojans, but their condition could not stand it. Their halves were fumbling, and their spirit seemed to waver, with but ten minutes to play. Our long kicks and fast following up soon got the ball close to Ridley's goal posts again. It was a fake buck, a rush, and Captain Sale was around the end and over for our last try—score 10—16.

The last few minutes of play were exceedingly fast, and Ridley braced up, forcing the play into our territory. A few seconds more and the ball was carried into touch, not far from S. A. C.'s line. In the scrap that ensued on the touch line, S.A.C. got the ball; a short pass, and Cotton kicked into touch far down the field. During the scrimmage that followed McKnaught and Rosehill were both laid out, and had to go off. Several others were hurt

also, but not seriously. Each team was now playing with only eleven men, and during the last three minutes the ball was kept in St. Andrew's territory.

It was a great game, and every man worked his hardest. The most prominent on the wing line were Allison, Allan, and Spohn; while Ferguson, Sale, and Cotton were the mainstays of the back division.

For Ridley, Rosehill was easily their best man, while Lea, Newman, and Brown showed up well on the line.

The team was as follows: Back, Fergusson (Tower); halves, Cotton, Sale (Capt.), Grier; quarter, Ferguson 1; wings, Chase, Douglas, Allan, Spohn, Allen 2, Alison, May, Crossen, Thorne,

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

The last game was on November 5th at Port Hope, when the St. Andrew's fourteen defeated the Trinity College School boys by 53—1.

It was anything but favorable football weather, being cold, rainy, and raw. The grounds, which are bad enough at any time, were in many places quite muddy.

S. A. C. won the toss and kicked down the field. Play had hardly started when, on a long kick, T. C. S. were forced to rouge, 1—0. A lull, and interchange of punts forced the ball into Trinity territory, afterwards resulting in a try by Ferguson 1, which was not converted, score 6—0. The kick was returned and then T. C. S. used their big centre-half, Colridge, who played a great game as long as his strength held, but with little or no support. He could do nothing against the college wings. They lost the ball on "downs," and a nice run by Sale added another try to St. Andrew's, score 11—0.

The remainder of the first half was just a "kicking" struggle, from which, by fast following up and hard tackling, S. A. C. managed to secure eighteen points before the half-time whistle, score 18—0.

During the half-time space Colridge fainted several times, and was unable to continue. His place was taken by MacKenzie, at centre-half. New spirit was exhibited by both teams, and for a short time Trinity put up a plucky fight against weight and speed. Time soon told, however, and ere long the boys wearing "Crimson and White" had made a wholesome score of forty. Alison, Ferguson 1, Thorne, and Cotton secured tries, of which two

were converted. Thomas' knee was hurt, and several other small injuries, including a sprained ankle of Cotton's and a bruised shoulder of full-back Stone, were sustained during the last few minutes of play. On a scrimmage given for an off-side play on St. Andrew's ten-yard line, T. C. S. scored their only point of the year, by kicking well into the trees and long grass at the corner of our goal line. Ferguson 2 tried hard to relieve, but falling over a small hill fumbled and was obliged to kick the ball into touch in goal, score 40—1.

The "pig-skin" was hurriedly returned to T. C. S. territory, and by a series of bucks and short runs Sale and Douglas each secured a try for the Saints, but neither was converted; score now 50—1. The repeated shoutings of the Trinity supporters was of no avail, their backs were outpunted and pulled down, while their wings were outplayed, and after a rouge, a dead-line and touch-in goal had been scored for St. Andrew's, the whistle rang out, finishing the game, and marking the close of our football season for 1904.

Mr. MacDonald, as referee, and Mr. Boyle, as umpire, acted very efficiently.

For T. C. S., Colridge, Stone, Drummond, and Fortier were prominent; while for St. Andrew's the wings played a hard, aggressive game; Alison, Spohn, MacLaren, and Allan being always on the ball. Capt. Sale and his back division played a fine game.

The team: Full-back, Monk; halves, Cotton 1, Fergusson 2, Sale (Capt.); quarter, Ferguson 1; wings, Alison, Spohn, Chase, Allan, Douglas, Allen, Crossen, Thorne, MacLaren.

Personnel of the Team.

"Tower" Ferguson (full-back) catches and runs well, but is a little slow in relieving, and is inclined to run often when he should kick.

Julian Sale (centre half)—the oldest color on the team, and has twice been captain, in 1902 and 1904—played centre half this year, and his weight was of great value in the triple buck. Runs and catches well, but is inclined to be somewhat erratic at times.

J. D. Cotton (right half) has been a member of the Senior team for three years now. Is an excellent punt and a good catch. His kicking this year was responsible for a good deal of the scoring. His weakness lies in bucking the line, and running around the ends.

Grier (left half) learned to play the game in Montreal. Is a good steady player, but his usefulness was marred by his being laid up most of the season with a bad leg.

W. W. Ferguson (quarter)—a much better quarter at the new than at the old game. His passing and bucking this year were very effective, and he was a great strength to the team.

A. M. Douglas (scrimmage) held down his old position at outside. A good, steady worker, and assisted the wing line quite frequently by stealing the ball.

Allan 1 (centre scrimmage), a member of last year's Second team, gets the ball out quickly and neatly.

P. D. Spohn (scrimmage), another of last year's colors. Did not talk so much on the field this year and played a much better game. Followed up well and worked hard.

"Bert" Alison (inside wing) came up from full-back to inside wing, and played a splendid game in his new position. Is aggressive and always on the ball.

L. Crossen (middle wing). His second year on the Seniors, and is faster than ever. His leg went back on him early in the season, and prevented his taking part in all the games.

E. Thorne (outside wing). A good man for this position, and is one of the best tackles on the team.

D. McLaren (outside wing). One of last year's Second team. Is tackling and following up well. Had his ankle sprained in U.C.C. match, and was laid up for the Ridley game.

Chase 1 (middle wing). Another graduate from the Seconds. A good fighter and tackler. Was very regular at practices.

Allan 2 (inside wing) began the season at quarter, but was found to be more effective on the wing line. His tackling was good, and he followed up well, securing many of the tries.

Edna May (middle wing) replaced McLaren in the U.C.C. match, after the latter's injury, and played a good game. Also gave a good account of himself against Ridley College.

H. Monk (full back) is a splendid tackle, and a good catch, but a little light for Senior company as yet. Played against T.C.S., but did not have much to do. Should make the Seniors next year.

The Second Team.

The Second team for 1904, although not winning either of the two matches played this year, was a good one, and showed by the manner in which they turned out to practice against the Firsts what kind of football spirit they possessed.

On October 15 the Second team, under the management of Mr. Wallace, left Toronto by the early train for Hamilton where they were to play Highfield School. When they arrived at their destination they hurried into their football clothes and on to the field to play a team which, by its record this year, shows that it is fit for senior college football. The result of the game was no more than was expected from a team as heavy and as fast as Highfield. The score, although rather large, shows what a hard fight St. Andrew's must have put up. Because the team lost by a score of 16—0 it does not mean that they did not play a good game, and the Second team as a whole, as well as Captain Bronson, deserve to be congratulated on their good work.

The second game played against the same team is a better example of what our boys could do. It was played on our own grounds (Rosedale). With quite a large body of supporters to cheer them on the team did better, and before the game had been going long, Highfield had a chance to see that St. Andrew's College boys need to be reckoned with on occasions. The score 3—1 will give some idea of the play of both teams.

Awry, the Highfield captain and centre half, was perhaps the most brilliant player on the field. For St. Andrew's all the back division played exceedingly well, while on the wing line Bronson, Monk and Carver were most prominent.

To the Second team great praise and credit are due for the manner in which they turned out daily to withstand the heavier and more experienced players of the First team. Our one hope is that this spirit may continue in the school in years to come.

The line up: Full back, K. Angus; halves, Monk, Bronson (Capt.), MacDonald 1; quarter, McArthur; scrim., Bole, Blackstock, McPhedran; wings, McKay 2, Willmott, Driscoll, Carver, Fraser, Murray.

Third Team.

From among our other teams the Third should not be left out. A look at the list of games and their scores will show a very successful season. Owing to the delay in organizing this team

few games were arranged, but all things considered Manager McPherson is to be congratulated on his work.

The team was ably captained by B. C. Gayfer, who got his men out regularly and worked hard with them each day. As centre-half he played a strong game, his bucking and drop kicking being especially good. Cotton 2 and Zeigler at half deserve great credit for their punting. On the wing line Ross-Ross and Moffat were the best tackles, and were always on the ball. The team lined up as follows:

Full-back, McPherson; half-back, Zeigler, Gayfer, Cotton 2; quarter-back, Tuckett; scrimmage, Gill, Winans, Wheeler; wings, Brown, Housser, Thompson, Ross-Ross, Moffat, Holden 1.

LIST OF GAMES.

Home games:

St. Andrew's III., 4; Maple Leaves, 7.

St. Andrew's III., 22; Ontarios, 0.

St. Andrew's III., 16; Harbord II., 3.

At Rosedale:

St. Andrew's III., 3; Maple Leaves, 0.

In the game against Harbord II. Captain Gayfer kicked three drops and a dead line, scoring all the points.



FENCING CLASS.

—Photo by G. M. W.

The Cross-Country Run.



THE annual Cross-Country Run, which took place on Monday, November 21, was successful in every way. The time for last year's run, which was slightly over four miles in length, was 32 minutes. This year both Sale and Allen finished under that time, although the course was almost three-quarters of a mile longer.

The race is for the Wallace Cross-Country Cup, presented two years ago by Mr. A. E. Wallace for annual competition. The winner of the race has his name inscribed on a shield put on the base of the cup. Silver and bronze medals are also given for first and second places, respectively.

The course was from the College courtyard, down Roxborough Street to the Rosedale lacrosse grounds, from there past the Don valley brick yards and straight north for some distance beyond Rosedale heights. Thence with a circular motion down across the C.P.R. tracks, through Reservoir Park to the ravine at the foot of Roxborough Street, up the hill and along Roxborough to the College.

This course offered all kinds of "going." There was a full quota of hills, the ground slippery in some places and good running in others, while near the Rosedale Heights it was rough and boggy.

The contestants were started by Mr. Cooper in squads at short intervals. Great interest was taken in the race by the boys present, and speculation was rife as to the winner. Unfortunately several were unable to run owing to injuries received during the football season.

The runners were closely watched as they went half way around the College track, out at the middle of Roxborough Street gate, and then along the street until it was no longer possible to distinguish individual runners. Soon the stewards of the first part of the course began to come in with reports of the order at their respective posts, thus adding greatly to the interest. Sale and Allen, it seemed, were leading the main body, and often exchanging places throughout the course.

After about twenty-five minutes waiting, someone shouted that Sale was coming, and a few seconds later he entered the College grounds, put on a spurt, and finished in grand style. Time, 29 minutes. Allen finished second a minute later, and Gayfer third in 32 1-2 minutes, with Chase 1, close upon him. Then May, Wheeler, Skinner, Edmunds, Copping and Massey finished in close order.

Next morning the medals were presented by Mr. Macdonald in the Prayer Hall, Sale receiving the medal offered by the Principal, in addition to his name plate, whilst Allen received the medal for second place. The fortunate cake-winners, each accompanied by his circle of "friends," received their prizes later the same day, the latter being, at least in the estimation of the "friends," the *summum bonum* of the race.

McPHERDAN.

Outlook for Hockey.

St. Andrew's College has never in her past history had such a bright outlook for hockey. On the forward line we have three of our old colors back, Sale, Cotton and Crossen. These, with the addition of Grier, a Montreal star from the Victorias, ought to make up the fastest forward line the College has ever seen. On the defence we have our point of last year's team, Douglas, and the cover-point will be chosen from among the newcomers. The position at goal is being very keenly contested by McLaren i, and Warden, both of whom are good men.

The Mutual Street Rink has again been leased for the season, and the practices will take place on three days a week from 4.30 until 5.30. With such material S.A.C. should have a good chance of winning her district, if not the championship in the Junior O.H.A.

B. ALISON.

Miscellany.

Open Letter to the Old Boys from the Principal.

To the Old Boys of the St. Andrew's College:

MY DEAR BOYS,—The REVIEW has suggested that I write you an open Christmas letter, and I welcome the opportunity of extending to each and all of you hearty Christmas greetings and good wishes for the New Year.

At once I am confronted with the question, What am I to say?—a query difficult to answer, because there is so much I would like to speak of could I see you face to face. At once I want to ask what you are doing, where you are and why you are there,

what life has been doing for you, and what you have been doing with life since last we met. But these and many like questions are not for such a letter as this, so I must refrain. However, let me assure you of my continued interest in you. While I know what most of you are doing and where you are, yet it causes me some regret to feel that there are many of my Old Boys of whose present daily life I know very little. Is it too much, then, for me to ask that you write me of these things—of your present occupation and your prospects, of your ideals, your objects, your difficulties? Such letters would be much appreciated I assure you.

The present occasion affords me a good opportunity of both thanking and congratulating the Old Boys because of the action of their committee in undertaking to place on record a tangible mark of their regard for the old school, in the erection of a statue of St. Andrew over the main doorway of the new building. You will be glad to know that the building operations are progressing favorably. The roof of the main building is completed and that of the Junior School will be on in a few weeks. Our friends will have reason to be satisfied with the building, both as to appearance and equipment, and we look forward with great pleasure to being able to entertain the Old Boys there on the occasion of the opening.

Our attendance this year is larger than ever, and many applications have had to be declined, owing to lack of further accommodation. Of those so declined forty-eighty were from resident pupils.


I ask you to remember that the school is being judged by the boys who have gone from within her walls to the work of life. That her honor is safe in your hands there is already abundant evidence. For your own sakes and for hers I pray you be vigilant that it may ever continue so.

One word of counsel for the New Year. In your daily life be strong, be faithful, be upright, be generous. In the words of your old College motto: "Quit ye like men, be strong." Strive so to live that others may be better for having come in contact with you, and cultivate the healthy optimism of a consistent faith in God. Yours faithfully,

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

Great joy in Noah it begat,
When he came down from Ararat;
No duffer gray, was there to say,
He'd seen a far worse flood than that.—*Anonymous.*

Saint Andrew.

 F St. Andrew, from whom our college takes its name, very few definite facts are known. The New Testament, which contains most of the authentic information concerning the apostles, says very little about him. From it we find that he was the brother of Simon Peter, and that he was born in Bethsaida, Galilee; later on he became the first dis-



ciple, and finally one of the apostles of Jesus. Nothing is said about him after the crucifixion of his Master.

Tradition tells us that he preached the Gospel in Scythia and Western Greece, and was himself crucified at Patrae, about 62 or 70 A.D. His relics were discovered in Justinian's time at Constantinople, and remained there until 1210 A.D. His cross, or part of it, is said to be enclosed in one of the four great piers of the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome.

St. Regulus, about 740 A.D., brought over an arm of the saint into Scotland, and from that time St. Andrew seems to have become the patron saint of Scotland. Although not, strictly speaking, the patron saint of Russia, he is held in great veneration there, as the apostle who, according to tradition, first preached the Gospel in those regions. Each country has an order named after him.

In Scotland there is the "most ancient" Order of St. Andrew, more commonly known as the Order of the Thistle. The mythical date of its founding is 787 A.D., but it was first established in 1540, by James V., of Scotland. After several changes in its constitution the number of knights was finally limited in 1827, to sixteen peers of the Scottish nobility, in addition to the Sovereign. The star of the Order is a silver cross with a round gold plaque, bearing the Scotch thistle on a green field. The ribbon is also green.

The Russian Order of St. Andrew is the highest in the Empire. Only members of the Imperial household, and others of high rank may belong to it.

St. Andrew has not figured greatly as a subject for famous sculptors and artists. There is, however, a fine statue of him in St. Peter's at Rome, and another very similar one in Edinburgh.

The statue of St. Andrew, which the old boys are presenting to the school for the new building, is modeled after that in the latter city. It will be set in some prominent place over the main entrance to the building.

MOFFATT.

Literary Society.

At recess on the morning of Wednesday, December 7th, the fourth, fifth, and sixth forms assembled in the fifth form classroom for the purpose of electing the officers of the Literary Society for the coming year.

Mr. Walker, the retiring president, after thanking the members of the committee for the way in which they had assisted him during the past year in getting up the programmes, resigned, and called for the nomination of officers for 1905. The following were elected:

Hon. President, Mr. J. K. Macdonald.

President, Mr. Fleming.

1st Vice-President, Ferguson 1.

2nd Vice-President, Alison.

Secretary-Treasurer, Moffatt.

Historians, Grier and McCrea.

In past years the staff of this society has been elected by the school as a whole, but this year, owing to the increase in numbers, the principal thought it better that this should be done by the upper school alone.

For many years now Mr. J. K. Macdonald has been elected by acclamation as Honorary President, and his re-election was no surprise.

For the presidency, Mr. Fleming received a good majority, while for the other offices there was more or less competition. This society has been of great benefit to the boys in the past, and we all hope that under the new management the good work will be continued.

COOCH.

A Western Town en Fete.

All Cardston's loyal citizens were having the time of their lives. On July 1st they had celebrated Dominion Day with a proper amount of enthusiasm; warming to their work they managed to excel themselves on the second day of the month, which they named Cardston Day. Sunday had given them a good twelve hours' sleep once more, and Monday found them full of spirits (in both meanings of the word) and ready to eclipse all previous records in celebrating American Day.

The little booklet entitled "Glimpses of Cardston," and issued by the corporation of that town, describes Cardston as the coming metropolis of the West. Nevertheless, the citizens of this patriotic town loyally waved aside all business interests and devoted themselves exclusively to celebration.

Though I had missed the first two fête days, I was assured that this last one was to climax them all. The inhabitants were in a particularly festive mood, as in the morning of the same day their local wrestling champion had defeated a famous outsider who had challenged him. I was informed that the match was an exceedingly interesting one, the victor having smashed a couple of ribs and the collar-bone of his opponent, besides winning much money for his fellow-citizens.

Some track events and a baseball match were to come off in the afternoon, and at night a big dance was to be held in the Mormon meeting-house. Everyone felt confident of having a good time.

The crowd around the track was certainly an interesting one, and very different from any I had ever seen before. Rigs were lined up ten deep, and everyone who did not drive came on horse-back. Cowboys were there all decked out in their "chaps" and jingling spurs. Indians sauntered around in their brightly colored

blankets. But the great part of the crowd consisted of plainly dressed, sunburnt men, with nothing distinguished looking about them except that nearly everyone wore a soft felt hat slouched over his eyes to keep out the sun. It was a common sight to see two and even three children piled on the back of one patient old horse. Most of the events that came off were similar to those we see here every day.

I saw an Indian half-breed do a hundred yards in ten seconds flat. His whole preparation for the race consisted in taking off his coat and putting on a pair of running shoes.

The winner of the mile ran in a costume that would hardly be allowed on any other track. In place of a jersey he wore an undershirt; a garment of a similar make replaced the conventional running pants, whilst for spiked shoes he wore simply a pair of black socks.

Breathless, but happy, he advanced to the judges' stand and received his prize, then he put on his clothes again and once more became an interested spectator.

The roping match was entirely new to me, and I watched it with great interest.

A young steer is let loose from a lot of others who are shut up in a corral. He is given a start of about a hundred yards, then the signal is given to one of the competitors, who spurs up his horse and immediately gives chase, rope in hand. The steer goes off at the high run, with the horse close behind it. The rider, at the first opportunity, ropes it, throws it, and whilst the horse is straining back to keep it from rising, the man ties the fore and hind legs and throws up his hands to show he is finished.

The first one let loose went off at full speed, but his pursuer caught up with it and roped it round the two hind legs. The steer went down like a shot amidst a cloud of dust, and before it could get up the horse was straining back, and the man had its legs tied together.

The next one was caught round the neck and the far foreleg. This is supposed to be the proper way to rope a steer, as it cannot strangle him, but the poor beast came down so heavily that he broke a horn clean off.

Another was caught by both forelegs and flipped head over heels to light on his neck and snap it in two.

Of course, some got away altogether, and others were not much hurt, but on the whole it was pretty hard on the steers.

The winner of the competition roped and tied his animal in half a minute.

The baseball match was won by the home team, and this brought joy and money into the hearts and the pockets of its supporters. Everyone was happy and enjoying himself.

On the way home I noticed a crowd gathered in the middle of the road, and prompted by curiosity I joined it. In the centre

was a half-breed and a little black horse. The man was about as drunk as he could be, though he still retained the power of speech. He was boasting to an amused crowd of his powers of horsemanship. Mounting his steed, he said in a thick voice, "The proper way to ride thish horse is to get on his back" (which he did rather unsteadily), "and to take off the bridle and bit." He then unbuckled the head harness, and looking proudly around, continued: "An' to spur him up." Following out his words, he shoved his thumbs in the horse's shoulders and raked him with his spurs. The little horse shied, and set off with a start that nearly shook its drunken rider off. They tore down the street in a cloud of dust for about two hundred yards; then they got mixed up with a fence, and the next thing we saw was the half-breed lying in the ditch and the horse rushing down the road, evidently with no idea of stopping for some time. The man must have been tough, for he got nothing but a few bruises, except that he might have been a little sobered up by the accident. You may be sure he didn't stay in that mental condition any longer than he could help.

I heard that the ball added another to the long list of successful events, and also, though it was not officially stated, that the next day was a holiday, too, although of a quieter kind.

A. MOFFAT.

Please clean, press and oblige Sale.

Boy (reading from Latin book)—I promised to pay him tomorrow.

Master—What did you say?

After the picture gallery was successfully arranged on the top flat it was remarkable how quickly a rival scrap book was got up.

It is said that the one and only fire practice on the top flat ended in the complete route of the fire-brigade.

Now boys do sthop zat.

It was remarkable how quickly the bell-boy near the corner dormitory got his proper uniform.

Didn't Douglas' face brighten up when the second goose was brought in?

First Woman—Just to think that while Lot and his wife were walking along Lot turned into a pillar of salt.

Second Woman—I walked down street with my husband the other day and he turned into a saloon.

Football Dinner.

The fourth annual supper in honor of the first and second football teams was held on Friday evening, December 9th, in the college dining-room. The tables, which were set for thirty-six, were very artistically draped in the school colors—crimson and white—and decorated with numerous flowers and plants.

Mr. Cooper, the President of the Athletic Association, was in the chair. After the toast to "The King" had been loyally honored and the National Anthem sung, Thorne was called upon to propose "Our College," which he did in a very appropriate manner. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, in replying, took occasion to run over the past history of the school, pointing out wherein it had met with success, and also lines along which it could be advanced in the future. He concluded by explaining the meaning of the word "College," as being a corporation, all the departments of which must work harmoniously together for the purpose of carrying on intellectual and scientific research.

Mr. Wallace, in proposing "The First Team," congratulated it upon the manner in which the members had turned out to practise, and the increased interest they had taken in the game this year. Captain Sale responded, giving a brief account of the season's matches, and thanking the individual members of the team for the support rendered him.

At this juncture Driscoll favored us with a piano solo, which was so well received that he was called upon for an encore.

Douglas then proposed "Our Country," reminding us of the glorious heritage to which all Canadians have fallen heirs. Allan I, responded, in what was, perhaps, the best speech made by any of the boys during the evening. The resources, the magnitude and the opportunities for a successful life to all St. Andrew's boys, in this, our native land, were each in turn emphasized.

The next toast on the list, "The Staff," was rather a delicate one, and Alison, in proposing it, found himself at a loss to know just how much should be said, and how much left unsaid. He concluded it would be better if the audience simply took his speech for granted and called upon Mr. Robinson to respond. The latter, in a very able address, treated of the relationships existing between the boys and staff in a school such as this, and after pointing out the advantages to be derived from athletics, concluded by congratulating the Principal, Mr. Macdonald, upon the very creditable manner in which he has been conducting the college.

Mr. Fleming then favored us with a song, which was enjoyed very much.

The Second team now came in for its share of the honors, and after their health had been proposed by Maclaren 1, Captain Bronson responded, thanking the boys for turning out to practise so regularly, and displaying so much pluck in standing up against the heavy first team each day.

"The Athletic Association" brought Dr. Meyers, the past president, to his feet, who delivered one of his inimitably humorous speeches. Vice-President Cotton responded, laying stress upon the advantages to be gained from an association such as this, where all the work falls upon the boys themselves.

Thorne at this juncture favored us with a few popular airs on the mandolin, accompanied by Driscoll on the piano.

"The Old Boys" was then proposed by Crossen, and responded to by Housser, the treasurer of the Old Boys' Association, who told us of the interest with which the old boys, as a whole, watched everything connected with the welfare of the college.

The next toast on the list, "The Ladies," gave two of our promising young orators an opportunity of getting off a few jokes at the expense of certain individuals present at the banquet. Ferguson 1, in proposing the toast, endeavored to get even with some who are continually rubbing it into him for wasting so much time upon his many girl friends. Spohn responded, in what he thought must be his maiden speech, an elaborate dissertation upon woman in all phases and features of her existence. What these two young gentlemen didn't know about the ladies is not worth knowing.

Before adjournment was moved the principal was called upon to make a few remarks. The company then joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and as it dispersed gave three cheers for the college, the principal, and Mrs. Macdonald, who had so kindly superintended the decorating of the tables.

"The Dance."

On Friday evening, November 11th, the college dance took place. A large number were present, and the result was that numerous couples wended their way through the sprightly two-step and gliding waltz, or took advantage of the many cosy sitting-out places, which were at all times in demand. The dance was in every respect the most successful that has yet taken place at St. Andrew's College. The fifth form

class-room was artistically fitted up as a sitting-out room, and in it were many secluded little nooks. The recreation room was very prettily draped with flags and bunting, and in the grate glowed a homelike fire, which radiated warm messages that reached and also melted the hearts of all those who lingered near.

About twelve o'clock refreshments were served, and after several more numbers had been danced, the guests departed. All the boys wish to heartily thank Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald for the fine time they had. There were about two hundred and fifty present, and everybody expressed themselves as having had a very enjoyable evening. Among the old boys of the college who were present were:

D. Ferguson, R. P. Saunders, Allan Gillies, W. Goldstien, D. Booth, B. D. Hall, F. Collins, J. Gunn, E. Wilmott, A. E. Gooderham, G. H. Wallace, F. Chestnut, W. J. Lea, N. Keith, H. Keefer, H. B. Housser, G. McGillvry, and many others.

Notes on Dance.

It is reported that it was a Second House boy who broke the lemonade drinking record for this year's dance.

FORGIE, in an excited tone: "Gee, whiz! can't you give me a knock-down to somebody?"

THERE is a rumor that "Tiny" shaved three times between half-past seven and eight o'clock.

WHY did Monk sit in the music-room so long after the third extra?

DUB, rushing upstairs, three steps at a time: "Well, this is the fourth collar for me."

CONVERSATION heard behind a screen; P. D. S., in a low whisper: "Just one, P-L-E-A-S-E?"

MASTER Starr Edmonds and Gordon Sands adorned the radiator until ten o'clock, when they retired worn out.

FORGIE, to lady whom he has just met: "Do you work in Eaton's?"

W. W. W.

A Football Poem.

I love to read
The football news;
Oh, sweet and pleasant game;
I love the crunch
Of hob-nailed shoes
Against the human frame.

I love their coy
And winsome ways;
I dote upon the grace
With which they rub
The features off
Of each dear brother's face.

I love the crunch
And crack of bones,
I yearn to hear the thud
When all the boys
Pile up to grind
An eyeball in the mud.

Oh, rarest time
Of all the year;
Oh, days beyond compare,
When brother jumps
On brother's face
And leaves his footprints there.

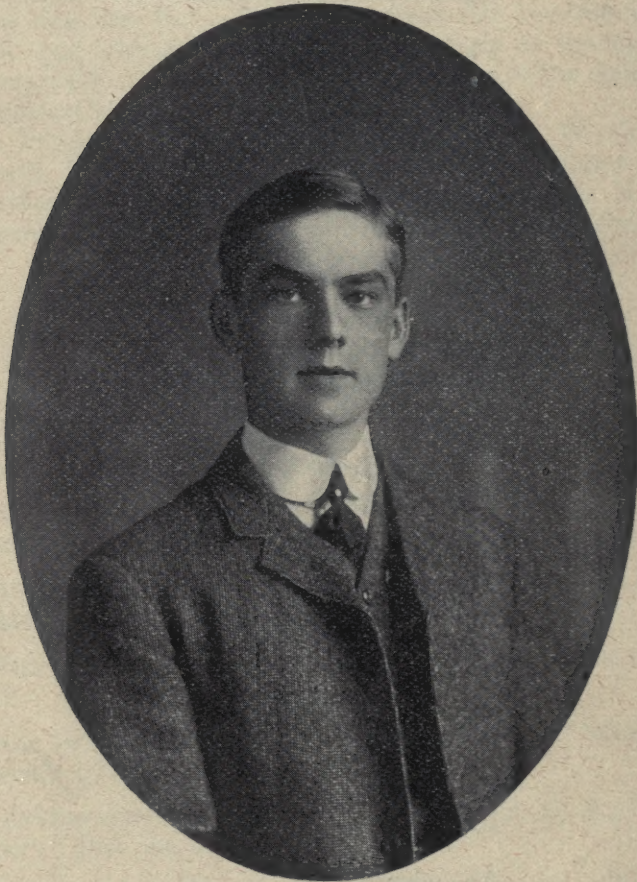
I long to mix
Up with the bunch,
And wallow in the grime;
I want to have
My wishbone pressed
Into the sands of time.

Ah, when I read
The football news
Comes Peace, the white-winged dove,
And makes me want
To kick the face
Off every one I love.

DU VERNET.

The Macdonald Gold Medallist.

THE President's gold medal, which is awarded annually by Mr. J. K. Macdonald to the boy passing highest at the Toronto matriculation, was won this year by R. P. Saunders. Saunders is a Toronto boy, and spent his early school days in the



R. P. SAUNDERS.

Huron Street school. He then went to Harbord Collegiate for a year, after which he came to S.A.C. In the year 1900 he entered the school, in Form IV., as a day boy. He continued in this capacity until the end of the year 1902 when he graduated

from Form V. He then decided to enter as a boarder and for two more years he enjoyed the residence life at St. Andrew's as such. Last July he succeeded in passing highest, of any of the boys in the school, at the Toronto matriculation, thus winning the President's gold medal. He is now attending the classical lectures at the University prior to entering upon his medical course.

An Ode to "Scrag" MacArthur.

(By a member of last year's Corner Dormitory.)

Fairest of nature's daughters,
A boy of untold grace,
Brought up in a dreary wilderness,
But of the MacArthur race.

A boy of sterling qualities;
A lad with auburn hair,
Where'er there is a gathering,
You'll see "Ching" MacArthur there.

He worketh in detention,
He worketh long and loud,
And when the convicts are dismissed,
He leads the joyous crowd.

A boy of lordly manner,
A lad of stately mien,
A youth with colored hair
That cannot be called green.

He loveth all his fellows,
With a vim as yet untold;
He likes to "josh" the sergeant
With a nerve that's true and bold.

He liketh to watch nature,
The dewdrops and the sheen;
And sometimes his companions
Call him "Fair Evangeline!"

As Others See Us.

A Boarder's Lament.

(With apologies to Elizabeth Akers Allen.)

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!
Feed me on gruel, mother, just for to-night;
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake;
Oysters that slept in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
Tired of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am;
Give me a crack at my grandmother's jam;
Let me eat butter, whose hair has been trimmed;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed;
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

NOTE.—The boy who sent this in was caned.

"Hey!" yelled Bronson in his sleep, "give that log another push there." No doubt he thought he was back on the Ottawa, rolling logs.

Master: "McCrae, have you got your work done?"

McCrea: "No, sir; I was thinking of skits for the *Review*."

The Second House has been the headquarters of "The International Disappearance Syndicate."

Grandfather to Charlie who has come home for his Christmas holidays after being a term in the Junior House—How do you like the school, Charlie?

Charlie—I like it very much, Grandfather.

Grandfather—Who runs the school?

Charlie (in surprise)—Why Charlie Prior and Clinker.

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McLachlin 1, "Furnishes clothes for the Second House."

Bronson, May, Grier: "Three wise men from the East."

"Forgie: "Small, but breezy."

Phillips 1 and 2: "Duplicates."

McLachlan 2: "A second edition."

Sands: "I never did any harm."

Monk: "An admirer of theatres."

Grier: "The use of books is to use them as little as possible."

Ferguson 1: "An admirer of ladies."

Wilbur (to the sad faces around him as the sausages are brought in)—"Poor Clinker." Ten minutes later, with a wry face—I guess he had rheumatism.

Professor Barton may have muscle, but did you ever feel the muscle on Mr. Macdonald's right arm? Ask McCrea.

Society will be surprised to hear that General Booth, Edna May, Mr. Dowey and Mr. Horner, are spending the winter in California.

Edna May, we hate to say,
Had taken kindly to the way
Of disobeying rules.
To his dismay it didn't pay;
So Hammie wends his weary way
To use the sergeant's tools.

Spohn, at the telephone, the day of the football dinner: "Mr. President and Gentlemen."

Mr. N.—McCullough, what are you up to?
McCullough—Not up to the ceiling yet, sir.

It is rumored that Goggin has asked Santa Claus to put a number of mirrors in his room.

McPherdan (the scholar), as he surveys the line on which some shirts and Rugby suits are hanging—"Will all the perfumes of Arabia sweeten this little band?"

From Ottawa came Bronson, hearty and hale;
In his right hand a brush,
In the other a pail,
Intending to paint St. Andrew's bright red,
But to his consternation, he was painted instead.

Cooch (as he daintily sponges his face)—How delicious it is to get a good wash once in a while.

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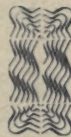
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 We tryeth hard his ways to mend,
 He will not even talk.

When lights are out, the master gone,
 We cannot even teach
 The boy to give the College yell,
 Or give to us a speech.

You'll wonder who this youth can be?
 You should have guessed before;
 His room is in the Second House,
 His name is Thomson four.

November 23, 1904—Red Letter Day—Clinker's birthday—Goose for dinner—Fat Sale by an unavoidable mistake sent his plate out after the fourteenth helping.

December 1—"Grimes" Fergusson has flown over to the New College and back—Doodle Cotton has webbed toes—Whity Allen has quite a growth of feathers on his chin—Doc. Wishart has a beak (bill)—Old Gander Douglas, regardless of the weather, takes his little flock of goslings for their after-dinner swim.

Hammy May is now using Pears' soap—I wonder why — Father has been staying at the "Queen's."

Brutus Blackstock—"Our Gibby."

Tommy had a very successful hunting trip, even if he did forget his gun.

St. Andrew's College Theatrical Company, under the management of Mr. Findlay, present their new play, "Evangeline." Dramatis Personæ: Benedict Bellefontaine, Nat. Chase; Gabriel Lajennesse, Edo Palmer; Basil, the Blacksmith, Fat Sale; Evangeline, Miss Bertie Allison; Father Leblanc (the notary), Tiny McLaughlin; Michael, the Fiddler, Grimes Fergusson; the King's Commissioner, Blackstock; Father Felician, Phoebe Wrong; Baptiste Leblanc, Forgie; Loup-garou, Wilbur; Acadian Peasants, Moffatt, Flavelle, Dixon and Goggin; assisted by the little orphan girl, Cooch. The performance will start at 8.30 sharp at the "Bayou Plaquemine" Theatre, Wolfville.

VI. Form Chorus—Please, Santa Claus, send us a new table-cloth.

The Saint Andrew's College Review



EASTER

1905

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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1905

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Editors:—McPHEDRAN
MOFFATT
COTTON I
MASSEY
WINANS

Illustrations:—McKAY I

Manager:—ALISON

Asst. Manager:—DOUGLAS

Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM.

Editorials.

THE winter term usually uneventful in School life, owing to the severeness of the weather, has this year been a unique one, and will long be remembered as such by many of us. About the middle of February, when for a little over a month after the Christmas vacation everything had been running along smoothly and there were few incidents outside the hockey matches to interfere with study, a misguided microbe out of work and wearing the semblance of one who had seen better days, sidled into the corner dormitory of the Main House. The intruder, upon sizing up the situation and noting mentally the lack of cleanliness, decided that his services would be indispensable while the cleaning-up process was going on, and without further ceremony, taking out his little implements, he started in to work. The result was rather disastrous and was manifested in the shape of a measles epidemic. Owing to the mild form which the disease took it was impossible to detect it during the earlier stages, and often boys would develop a rash in the class-room. Day boys as well as boarders became afflicted and it was not long before the Principal found it necessary to close School in order to prevent the disease spreading throughout the entire College. The fifth and sixth forms, taking their fate in their own hands, continued their matriculation work, but throughout the rest of the School classes were discontinued for three weeks, during which time the boys enjoyed a rather unexpected but somewhat lengthy holiday, as compared with the usual ten-day vacation which, in the ordinary course of events, they would have received at Easter. The Third House, for the time being, was turned into a hospital, and there those of the boarders who had been unfortunate enough to contract the disease were cared for. The necessary precautions having been taken, further contagion was prevented, and at the end of the three weeks classes were resumed. Apart from the inconvenience caused, no serious results have to be recorded, and in all probability when Mr. Microbe again takes it into his head to pay us a visit, we will be settled in our new building and will be able to receive him in a style more suitable to the occasion.

IN the last issue of the REVIEW we were not far out in our predictions as to the showing the first team would make in the O. H. A. Junior Series. Indeed, with such excellent material to work with it could only have been to our discredit had we not reached the finals. That we did not win out was, of course, a disappointment, but the final contest was so close and the quality of hockey such as to make us feel we had good cause to be proud of the manner in which the honor of the school had been upheld. One went away feeling satisfied that the boys had done their best, and that all honor was due them for the efforts they had made in endeavoring to land the championship. The REVIEW takes this opportunity of congratulating the team as a whole for the hard-earned work put in at the practices, but more especially the individual members for the manly way in which they conducted themselves during the contests. Many objections to having a team in the O. H. A. series suggest themselves, such as the immoderate desire to win, the distraction from the proper school pursuits of many of the boys during the hockey season, the mutual distrust and hostility between teams, which is all too frequently manifested in humiliating ways, and the large proportion of injuries among the players. However, if entered into in the right spirit, such as we believe our boys showed this season, these contests can be of inestimable value. It is under such conditions that one learns the difference between practising generously a liberal art and driving a trade or winning a fight no matter how. As someone has aptly said, "Ethics higher than those of war have long been known, and experience has proved that the highest efficiency for service and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and indeed spring from, unvarying generosity, kindness and good will."

WE are glad to be able to announce that our much-talked-of new building is rapidly nearing completion, and that we shall enter into residence there in September. The style of architecture is the Perpendicular Gothic, and is not only admirably adapted for school purposes, but is also remarkable for its beauty. The graceful proportions and color effect strike one at first sight,

while the combination of red brick and white Bedford stone is most pleasing to the eye. St. Andrew's has met with a large measure of success with her present buildings, but when she comes into possession of a thoroughly up-to-date modern building, well-equipped, she should do even better. While mere bricks and mortar cannot make a school great, the facilities for work such as will be afforded by the new building cannot but make it easier for both boys and masters to attain the ideal which they ever have before them.

OWING to the numerous building operations which are going on in close proximity to the College, the nets this season will in all probability have to be set up in Rosedale. This, of course, will mean somewhat shorter practices, but the advantages to be gained will more than compensate for the time lost in travelling to and from the crease. Each of the clubs organized last year in the different houses and among the day boys will have ample room for its net, and opportunities of doing much better work will be afforded. Last season the nets had to be placed so close together as to render it very uncomfortable, and even dangerous for the players. Mr. F. S. Beddow, whose enthusiasm and hard work have done so much in the last three years towards producing such an excellent style among the cricketers at St. Andrew's College will again act as coach, and provided every boy turns out regularly the school should have a good eleven to represent it. One bit of advice, perhaps, may not be out of place. A little more confidence than has been manifested in the past is required among the individual members of the team this year if we are to win the championship. But if every member of the eleven makes up his mind to do his best, and carries out his resolution, even if we do not win out, we will in all probability have a long list of victories to record at the close of the season.

ON behalf of the boys, THE REVIEW desires to thank Mr. A. M. Campbell for the handsome gates he has so generously donated the College for use at the entrance of the new grounds.

We trust that other friends of the School will see fit to assist, in so far as they are able, in making the grounds look as attractive and as beautiful as possible.

THE new College rugs which are made up in the School colors, and bear part of the College crest, have added greatly to the appearance of the boy's rooms. Not only do they assist in making the rooms more comfortable and home like, but when we have completed our studies at S.A.C., and taken up our abode elsewhere, they will serve as reminders of many pleasant times spent within the old walls in Chestnut Park.

Politics and Education—A Random Thought.

† IN June, 1871, the Commune held sway in Paris. The gutters ran with petroleum. The finest buildings of the proudest city in Europe went up in smoke. Drunk with blood, yet light-hearted as children, the mob chased its victims through cellar and through sewer, and tore them shrieking limb from limb, or tossed them into the Seine to drown like new-born puppies. An Englishman, walking peacefully in the Place de la Concorde, was seized, accused of being a Prussian, and hurried toward the river. In vain he protested that he was an Englishman, well-known at the British Embassy, and implored to be taken thither. Next moment he would have been strangling in the Seine, a stone about his neck. But a thought struck him. Wrenching free for a moment from his tormentors, he cried: "Ma mère! ma mère?" All stopped to listen. He was quick to see his advantage. Dropping on his knees, he poured forth an appeal to Heaven to be kind to his mother, waiting in vain for the son who was never to return, bereft in her old age of him who had been her one comfort and stay. Next moment he was raised to his feet; a grimy *petroleuse* fell sobbing upon his neck; garlic-scented patriots kissed him on both cheeks; he still lives to tell how amid tears and benedictions he was sent off to comfort his—purely imaginary—mother.

The incident is typical of France, melodramatic, generous, ferocious, going with equal gaiety to a ball or to a barricade, to a masque or to a massacre. And it is a France which the average Briton cannot understand. An English crowd intent on murder would set about it with a cold-blooded deliberation on which no appeals, however theatrical, would have the slightest effect.

To the Frenchman the heart of the Briton is equally a sealed book. To him England is a country of fogs, and hypocrites, and bad cooking. The lack of logic, which is in matters political so often the salvation of Britain, he may bring himself to admire, but he cannot understand it. If you tell an Englishman that his cherished church comprises a Romish liturgy, Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic articles; if you ask him how he defends a system

under which the Archbishop of Canterbury is appointed by a Scotchman whose religious beliefs are a combination of free thought and Presbyterianism, he looks at you with a bland sense of superiority, and replies: "Yes, of course; but then, how well it works!" This common-sense point of view is incomprehensible to the Frenchman. He is above all things logical, and as a result, in matters religious tends either to an intolerant Roman Catholicism, or to an atheism often equally intolerant.

How, then, in Canada are we to make out of such discordant elements a great nation? To graft upon the solid virtues of the Anglo-Saxon the versatility of the New Englander, to combine American resourcefulness and daring with British honor and probity may be possible; but what of our French-Canadian brethren? Will not the difference in ideals and traditions make even an *entente cordiale* difficult, and a fusion impossible.

Fortunately we have in Canada—and St. Andrew's College is a living witness to the fact—other races than the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. We have the Celt at his best, the Celt of the south of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands. Alike by nature and by his history the Highlander is fitted to join hands with Saxon and with Gaul. If two centuries of prosperity have passed North and South Britain, there is still many a Scot who remembers that in his stalwart ancestors the French kings long found their trustiest bodyguard, who thinks with pride that the fairest of his countrywomen once sat upon the throne of France. In his nature he combines sympathy with the stolid, plodding, home-spun virtues of the Briton, with love for the bright, artistic sensibility of the Gaul—so charming, though, alas! often so fickle. In the days to come, when Canada has won her way to greatness, when the capital of the British Empire has been moved to Port Simpson or to Vancouver, the credit will be due to the Irish and to the Scotch elements in her population, who rendered possible a mutual understanding between the English and the French.

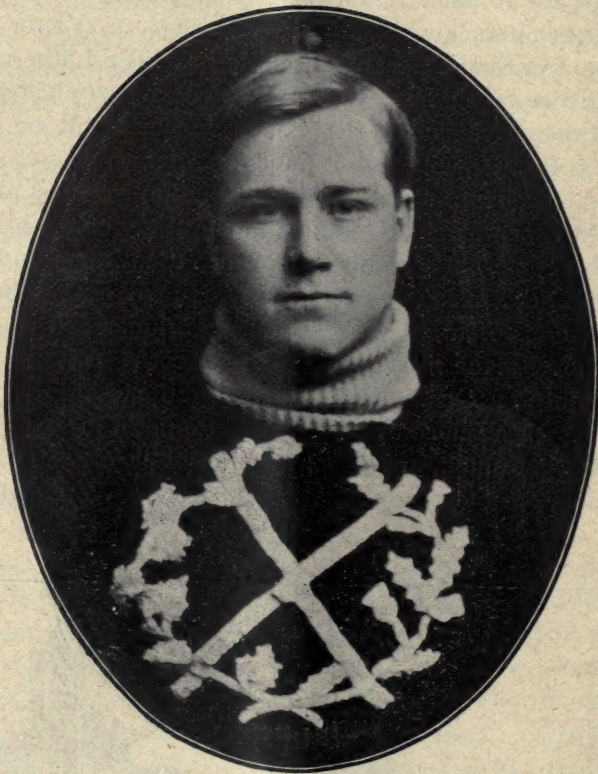
What then is my conclusion? There is no Canadian who does not long for his country's greatness. No one thing is so important for Canada as a good understanding between the two chief elements in our population. It is therefore imperative that the picked men of either section should be able to sympathize with and to understand the history, literature and traditions of the other. To

the two great Toronto schools, to S. A. C. and to U. C. C., come, more than to any others, the sons of the great and the influential men of English-speaking Canada. Every boy of S. A. C. should therefore make it his endeavor to study the language and the characteristics of his French fellow-countrymen. So far the French are ahead of us in this. I know a French-Canadian member of Parliament who every night before going to bed reads Shakespeare for an hour. How many English members have even a bowing acquaintance with Corneille, Molière or Victor Hugo? A boy may, like Shakespeare himself, have "little Latin and less Greek," he may even have vague views on the parallelogram of forces, and the procession of the equinoxes, and still be a great Canadian. But he will find it much harder to appreciate the fundamental problems towards whose solution we must all strive unless he has spent some of his time in the study of the history of the French people, both on this side of the Atlantic and in the Old World. And the task is not difficult. He will find in the Abbé Casgrain an historian as interesting as Parkman; in Dumas an historical novelist the rival of Sir Walter Scott. A holiday spent in the Province of Quebec, with a fishing-rod and a dozen historical novels as his chief companions, may do not a little to prepare some future statesman for his work in life.

W. L. GRANT.




NEW UNION STATION, TORONTO.



"DUB" SALE,
Captain of St. Andrew's College Hockey Team.

Athletics.

Hockey.

 THE hockey season just past has been the most successful one in the history of the school, as the accounts of the games will show. It was our second appearance in the O.H.A. Junior Series, and by hard work we managed to reach the finals, losing the cup only by the small margin of two goals.

FIRST GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. VARSITY III.

On January 21st College made its first appearance in the Junior O.H.A., with Varsity III. as opponents. The match was easily won by a score of 13 to 4.

College had much the better team in all departments, but indulged too much in individual work. The forward line shot well, and checked beautifully, while the Varsity forward line lacked combination and shooting ability.

Crossen's wrist shooting was one of the features of the game, while "Nan" Grier's phenomenal rushes, and shooting were often applauded.

For Varsity Norman Keith, a St. Andrew's old boy, played a strong game, and but for his brilliant stops, the score would have been much larger.

TEAMS.

Varsity III.—4.

Keith.....	goal.....	Warden.
Boyd.....	point.....	Douglas.
Nichols.....	cover.....	Crossen.
Laidlaw.....	rover.....	Grier.
Hague.....	centre.....	Cotton.
Grassett.....	right.....	Sale.
O'Neill.....	left.....	Gayfer.

St. Andrew's College.—13.

Referee, D. Heyd, Varsity.

SECOND GAME.

VARSITY III. vs. S. A. C.

The return game with Varsity III. was played the following Monday, the teams being the same, with the exception of our goal-keeper and left wing. MacLaren was given a trial in goal, and Bronson replaced Gayfer. With a lead of nine goals, College had little to fear, but took no chances, and played even better than in the previous match, winning by 12 to 5. The team was in the best of condition, and the forward line penetrated their opponents' defence with ease, scoring at will. Our defence was of the bulwark nature, and if a man passed Crossen, Douglas very seldom missed him. The latter's lifting was a feature.

For Varsity III. Keith and Laidlaw played the best game.

TEAMS.

VARSITY III.—5.

S. A. C.—12.

Keith.....	goal.....	MacLaren.
Boyd.....	point.....	Douglas.
Nichols.....	cover.....	Crossen.
Laidlaw.....	rover.....	Grier.
Hague.....	centre.....	Cotton.
Grassett.....	right.....	Sale.
O'Neill.....	left.....	Bronson.

Montague, referee.

THIRD GAME.

MILTON vs. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The first game with Milton gave the team a chance to show what they could do, and they won out in the easiest kind of a manner, by a score of 15 to 6.

College combined better, while the visitors trusted too much to individual play.

Grier played a great game at rover, and Cotton equally as good at centre, each player scoring four goals. Crossen's shooting was very effective, scoring three goals in succession.

The play was rather rough at times, and many were ruled off for tripping and slashing.

Referee, F. C. Waghorne.

The following represented College: Goal, Warden; point Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson.

FOURTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. MILTON.

On February 1st College, with a few supporters, left for Milton to play the return match. We had a lead of nine goals, and felt confident of being the winners of Group 4. The teams were the same as had played in Toronto. The rink, though, was much narrower and shorter, with many low beams, which prevented high lifting.

As usual, the team played a heady game and deserve credit for putting up such a hard struggle as they did. It is always difficult to defeat a team on their own ice. The first accident of the season occurred when Campbell, of Milton, was hit over the eye with the puck, shot by Crossen. "Saw Mill" Bronson went off to even up. Grier, Cotton and Sale were accountable for most of the scoring, while Crossen's shooting was superb.

At one time Milton was four goals in the lead. Things looked gloomy, until "Dug" Cotton and Grier tallied one each on individual rushes. When time was up Milton had scored only eight goals to our six. College were just as happy as if they had won the game, because the result on the round meant another step up the O. H. A. ladder.

College was represented by the following players: Goal, Warden point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale (Capt.); left, Bronson.

FIFTH GAME.

GRAVENHURST VS. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The winners of Group 4 of the Junior O. H. A. were scheduled to play off with Gravenhurst. The trip up was made on February 23rd and was much enjoyed. The locals, having won everything in the Northern district, expected an easy victory, but were sadly disappointed.

The rink was longer and wider than that at Milton, and the boys felt somewhat relieved when they saw it.

After two minutes' play the home team had scored two goals and things looked blue for College, but soon Cotton, Grier and Sale scored in quick succession, leaving the score at half-time 3-2 in our favor. In the second half College outplayed the locals in every department, scoring eight goals to their two. Grier, Cotton and Bronson were responsible for most of the tallies. Our defence was impregnable, Douglas, Crossen and Warden playing a great game. The final score was 11-4.

Following was the line-up: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson.

SIXTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. GRAVENHURST.

Having defeated Gravenhurst on their own ice by seven goals, we were quite confident of winning out by a good margin in the return match.

The game resulted in a score of 13-2, making the total for the round 24-6.

Little need be said about the contest, as the score indicates the play. The visitors were completely outplayed. No doubt the large ice handicapped them greatly. Rough play was little indulged in, only three men being penalized; two for tripping and one for loafing.

The majority of the goals went to Grier and Cotton, each of whom scored five.

The team: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson.

SEVENTH GAME.

COBOURG VS. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

On February 16th College met Cobourg, the winners of the Eastern district, at Mutual Street Rink, and lost, by one goal, one of the fastest games ever played in Toronto. The game was anybody's until the last fifteen seconds, when Cobourg scored, winning out.

The rink was well filled, many Cobourg supporters being present. A short delay was caused owing to the colors of both teams being similar, and College were obliged to change their stockings.

From the sound of the whistle there was no let up, and the game was in doubt until the finish. The final score was 9-8, and at half-time 3 all. "Nan" Grier for the school, and Robertson for Cobourg were the stars of the game.

The play was not rough, although several offenders were sent to the boards.

It took twenty minutes before either team scored, Douglas doing the trick on a long lift, and soon afterwards Grier, on a lone rush, added another one. While Sale was off the visitors scored two, and just before half-time each team tallied, making the score 3 all. College notched the first after half-time on a long shot by Crossen. Robertson followed with another; then Grier tallied two by the prettiest rushes seen here this winter. Robertson repeated the trick, and again the score was tie. Bronson put the locals one ahead on a pass from Cotton. The visitors then scored the next on a long shot. Grier scored on another individual rush, and this put College one ahead, but Cobourg soon followed with another. With only fifteen seconds to play they again scored, winning the game by one goal.

Team: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson. Timekeeper, Grant Cooper, S. A. C.

EIGHTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S VS. COBOURG.

Cobourg having a lead of one goal, which they had gained on our own ice, College was none too jubilant about the result. But the boys went into the game with the sole purpose to win, and win they did, not only surprising Cobourg, but even themselves. College can thank "Nan" Grier for winning the game. He was in a class by himself, playing the most aggressive game of the season. "Dug" Cotton also played a hard game. Capt. Sale in the first half worked hard, but faded away towards the finish. Douglas and Crossen were at home on their own ice, and played a steady game, though the latter was inclined to rough it. Bronson worked hard for his team, while Warden could not have played a better game.

The locals scored the first two goals, then Bronson was laid off to even up, Moffat having been compelled to retire owing to a collision with one of his own men. Soon College were in working order, tying the score, then Grier scored another on a rush, a few minutes before half-time.

Bronson and his check came on in the second half. Cobourg started off with a rush, tallying two on fast combination. On a pass from Sale to Grier, the score was tied 4 all.

School after ten minutes' play secured two more. On a long shot the puck passed Warden, making the score 6-5. Grier settled down to work, and by two beautiful rushes tallied twice, putting us three ahead; still the prospects of winning the round were doubtful. After a number of rushes and lifts, Cobourg scored on a mix-up in front of our goal. With a minute and a half to play, our opponents tried hard to overcome the lead, soon College tallied another, and then the whistle blew. The final score, 9-6.

A peculiar circumstance occurred during the game—two pucks were split in two, something very seldom seen on the ice. They both separated in equal layers, and it would have been an interesting situation for the referee, if either team had scored with one of the pieces.

The game was free from rough work, only seven players being sent to the boards.

Following represented College: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson. Referee, Caldwell of Barrie.

NINTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. STRATFORD.

College was fortunate in having the first of the final games for the Junior O. H. A. away from home. The boys realized that Stratford had a strong team, and if it were possible to hold them down on their own ice, the championship would come to Toronto. Over a thousand people saw the game, and the ice was in fine condition. College was outplayed in nearly every department, but our goal-tender excelled himself in this game. Stratford won the game by 10-3. Grier was well watched by our opponents. After ten minutes his bruises were many; when his rushes ended the team seemed to lack confidence. We acknowledge that Stratford played a superior game that night.

From the face-off the puck was carried into our territory, the locals scoring the first two goals. "Dug" Cotton netted the next in seven minutes, during the remainder of the half the locals tallied three more, making the score 5-1 at half-time.

Shortly after half-time Bronson was accidentally hurt; this crippled our team for a while. Stratford scored the next three on individual rushes. "Dub" Sale showed some of last year's form by scoring the next on a lone rush. Grier followed with another on a pass from Bronson. The next five tallies went to the locals, although they had to work hard for them. College found it impossible to pass their stone wall defence. Their forwards seemed to just glide past our boys, then work the double pass, usually a score resulting.

Team : Goal, Warden ; point, Douglas ; cover, Crossen ; rover, Grier ; centre, Cotton ; right, Sale ; left, Bronson.

TENTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. STRATFORD.

The final game in the Junior O. H. A. was played in Mutual Street Rink. The attendance was about 2,000, including many supporters from Stratford. After the showing the visitors made a few nights previous it was doubtful if we could win the game, let

alone the round. If Stratford's lead had not been so large, there is no doubt that the cup would have been up at St. Andrew's College; as it was we came within two of the coveted prize. Grier's penalty of five minutes was a severe blow to the game. Warden, in goal, not only stopped well, but cleared quickly. Douglas at point played a great game, scoring one on a long lift, and three times coming a few inches from the post.

Crossen's shooting was not so accurate, he roughed it too much, and his penalties were a loss to the team.

Grier, as usual, was the star of the game, being responsible for four of the seven goals. Cotton at centre played a hard game, scoring two goals. Capt. Sale used his body to a good advantage. Bronson also worked hard, especially in the first half.

The visitors' stronghold was checking back, but they seemed to have lost their nerve, not playing with their former vim.

Referee Waghorne was very strict, ruling off eighteen players.

The game opened up with the visitors on the defensive; for fourteen minutes the puck went up and down the ice till finally Grier scored. The second goal went to the visitors. Cotton in four minutes notched the third. Grier scored the next two on individual rushes, making the score 4-1 at half-time.

In the second half College scored by a rush down the boards, and a pass to Cotton, at centre. Stratford was handed the next on a scrimmage in front of goal; Crossen was slow in clearing. At this stage of the game Grier was benched for five minutes for hitting Killer. Douglas finally scored on a long lift, that went between the goal-keeper's legs. Grier scored a minute after leaving the box. We were within two of the championship; with fifteen minutes to play, the crowd became very excited, and if the good work could have kept up, the result might have been different. But the players gradually tired, owing to the sticky ice, and were nearly all in when the gong sounded.

Team: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; right, Sale (Capt.); left, Bronson. Mr. Cooper, Time-keeper.

Personnel of Team.

Lyle Warden (Goal) in beginning of season did not show up to advantage, having little control over his left hand, but in the final games played well.

"Jimmy" Douglas (Point), one of last year's colors, was a great strength to the team; his lifting was always effective, scoring many goals for College.

"Jimmy" Crossen (Cover Point), an old color, has a dangerous wrist shot. He is a fair skater, but inclined to trip with his knee.

"Nan" Grier (Rover) is, without a doubt, the best player who has ever figured on a College team. He is a great shot and stick-handler, and his individual rushes were wonderful.

"Dug" Cotton (Centre), an old color, is the hardest worker on the team. An accurate shot and fast skater, and has improved greatly since last year.

"Dub" Sale (Right Wing) captained the team a second season. He is a hard worker and assisted greatly in the scoring, though his playing this year was a little disappointing; seemed to use his body more than his head.

"Sawmill" Bronson (Left Wing) can use his body like most Ottawites; played a hard game, especially in the finals with Stratford, a weak shot at times, but one of our fastest skaters.

"Red" MacLaren, spare goal-keeper, played a good game against Varsity III.

"Bev" Gayfer, our 100-pound youngster, played the left boards in the first game; he is a comer, a good stick-handler and fast skater.

THE TEAM'S RECORD FOR SEASON.

S. A. C. *vs.* Varsity III., won, 12-3.

S. A. C. *vs.* Varsity III., won, 14-5.

S. A. C. *vs.* Milton, won, 15-6.

S. A. C. *vs.* Milton, lost, 10-8.

- S. A. C. *vs.* Gravenhurst, won, 11-4.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Gravenhurst, won, 13-2.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Cobourg, lost, 9-8.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Cobourg, won, 9-6.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Stratford, lost, 10-3.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Stratford, won, 7-2.

NAME, AGE, AND WEIGHT OF TEAM.

Warden.....	19.....	138
Douglas.....	18.....	175
Crossen.....	16.....	162
Grier.....	17.....	160
Cotton.....	19.....	136
Bronson.....	16.....	142
Sale.....	19.....	165

Total..... 124 1,078


Average age 17 5-7 years.

Average weight..... 154 pounds.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The Trip to Stratford.

 ON February 28th I was rather strenuously awakened at about six o'clock by some unkind party or parties pulling me out of bed by an eyebrow clinch. When I fully came to my senses I was politely informed by "Nan" Grier that I had two hours and a half in which to dress, eat my breakfast, pack my suit-case and get down to the station, in order to catch the 8.30 train for Stratford, where we were to play the first of the final games for the Junior Championship of Ontario.

We had our breakfast fairly well juggled when we heard a rumbling on the back-stairs, and "Fat" Sale came wallowing into the room with his boots undone, closely followed by "Red" Maclaren in a somewhat similar condition.

We were assembled at the station at thirteen minutes and five-fourths of a second after eight, and Alison soon had his hands full trying to keep the Jimmies Crossen and Douglas away from some highly colored and probably highly flavored sugar-sticks, which they had espied in the restaurant window.

Just as we were getting on board, "Tiny" and "Forgie" hove into sight. Warden casually remarked that it looked like the long and the short of it. It is a pity that "Forgie" couldn't be sent for a few weeks to "Tiny's" mammoth incubators at Arnprior.

At last we pulled out of the station, and Mr. Macdonald heaved a thankful sigh at Mr. Cooper, who promptly returned it.

Bert rose to his feet with his graceful manner and called the roll. The following answered to their names: Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Cooper, Warden, Douglas, Crossen, Grier, Cotton, Sale, Bronson, Alison, and the following brazen-lunged supporters: Duncanson, McLaughlin, Gooderham, Forgie, Gill, and Manager Marriot of the Marlboros.

At thirty minutes and four seconds after ten we struck the outskirts of Guelph and six seconds later drew up at the station. Jimmie McIntosh, of Mercury fame, hurled himself on board and dazzled us by smiling a burst of sunshine.

Thus far we had deported ourselves as became young gentlemen, but the sight of "Mac" brought forth a flood of melody, consisting of Alison's patent pig imitations, Grier's feathered noises,

which took "Tiny" back to his boyhood days, and last, but not least (in volume), imitations of a saw-mill on the Ottawa, rendered with thrilling and nerve-shattering vividness, by some unknown personage.

We stopped about five minutes in Berlin, and Bert, accompanied by some "assletic moneys," went into the restaurant and procured some meat pies. We wonder if he forgot to pay for them, as he was chased out by the German proprietor and his assistants. No sooner, however, did the Germans espy Tiny's bully structure erected near the door than they fled in consternation.

We arrived at Stratford at noon, and proceeded to the Albion House, where we had dinner. In the afternoon we went out for an hour's constitutional.

During the course of our rambles we came across the Stratford rink that we had heard so much about. Although much longer than the Mutual Street rink, it wasn't any wider, and had low rafters and a band-box suspended about fifteen feet above the ice; consequently Crossen's shots and Douglas' lifts often proved of no avail.

On returning to the inn we lay down until 5.30, when we had a light (?) dinner. We had a hard time keeping "Fat" Sale away from the pickle bottle.

At 7.15 we proceeded to the rink to dress for the match, and had a few minutes' workout before Stratford came on the ice in their dressing gowns.

I will not attempt to describe the match, as it would be too great a feat for me. To put it in a nutshell, Stratford were a little faster and checked back harder than we did, and were accustomed to their long rink, the length of which told heavily against us. We were defeated by the rather one-sided score of 10-3, which, however, does not indicate the relative strength of the teams. We were beaten by a team that showed they were superior on their own rink.

Grier did not show up as well as usual, but it was no wonder. There were two players watching him all the time, and every time the puck was passed to him, two, and sometimes three, opponents would check him, and try and "sandwich" him.

It was nearly half-past ten before we got back to the hotel, and about half-past eleven before we retired (?). I hope the other

guests of the hotel spent a peaceful night ; I know I didn't. "Fat" was in his usual good temper, and was brimming over with "good spirits." He entertained us with numerous rehearsals, and encores of the soul-thrilling song by Alison, entitled, "Dolly, or Rocked in the Cradle with the Lamb." But what took his attention for a good part of the evening was a long rope fastened by a ring to the wall, and which was to be used only in case of fire. His rulings were remarkably fair and uniform, and all who passed below received the same gentle treatment—throttling. We strongly suspected that he had spent at least a portion of his life on the plains lassoing buffalo. Maclaren ventured to reprove him for his unladylike manners, but was speedily routed and fled to his room at the other end of the hall. "Fat" was just getting into his stride, and was overtaking Maclaren millimetre by millimetre, when the latter reached his room and fortified himself against further attacks.

At last sleep claimed her own, and we retired at — o'clock. We were awakened at six, and were told we were to catch the 6.45 train for Toronto. Then followed chaos. It took us about fifteen minutes to wake up, and another fifteen to dress and pack. How about breakfast? It was simply swell, and in fact we talk about it yet. It was one of those imitation meals where you sit down and dine off the fumes arising from other people's breakfasts. Truly it was anticipation rather than realization. The only articles of food we realized were a few biscuits on the table, which "Doodle" grabbed, thinking discretion the better part of valor.

However, "all things come to those who will but wait." We waited three hours and a half for our breakfasts—College ones, too.

We arrived home at 11.15 wearing a hungry smile, but determined to make Stratford work to win the next game.

BRONSON.



The Cobourg Trip.

THE trip to Cobourg was perhaps the most successful of all those which the First Hockey Team took this year, for, in addition to defeating Cobourg on their own ice by three goals, and thus overcoming their lead of one goal gained in the first match, a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

It was on a Friday morning that the team, the manager, four supporters and two masters set out for Cobourg. The train, contrary to the Grand Trunk's usual methods, started on time, which ill omen, augmented by the news that it was no "flyer," but only a local, cast a gloom lasting about five minutes over the aforementioned party. Some few were hopeful enough to doubt this, but were soon put out of, or into, their misery, with the large majority. We crawled along at a snail's pace, stopping every now and then to lend variety to the rather slow proceedings, the length of each stop varying as the square of the distance in miles covered until we arrived at Newcastle, where there was a delay of three hours' duration.

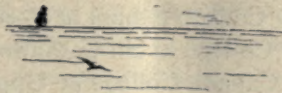
After half an hour had elapsed the pangs of hunger began to be felt. This state of affairs, or lack of affairs, lasted for an hour and a half, when some of the more adventuresome spirits who had gone exploring discovered a room in the station where pork pies (may their weight never diminish) were sold for five cents each. When this great discovery was announced there was a general rush. Sale, on a splendid spurt, got in the lead, and, rushing in'to the station, offered the "man behind the tons" twenty-five cents for every one. After some confusion each member of the contingent (masters excepted) staggered back to the coach under the weight of three or four pork pies and settled down to put on (or in) weight. It is a much debated point whether anyone got through the armor-plate exterior or not.

Three minutes later, as we were sitting regarding our purchases, lost in silent admiration, it was proposed by Alison, seconded by Grier, that an attempt should be made to knock a pork pie off the captain's knee. Needless to say that the motion was carried with only one dissenting voice. The first projectile "which missed his knee and bashed his eye" was followed by the accumulated purchases

of twelve capitalists. A couple of unfortunates basely tried to escape out of the door, and the resulting number of hits would have done credit to any navy. When all the ammunition had lost throwable shape, the remains were packed, with solicitous and tender care, into Sale's suit case, while the owner thereof was outside drydocking for repairs. Pork pies were followed by oranges. Upon some expert expressing the fear that the former substance might prove insipid, orange juice was judiciously added by Alison, the *chef*, as a relish. Not long after the afore-mentioned proceedings, the brakesman entered, and the entire car was favored with an oration. The ruthless way all our secrets were laid bare to the public gaze was heartrending in the extreme. He declared we were unfit to travel alone, and none of us, it was evident from our behaviour, moved in the best social circles. As denial was useless, he was assured of the accuracy of his statements and requested to continue. It was just like having one's fortune told by an expert.

A few minutes later the train again started, and after a moment's hesitation, it apparently decided to proceed. All its fondness for resting along the road seemed to have been left at Newcastle, perhaps because such stops were found unhealthy for the coaches, and we arrived at half-past five in the afternoon of the same day. The remainder of the afternoon was spent walking about the town. After dinner we went down to the rink and were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

When the game was finished the contingent repaired to Mr. Crossen's house, where the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent. It was late next morning before any one arose, as all were tired with the exciting events of the preceding day. In the afternoon we embarked for Toronto, and after a run down, which was not quite so slow as the trip up, arrived about half past seven, well pleased with the outing.



The Prospects in Cricket.

With the early spring this year, and the prospect of good weather, the cricket season of '05 should be a record one. At this time last year our cricketers were dragging out a miserable existence, amid blizzards and north winds, and were only able to dream fondly of "leg breaks," "off cuts" and "centuries," but this year's practices have already begun, and if the attendance at these necessary functions is regular, we should put a very good team in the field.

Five old colors are still with us, and though in the six that have gone we have lost several good bowlers, a few "nervy" bats and a number of men who shone in the field, most of these can be replaced by boys who have come up through the School under Mr. Beddow's able instruction in the game.

The championship of the "Big Four" is, of course, our highest aspiration. Last year we came closer to it than ever before, and this season, if the team does what we expect of it, our fond hopes may be realized. But, come what may, we are sure that the St. Andrew's eleven will do their best to defend the crimson and white.

CRICKET FIXTURES FOR 1905.

Following is a list of the cricket fixtures that have been already arranged for the First Team for the coming season. Others will, no doubt, be planned, but the list as it stands is an exceptionally interesting one :


- April 22nd—St. Clement's at Rosedale.
- April 29th—Grace Church at Rosedale.
- May 6th—St. Simon's at Rosedale.
- May 13th—St. Alban's at Rosedale.
- May 20th—St. Alban's at St. Alban's.
- May 27th—The Old Boys at Rosedale.
- May 30th—Varsity at Varsity.
- June 1st—Trinity University at Trinity University.
- June 3rd—Mimico at Mimico.
- June 10th—Trinity College School at Port Hope.
- June 14th—Ridley College at St. Catharines.
- June 17th—Upper Canada College at Upper Canada College.

SECOND TEAM MATCHES.

- May 13th—U. C. C. II. at U. C. C.
- May 20th—U. C. C. II. at Rosedale.

C. V. M.

On an August Evening.

NE fine morning in August Geo. Burlston was walking home through the railway yards. Turning at length from the path worn by the feet of men employed there, he struck directly across tracks toward a less frequented part of the yard. After crossing this he had but to climb the fence, and turn up a side street to his home, a comfortable little house in the suburbs of Tramore. He was thinking of various matters, amongst others, of how much he would like to get the reward which the road had offered for the apprehension of the men who had perpetrated several robberies. In these the line had been a heavy loser. It was known that the same men had been concerned in all four burglaries, but who they were was more than the detectives had been able to find.

Whilst thus cogitating he heard low voices, and listening intently, he discovered that they proceeded from an empty box-car near by. He heard a movement as if they were getting up to come out and, overcome by a desire to conceal himself—why he has never been able to explain—he suited the action to the thought, and quickly stepped up into a coal-car, where he waited for them to pass. This they did in a minute or so, but as they passed he heard one say: "Well, once we get between No. 12's tender and express car we'll be all right and then—twelve thousand apiece."

Few words, but they left George in a state of excitement and joy, for here was the broadest clue that ever was dropped to a fortunate mortal. "Why, I'm off to the chief's office now, and as soon as I tell my story they'll send for the men, and I'll"—but these reflections were rudely put an end to by the thought that he was not able to identify them coming on him with crushing force. So there was an end to any hopes of the reward. But suddenly the thought flashed through his mind, "Why not take them red-handed? If I lay my plans well I can take them easily. I'll just talk it over with Jack." And certainly it would have been running in the face of Providence to let such a chance as that go by, when he, the man who was to take No. 12 out that very evening, should hear the plot to rob his own train. And so

George Burlston, engineer, went home to dinner, with the pleasing prospect of a brush with train-robbers the same evening, and with five-thousand dollars reward looming up in the distance.

That afternoon he purchased a pistol and some cartridges, and his preparations were completed. About four o'clock he went down to the engine-house and found Jack Pulson, his fireman, busily engaged in polishing up their locomotive in preparation for their evening run. To him he told the discovery from which he hoped to gain so much, and Jack, all ardor, promised to keep silent concerning the "scrap" and to be down early in order to discuss the matter. Then, examining the engine closely, George found everything in ship-shape, and back home he went. The evening meal over, he hurried down and found Jack seated in the cab anxiously awaiting him. It was now half-past seven, and as the train was supposed to be in readiness at the platform at 7.45 he immediately backed to the depot. Soon all was ready, the last "All aboard" shouted, and the giant engine, with its long train of shining Pullmans, glided into the night, and the long two-hour run of one hundred and seven miles begun. Mile after mile was left behind as the mighty iron horse thundered on. Through tunnels, over bridges, on steep embankments, in deep cuts rushed on this distance-destroying monster. Over the ribbons of steel this modern Mercury fiercely pounded on, cleaving the soft night air with irresistible force.

But, meanwhile, how fared the robbers? Clinging to a precarious hold on the tender, they waited with impatience for the time when they should begin operations. Nothing but the thought of the booty which lay before them could have nerved them to take such a ride. But they emerged unscathed, and silently opening the door of the express car—it was afterwards found that the lock had been doctored—they crept in, and the first warning the express man had of their presence was when, on hearing the harsh order, "hands up!" given him, he turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of a six-shooter. Not being able to reply to this convincing argument, he yielded and soon, bound and gagged, he was tossed to the corner of the car. Then one stepped to the door, and seizing the disengaging brake, gave it a pull, and in a half minute the rest of the train was being left behind, as the engine, with its decreased load, leapt forward like a hound set free from the leash.

This was the first warning to the two men in the cab that the robbers' plans had successfully begun. But before they could do anything Jack looked up, and beheld clambering over the coal a man with his pistol held significantly in his hand. Greeting them he stepped to the narrow gangway between engine and tender, and from that vantage point ordered George to stop three miles the other side of Oaklands, mentioning a station twenty miles from Burmel, the city at which George's train was taken on by another locomotive. To this Burlston answered that he would be quite willing to do so.

But the two friends had not planned for nothing. Suddenly Jack yelled, "Jump for your life! Wreck!" The startled thief sprang to the steps, and was only prevented from jumping by George, who grabbed him by his collar and yanked him, none too gently, back on the coal. But now the question was how to take care of him. Jack thought of the bell-rope, and the thin but tough cord was soon in use upon the person of the robber. Then he was propped up on Jack's seat, and Jack, crossing to the right-hand side of the cab, took charge of the engine.

Their plan was that while Pulson drove to Burmel George should try to catch the remaining two thieves and hold them up until they could be delivered into the hands of the police. So George, gently creeping over the coal, lowered himself silently to the floor of the express-car. Looking in he saw that something had evidently delayed the robbers in their work, as now they were bustling about like bees; and then George saw with delight that the thieves had laid their revolvers on a heap of bags—near them, it is true—but out of their hands. Probably they had been in their road, but, thought George, "there's nothing like following up an advantage," and in he marched, and the startled thieves, on hearing "Game's up, boys!" turned and saw that such was indeed the case. Requesting them to go to the corner of the car and face the wall, which they sullenly did, George occupied himself in releasing the express man, first taking the precaution to remove their firearms.

About five minutes after they flashed into Burmel, and in as many more had the satisfaction of seeing the trio driven off to the cells under a heavy guard. It appeared that one of the three, a man in the express office, had overheard a remark of the manager concerning a packet containing thirty-six thousand

in notes, which was to be taken out by express on a certain evening. They admitted that they had intended to cap their former exploits in this manner and leave the country.

George was given the reward and also a day run on the same division, but by which he was at home all night. Jack Pulson was given Burlston's old run, but never yet has he had such an exciting experience as on that memorable August evening.

IRWIN, Form IV.

Ode to Charlie Grier.

(By a Member of the Corner Dormitory.)

"Whither bound for, Charlie Grier,
With smile that reacheth to thine ear,
Your eye is twinkling, your pace is fast,
'Tis after four, W—— have past?"
A ghastly smile o'erspread his face,
He gasped like a consumptive in a race,
Each eye appeared to me a lake,
He wiped them both, and then he spake,
"Tell me not, mine own dear friend,
That nothing can my spirits mend.
From St. Andrew's College have I rushed,
My seething brain will not be hushed;
I skipped detention, also drill,
To me this is a bitter pill.
I started out so bright and gay,
And it seemed to me a sunny day,
But now my spirits will not rise,
A weight upon my heart there lies."
Before he left I heard him say,
"W—— line, I'll startle and waylay,"
And, turning, he retraced his steps again
To the dwelling place of stalwart men.

Master—"Are you careless or stupid, Bronson?"

Bronson—"Stupid, sir."

Miscellany.

The Literary Society.

The meetings held by the Literary Society have been as interesting and successful this year as ever before. Mr. Flemming, the President, has succeeded in presenting some very entertaining programmes during the winter season.

Three debates, two reading contests, many musical offerings, and the History Notes have all figured in the make-up of the different evening programmes. Two novel recitations were rendered by Malengheni, one being in Kaffir, the other in Zulu, and although neither was understood, both were thoroughly enjoyed. The annual inter-form debates were held, the supremacy going to Form IV. The Fourth Form, represented by Winans and Driscoll, defeated the representatives of III. B, Crawford and Housser, on the resolution that the Canadian Government should own all the telephone and telegraph systems in the Dominion.

As a result of the reading contest not being concluded at the time of going to press, the name of the winner cannot be given. The medal, however, will be contested for by Wrong 1, McKay 1, and Goggin, who have worked their way to the finals. McCrea's efforts in preparing History Notes have been greatly appreciated, and the notes were always looked forward to.

Owing to the approach of the Easter exams., the meetings of the Society will be discontinued after April 7th until next winter, when the reopening of the Lit. in the new college will be welcomed by all.

WESLEY W. WINANS.

We would call the attention of our readers to the summer camp referred to on another page of this issue. Any boys who are making preparations for the summer vacation, and are desirous of spending it in the open air amid the wilds of our northern country, could not do better than join the camp which is conducted each year during July and August at Lake Temagami. The camp is well managed, and being composed principally of boys from the preparatory schools, congenial company is thus assured, while the situation could not be better.

As Others See Us.

Skits.

We are pleased to announce the arrival in the Main House of "Tarantula" Graham, of Winnipeg fame.

Boy to Forgie—"Your mouth is large enough to sing a duet."

Master (seeing Thompson I. making a wry face)—"What's the matter, Thompson?"

"I've got the colic in my hair, sir."

1st young lady—"Bronson is as bright as a dollar."

2nd young lady—"If he were as easy to get rid of he'd be all right."

The Belgium Hare may spread so fast

That it becomes a curse,

But in these gladsome college days

Jim Crossen's hair is worse.

MacLaren's a bright boy! Do you know Red?

He measures six feet from his toes to his head,

He tries to play marbles with all the small boys,

How funny a prefect should like such small toys.

The International Disappearance Syndicate, with headquarters in the Second House, has gone out of business. Nothing left to disappear.

MacLaren—"There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

Wishart, "so wise, so young."

Weiner's a bright boy. Do you know Wess?

An extravagant youth with a failing for dress.

He lives at McConkey's. He never tells lies.

He wears grandpa collars, and buys Ely's ties.

College Alphabet.

- A. A is for Angus of Highland descent,
Who goes around school on mischief bent.
- B. B is for Baily often called Bill,
The boys all declare he is coming up hill.
- C. C is for Carver who comes from the East,
When he gets mad he calls you a beast.
- D. D is for Driscoll, a musical lad,
He says the piano is ever his fad.
- E. E is for Earl who studies with steam,
To him the world is but a dream.
- F. F is for Forgie, sometimes called Jim,
Of course, all the boys are in terror of him.
- G. G is for Grier, beloved by us all,
He's all right at hockey, and can also play ball.
- H. H is for Housser, who answers to Fred,
All he has heard is stored in his head.
- I. I is for Irwin, a lad of good looks,
Sad to relate, he has a failing for books.
- J. J is for Johnson, also called Fred,
He tells his poor brother he'll stave in his head.
- K. K is for Kerman, whose hair is not blue,
Now surely the color is known to you.
- L. L is for Lannaman, who comes from the South,
He talks with his ears and makes signs with his mouth.
- M. M is for Mahlangeni, who wears a brown hat.
He tells all the form they will suffer for dat.

- N. N is for Nurse, who juggles the pills,
She helps Dr. Hamilton cure us of ills.
- O. O is for —, well known to Dave,
It's rumored around he's a willing slave.
- P. P is for Purser, of old German style,
Verily it's a great treat to see the lad smile.
- Q. Q is for Quinine, which has not a nice taste,
They give it to us to make a cold go to waste.
- R. R is for Ross, who hails from the West,
At the end of the week he puts on his best.
- S. S is for Smith, although not very old,
He never will do the things he is told.
- T. T is for Thomson, who fights with his hair,
His friends all declare he's not always all there.
- U. U is for Union, it embraces us all,
They make us play cricket, but how about ball?
- V. V is for Vincent, whose last name is Massey,
He's always polite and never gets "sassy."
- W. W is for Winans, often called Wess,
Although not tall, he's bright ne'ertheless.
- XY. XY are for letters that cannot be found,
If one searched the College from roof to the ground.
- Z. Z is for Zeigler, who dances with joy,
When the dignified Fifth procures a new toy.

BY BRONSON.

Clothes don't make the Student —but they help

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You may depend on every thread of cloth in Semi-ready—we guarantee it.

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No Escape for Boarders.

Boracic acid in the soup,
 Wood alcohol in wine,
 Catsup dyed a lurid hue
 By using aniline ;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
 Served to us as spices ;
 I reckon crisp and frigid glass
 Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
 Way down at Cloverside—
 It's one-third milk and water, and—
 And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
 And honey's just glucose,
 And what the fancy butter is
 The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed,
 There's alum in the bread ;
 It's really a surprise to me
 The whole durned school ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things
 Are buzzing fit to kill ;
 If the food you eat don't get you,
 The goldarned masters will.

—*New Orleans Times.*

MacLaren—"Do you want to go to heaven?"
 Sale—"No."

"Tiny" McLachlin—"Neck and shoulders above all competitors."

McLachlin's a tall boy. You surely know "Tiny."
 He has tailor-made ties, and his collars are shiny.
 When they get dirty, we hear him say,
 "My trusty tooth brush and water will take it away."

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Elevator

Heard in German period—"Massey, ask me a question that I must answer." "Under liber Augustine?"

Bert, sing "Dolly."

Notice is hereby given to McCrea and Winans that there will be a special excursion run for their benefit to MacLachlinville. "Tiny" will accompany the train to conduct them to his sky-scraping incubators. Growth guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Every time Bronson buys anything he always says: "Are they wearing these this year?" Some salesman will say "No" one of these times.

Irwin, to Mr. Fleming, "Sir, I don't want any help, I just want to explain a question."

Mr. R—— (calling roll)—"Chase, your seat"

Vanity, all is vanity,
Try this to overcome,
Reach for a higher equity,
Ever rise above the hum-drum,
Vice so particularly woman's,
Ever leading one on,
Leave it to other humans,
Yes, and your old clothes don,
And read not "How to be Beautiful."
Now get out and hustle for cash,
Go, be faithful and dutiful;
Oh, and try not to mash.
Give up the glance so searching,
Gaze not on thy face in the glass,
In thy facial blemishes despairing,
Never heed, for in time they will pass.

Boys' Clothing

at SIMPSON'S

A True Boy wants to be dressed in a manly way. He doesn't care for namby-pamby styles and girlie ways in the matter of clothes or anything else pertaining to him.

Our Men's Store will please the boy who likes to dress well, but in a thoroughly masculine style. We have been pleasing men so long and so successfully that we think we know pretty well how to please boys. In the Men's Store, as we call the Richmond Street wing, where nearly everything a man or boy wears is for sale, we devote a very large space to Boys' Suits.

3-piece Sack Suits in English tweeds,
Scotch tweeds, Clay worsteds,
fancy worsteds: 2.75 to \$9

3-piece Norfolk Suits in serge,
tweeds and worsteds..... 4.50 to \$6



Then for strapping big fellows, who are ready to change from short trousers to long ones, we have a special line which makes the transition less awkward than it usually is. A man's long-trouser suit generally misfits a youth in the neck and shoulders. These suits we speak of are regular youths' suits made for them expressly. They look well and natural right from the first.

Youths' Suits for college boys come in domestic and imported tweeds, Bannockburn mixtures, Scotch tweeds, English worsteds, serges, Clay worsteds and vicunas. Made sack style, double breasted style, or Norfolk with belt, in the English fashion. Prices.... 5 to \$12

Mention St. Andrew's College when you come and we'll know what to show you.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

Soon anglers will be out again,
And by the brooklet's shore
Will idly lie and fish, and then
Go home and lie some more.

—Anonymous.

Pencils have no central point and evaporate at all temperatures.

A chair has four legs, and you should use the whole four of them. They are paid for. Don't rest on two and wave the other two in the air for a flag.

Gravity is the power which holds a person on the earth and prevents him from becoming an angel.

"Pig" Bronson waded across the creek the other day, with all his clothes on, for a safety pin. We notice his legs are warped,

To McConkey's went Harry F. B.
With two girls and himself, making three.
The bill was two-forty,
And he did things too sporty,
For he had only one-fifty-three.

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review



MIDSUMMER

1905

Gourlay Pianos

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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1905

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



COLLEGE GROUP, 1905.

Editorials.

THE sixth anniversary of the founding a residential school is not as a rule worthy of more than passing notice, but present conditions at S. A. C. are such as to warrant particular mention. Established in 1899 with an attendance of about fifty boys, fifteen of whom were boarders, the numbers have increased with such rapidity that at the end of six years we find ourselves will all available accommodation taxed to its utmost, and with a roll second only to that of Upper Canada College, an institution of similar aims founded in 1829. Of the educational history of the last decade, then, surely St. Andrew's can say truthfully and without boasting, "*Pars magni fui*," for they are inseparably bound together. Not only should we at this time pause and reflect upon the miraculous growth and success of the institution of which we are a part, but we should bear in mind that this sixth anniversary marks the closing of the formative period of our history, one which in the establishing of a large school is always fraught with much labor and sacrifice on the part of boys and masters alike. While in many ways these days have been pleasant ones, and sentiment, which always plays a large part in our school-boy nature, will cause us to look back longingly to the old building around which circles so many fond and lasting memories, yet it is with a feeling of pride and joy that we look forward to the autumn, when we shall enter our new quarters. We have talked much and often during the past year of the new building, but at last our hopes have been realized and it stands ready to receive us when we re-assemble in the fall. A description of its details, taken from the College Calendar, 1905-1906, will be found elsewhere in our columns, and will give those of the parents who will not have an opportunity to visit it an idea of the more favorable conditions under which work will be carried on in the future. The friends of the College can hope for nothing better than that its next six years will prove equally progressive.

LIFE at S. A. C. during the past term has not been replete with incidents worthy of record, and in many respects this is a good sign, for where outside interests are few, closer attention is given to work in the class-room. The Lenton season, coming as it did this year, much later than usual, shortened the summer session considerably, while winter, the effects of which are still felt on all hands, lingered well on into May, thus preventing an early start in the games.

Judging from the erudite expressions worn by many of the boys, the usual efforts have been put forth to end the year with a good showing in the class lists.

In athletics, cricket, as in previous years, has proved the most popular of the spring games, though tennis has not been without its many votaries. As soon as better courts are available, no doubt larger numbers will be found taking an interest in this form of recreation. The records made in the sports, and the distances jumped, were a credit to the school. The Eleven have not shown as good form as did last year's team, but they have been unfortunate in having very unfavorable weather in which to conduct their practices. In the match with T. C. S. the game had to be called off owing to a drizzling rain, after we had made a most promising start. Ridley defeated us by one run in rather an interesting game, although neither team played good cricket in the first innings.

ONCE more we find ten weeks of holidays staring us in the face, and with the exception of a very few who, either out of necessity or owing to strong parental influences, have some work planned out for themselves during these two months and a half, the majority of us shall perhaps find some little difficulty in deciding the best way in which to dispose of the time. In reaching a decision we should bear in mind that we do not require to consume all of the holiday period in the regaining of our vigor of body and freshness of mind, and that we should make some good use of the residue.

Nothing, perhaps, is tending more towards the broadening of life in this country than the growing interest in out-of-door life manifested not only in all forms of activity on land and water, but in the awakened interest in nature study and in the

universal acceptance of the vacation idea. It is to be hoped that we shall follow the spirit of the age and avail ourselves, where possible, of this opportunity to study nature at first hand. In this way we shall give recreation a normal place among other occupations and interests and at the same time gain health of body, of spirits, and of mind. On the other hand, that this period may not mark a lapse in our development, let us see to it that the new surroundings and experiences keep our mental faculties on the alert, remembering Mr. Gladstone's words, "Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of time will make you dwindle alike in intellect and moral stature beneath your darkest reckoning."

THE Editor, having resigned his position as a member of the teaching staff of St. Andrew's College, in order that he may enter other fields of labor, desires, ere he lays down his duties, to thank those who have been associated with him during the past year in connection with the publication of the College paper for the interest they have taken in their work and the energetic manner in which they have performed the tasks allotted them. Any success that the REVIEW may have attained is entirely due to their untiring efforts, for during his tenure of office the Editor-in-Chief has acted merely in an advisory capacity.

Financially we have had another successful year, and no small amount of credit is due those who have had this department of the work in hand. So long as the College can produce business managers of this year's calibre she need have no fears for the success of the REVIEW.

AS this is the last issue of the REVIEW to go forth from the old College walls, we have endeavored to make it a larger and more interesting number than usual. "A Backward Glance," by Mr. Findlay, gives us some idea of the life in the earlier days, while Massey's article, "The Passing of Chestnut Park," deals more particularly with the building in which for

the past six years we have been carrying on our labors. In the Essay competition, "Mixed Pickles," by E. Burns (Form II.), obtained first prize, and "The Dike Rider," by Chase I., second. Both of these stories are published verbatim, save for a few changes in punctuation. We regret to have to state that the prize offered for the best poem did not appear sufficiently tempting to the poetic muse. As none of the poems submitted were worth publishing, the prize was not awarded. The prize of three dollars offered for the best set of photographs, not exceeding six in number, taken by a boy and representing scenes from school life, again went to McKay I. (Form V.), the winner of last year's competition. We have also published a portion of the excellent series submitted by S. Wishart (Form V.), the prize-winner's chief competitor. The REVIEW heartily congratulates the prize-winners, especially Burns, whose work shows powers of imagination and expression seldom met with in one of his years. The article on "Opium Smoking" is by McKay I. (Form V.), who has had excellent opportunities to become acquainted with the habits and customs of the Eastern nations.



OLD BUILDING.

A Backward Glance.

ONLY a few days more and we shall have to take a last fond look at our old school home. To an outsider, or even to one who has recently come to the College, six years old may seem rather young; but to those of us who have spent the whole, or at least the greater part, of our time in or about the main building, and to whose eyes the very trees and lawns have grown to be familiar friends, these half-dozen years, so full of interest, appear anything but brief. The main events in the life of the College are, I presume, fairly well known to all readers of the REVIEW. The aim of this rambling piece of retrospect, therefore, is merely to cast about for, and seek to revive, a few of those little things that make life worth the living.

The earliest hint as to the founding of the school came in the form of a three or four-line item in the city news column of a morning daily. Neither site nor name had then been chosen; indeed, the notice simply stated that the idea was being considered by several gentlemen prominent in Presbyterian circles. Not many weeks later the announcement was made that Chestnut Park, the residence of the late Sir David Macpherson, had been selected as the home of the new school, and that the name St. Andrew's College had been decided upon.

The writer, who in the meantime had received an appointment to the staff, has a vivid recollection of his first entering the big gate on Yonge Street. A large St. Bernard dog came romping somewhat too inquisitively towards him and rather took his breath, until the figure of our good friend, John Crowley, the connecting link between the pre-college days and the present, loomed up on the sward. I may be forgiven if I point out in passing that the mower Johannes fancied in those days was a trifle more petite and musical than the one in whose company he has been seen so constantly of late. The park was then accounted by many the most beautiful spot in Toronto. That copper-beech across from the III. A. windows looked every whit as splendid as it does now, while the orchard and garden yielded apples and grapes in lieu of the bricks and mortar of to-day. The place seemed more secluded and rustic; even the squirrels ventured to come to school, and one day, believe me, a partridge actually insisted on flying through a French window into what is at present Form V. Mementos of the Macpherson era were many at first; the most beautiful one, a large arched window of colored glass, bearing the family crest and the Gaelic motto, "Na bean don chat gun lahminn," was removed only two years ago, a more practical memorial in the form of two scholarships endowed by Mr. William Macpherson, of Quebec, having taken its place.

September 10th, 1899, was the first school day. The handful of half-bashful, half-curious boys who presented themselves, after standing a fire of questions, had their names entered on the original roll. The number of these "primevals" has diminished from year to year, and to-day no more than one or two are with us. Several of our staunchest old boys, however, belonged to this earliest group and are now proud of having been among the very first to join the College. After the boys had been dismissed, the then principal, Rev. Dr. Bruce, and two masters who are still on the staff, were sitting in the office talking matters over, when, without the slightest warning, in strode a square-shouldered, determined-looking young man, who eyed us all rather fiercely, and then exclaimed, in the tone of a knight throwing down his gage:

"I am A. B. Blanchard, of Truro, Nova Scotia."

Many a laugh have we had since then at Mr. B.'s stern and now historic self-introduction.

In the afternoon of that same day Mr. Robinson and I went down town to purchase supplies. We had many things to buy—desks, blackboards, books, paper, ink, etc., but the incident which afforded the most excitement was the buying of the bell. What with a couple of salesmen and the two of ourselves all swinging bells, the top flat of Rice Lewis' warehouse sounded as if a stampede of bell-cows had just rushed in. Our ears were almost ruined before the choice was made, but we feel amply repaid in the thought of the pleasure the merry tinkling of that bell has stirred in the hearts of boarders ever since.



"JOHN"

Next morning we all assembled in the prayer-hall (Sir David's billiard-room) and each of the masters was called upon to make an impromptu speech. The less said about those speeches the better. A short time afterwards we were presented with a clock and had quite a celebration in connection with the hanging thereof.

Work was just getting under way when our first principal's health failed and he was obliged to resign. In his place came Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., our present head. In those early days our numbers were so small that we seemed more like a house-party than a college for boys. We were one large family

together. And so when it began to be whispered that on the following Christmas our principal was to be married, every master and boy was deeply concerned. The staff, who by this time numbered six, decided to dine their chief. This function took place in what is now the principal's dining-room, and what a dinner it was! Good-fellowship ruled the feast, each speaker excelled himself, and the guest of the evening made a capital response to the poetical toast composed in his honor. Taking it all in all this event stands out as one of the happiest in our early years. If ever a lady was welcomed to an institution it was Mrs. Macdonald to St. Andrew's College. But what a power hath precedent! A year and a half later one master followed the principal's lead, and now the little bird has it (I hope this is not telling tales out of school) that two more are to embark on the sea of matrimony this summer. We wish them *bon voyage*.

I have mentioned the principal's dining-room. A catastrophe which there befell I suppose I may relate, seeing that in it, as Aeneas would say, "*pars magna fui*." One noon the staff was seated around the table chatting away merrily while the soup was being served. A colleague on my left was joyfully narrating some wonderful exploit to his neighbor, and what did the dear man do, but round off his speech with a mighty flourish of his right arm at the very moment when the maid was passing a large plate brimful of steaming soup just over my head. I would not describe the result for worlds. Enough to say that after a bath, a shampoo, and much sponging of clothes, I began to smile feebly at the joke myself.

We had something in the way of a Literary Society almost from the beginning. The first one was organized, if my memory is right, for the purpose of giving an At Home. At one of these At Homes the College established a record by using more flags in decorating than had ever been brought together into one place in Toronto before. We made flags, bought flags, and borrowed flags, till the building was almost suffocated with them. Once was enough.

Another feature of the Lit. in the early days was the production of two or three comedies. I have the text of one of them before me now. It is entitled, "*The Wreck of Stebbins' Pride*." One of the scenes, I remember, was a proposal, wherein the un-

happy lover (I shudder to think of it) missed his cue and burst into laughter just where his heart was supposed to break. But the crowning effort in this direction was the staging of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," with the jovial Mr. Hill as principal. The costuming for this piece was no small affair, but with the aid of the boys' kind lady friends it was finally accomplished. Mr. Hill, really a born actor, personated Mrs. Jarley in a way never to be forgotten. The poke-bonnet, the fan (he destroyed three expensive ones during the performance), the hoop-skirt and the flashes of wit, as he (or she) bowed and bounced about the stage, are beyond all power of description. There is only one Hammy.

In June, 1901, the first copy of the REVIEW was issued. It contained twenty pages. The writer is proud to have had a hand in the launching of this successful periodical. At first the boys wrote all of the articles and managed the paper themselves, as it was thought the training would be useful for them. The REVIEW has made such rapid strides, however, that a member of the staff at present acts as editor-in-chief. The first boy-editor, I remember, was W. J. Lea, now the energetic secretary of our Old Boys' Association. There can be no doubt that this paper has done much not only to improve the English of the boys, but also to foster a healthy college spirit. We had some very creditable attempts in verse in the early numbers, notably two poems in the French-Canadian dialect by A. M. Isbester, the one entitled, "The Bear at the Chaudière," and the other "Rivière du Loup."

There has not been much to sadden us in the last half-dozen years, but these reminiscences would be incomplete were the loss of two of our boys to pass unnoticed. Although neither of them died at the College they were both connected with it in a peculiar way. I refer to Joe Mickleborough, of St. Thomas, one of the very first boys to enrol, and Errol Ross-Ross, of Montreal. These two were prime favorites among their fellows at College, and we mourn their loss. A more recent bereavement in the death of the late Principal Caven, of Knox College, one of the directors of the College from the first and a man whose heart was very warm towards us, we regret also to have to record.

The word "dull" at any rate cannot be applied to our life

so far, either within or without the college walls. The times in which we have lived have been both stirring and prosperous. Not only has the City of Toronto been flourishing, but so has the Dominion as a whole, while the South African War and the present conflict in the Far East have kept us from thinking too exclusively of our own little world.

Of athletics much might be written. I shall mention only two matches which aroused more enthusiasm, perhaps, than any others we have had. The first was a game of rugby with U.C.C. on their grounds on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1901. Although we were defeated the score was very close (3-1) and the youngest of the boys' schools gave the oldest the hardest game it had played for years. The second was the final hockey match with Stratford in the Mutual St. Rink for the Junior Championship in the O.H.A. This match, however, is of so recent date that an account of it is unnecessary. There was a time, too, when the masters used to turn out in the spring of the year to vie with each other in the jumps, but during the past two years they have been content to try conclusions with the Second Cricket Eleven. For some reason or other I cannot recall the scores made in these games. All I remember is that at one of them several of us made precisely the same number of runs as did the cricket professional.

The two visits of the Rev. Dr. Pringle, of the Yukon, one long ago, the other more recently, are events which we shall not soon forget. No doubt, in the new College, where we shall have a large assembly hall, we may expect more frequent visits from men of his stamp. Dr. Pringle gave us an uplift which the whole school feels yet. The series of six College sermons that we had two years back—a feature to be revived in the new building, I believe—is a pleasant memory still. From that series, I think, dates the choice of "Fight the Good Fight" as the College hymn. And writing of sermons brings to mind that very amusing, though of course perfectly unconscious, coincidence of two years ago. It occurred on the very morning of our re-opening in September. A large influx of new boys had come in as usual and it was a case of standing room only in the prayer-hall, when what should the principal do but open morning prayers by reading from the third Psalm, "Lord, how are

they increased that trouble me? Many are they that rise up against me."

The 22nd of April, 1903, marks another red-letter day in our history. The plans for the new building had been prepared, and the whole school had marched over to the new grounds to witness a ceremony rich in promise. After a suitable reading of Scripture and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Neil, followed by an address by the President of the Board of the College, Mrs. Macdonald turned the first sod on the spot around and about which now stands our new home almost completed.

Surely we have every reason to be grateful for the progress and prosperity which have been granted us. The six years that are gone have been happy years. The memories that are fresh to us now shall grow golden under the mellowing influence of time, and the period of preparation we have had in the old place shall prove our richest inheritance in the new. We can turn our eyes from a Past full of favor to look upon a Future full of hope. The one man who, more than any other, has opened this great opportunity to us, is our principal. All those who have any interest in, or any love for, St. Andrew's College will rejoice with us as we "Ring out the old and ring in the new."

WALTER A. FINDLAY.



NEW BUILDING.

The Mysterious Pickles.

“WELL, I may be thankful to have even a bottle of pickles,” I said to myself as I walked towards my rude little hut, or rather shack, which I had just finished building, with a large bottle of pickles in my arms, the only thing that had floated in from the wreck; for you must know, the good ship “Sunbeam” had been wrecked on the previous day, and luck had some way landed me on a small uninhabited island in the middle of the Indian Ocean, where I had built myself a small hut, if I may honor it by calling it so.

All yesterday I had lived on small fishes that I had caught along the shore, and this morning I was wandering along the beach in search of any of the vessel's cargo that might have found its way to the shore of this lonely island, but was obliged to return to my “diggings” with a large bottle of pickles as my reward of a two hours' search.

On reaching my home I put a few logs on the fire and then sat down on a home-made stool in despair, with my pickles on a shelf in front of me, and resting my heavy head on my hands I gazed at the huge gallon-jar marked “Mixed Pickles, S.A.C.” I wondered how long I could live on them. I was never much of a hand for pickles, and the thought of having to live on them for perhaps a week, thoroughly sickened me.

As I continued to look at the jar, which had nothing on the outside of it, save the label I mentioned, something strange happened. Each letter on the label seemed to stand out clearer and clearer, and as I watched, each letter seemed to have a kind of human form, and I thought I heard one letter say something, so I listened, and after a long time this is what I heard:

“Strangely silent,” said S, staring solemnly. “Suppose stuffed,” she suggested stupidly. “Probably pretending,” pouted P. “Cautious creature,” cried C, cheekily. L laughed loudly, and then there was silence for a few minutes, but only a very few minutes. “Isn't it idiotic?” insisted I. “Certainly,” cried C. A also applauded. “Delightful disposition,” declared D. “Absolutely angelic,” agreed A. All this was too flattering for me, so I laughed right out, and immediately all the letters were silent.

“Well,” I said, as soon as I could speak, “what in the world have I got here?” “We,” said a hundred little voices all at

once, "are the S. A. C. Pickles." "Hush," said the jar, "I will tell him," and then a deep voice said, "Probably you do not know, few people do, that every boy has a pickle in some jar—the hot-tempered ones being pickled onions and the sweet-tempered ones pickled pears or plums or some other sweet fruit. In this jar are S. A. C. Pickles only." And before I had time to ask any questions the cork jumped out and the inmates began to laugh and talk. "Is my pickle there?" I said, after watching the curious objects for some time. Immediately a long, lanky cucumber pushed itself from the bottom, and after making a low bow, returned to the depths of the bottle again, leaving me speechless. In another second a big hot red onion hopped out of the jar and rolled along the shelf followed by all the other pickles, which he lined up and began to drill. "You best look sharp," he cried, pointing to a pickle with a red top, who tried to make an excuse, but was too nervous and stuttered too much to say anything.

While the whole jar of pickles continued to drill I watched the different ones, and strange enough, could recognize every one of them by their characteristics—I noticed two or three small peppers that, although very small, were very hot indeed. There were, also, several sweet pickled pears, and several big yellow beans that towered above all the rest of the pickles. One of these beans was a little tougher than the others and spent his time howling to everyone that "They would suffer for that," but he never hurt one of them, and although he might have frightened some of them, he seemed one of the nicest pickles there, and would not have hurt a fellow pickle for a good deal. While I was watching this fellow, a voice shouted, "Dismiss," and the pickles broke the ranks and ran about in every direction. "Wonderful!" I exclaimed, when I had watched them for some time, and forgetting my misfortunes I found myself laughing heartily. "I would not believe," I said, at length, "that so many pickles could live in that one jar." "It is quite a jam in a pickle jar," said a nice pickled pear that was near me, but a larger jar is being made where we will have lots of room." "But how are you going to get off this island?" I asked, remembering our situation. "Oh! we can get away easily," he said, "we are the fairies' pickles and roam about all over; we used to stand on the pantry shelf of a college, but they kept putting things there until there was no room, so now we roam about

until a new college is made, where we will rest on the shelf in our new jar. As for you, I will see that you get home all right. I am one of the head pickles, and have some power." I thanked him very much, and then all the pickles jumped into the bottle and the cork hopped on, making the jar as secure as ever, and at the same time something seemed to jerk, and I woke up. There was the jar of pickles still on the shelf in front of me. I was still on the stool with my head in my hands. Everything was the same except the fire, which was nearly burned out. Had it all been a dream or not? I got up, felt the jar. Yes, it was real. Shook it. Yes, the pickles were real, too. While I was thus examining the mysterious jar of pickles I happened to turn my head towards the water and there, only a little way out was a large ship, and down its side they lowered a small boat. How they appeared, or saw me, was more than I could account for. Some say they saw the smoke of my fire, but, to tell the truth, I believe it must have been the work of those pickles. I gladly jumped into the small boat and would have taken my friend pickles with me had they not disappeared just as the boat came up. However, I said nothing, as I knew they would be all right.

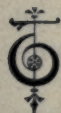
I got home safely, and am not yet sure whether I dreamed about the S. A. C. pickles or whether they really exist. I rather think they do, so would advise each boy to strive and be a pickled peach, pear or plum instead of a hot onion or red pepper.

E. BURNS (Form II.).



A DISPUTE.

The Passing of Chestnut Park.

HE days of old Chestnut Park are numbered. The grey walls and gables will soon be a heap of bricks and mortar, and automobiles and delivery-waggon will shortly be driving over the very spot where masters and prefects once roamed untrammelled.

The old place has had a long and varied history. The house was built at a time when such an operation was no slight undertaking. It stood for years in a veritable wilderness. There was an atmosphere of England about the place, and the chestnuts and maples of Canada seemed here to bear the same dignity as the haughtier oaks and elms in the parks of the Old Country. Many were the merry scenes within its walls, and many were the occasions when the *élite* of Upper Canada enjoyed the hospitality of Chestnut Park. But steadily the ever-growing city has hemmed it in, and now, threatened from all sides, in desperation the old house succumbs to fate.

But even in her last moments she seems to lift her head in scorn at the modern mushroom things about her. In spite of all desecrations the house still bears an aspect of faded grandeur and decayed gentility. One can almost see the ghosts of by-gone days here and there in the passages—the shade of a sometime belle flitting about in a dark romantic corner, or you can perceive in the cellars the substantial spirit of an ancient butler, while a mysterious jingling of keys is heard. A relic of former times is the bell-indicator in the hall, which still faithfully informs all passers by that number seven means a call from Sir David's room, or that someone in the morning-room wishes the presence of the rotund personage mentioned above. The prostrate statues on the lawn remind us, too, of the swiftness of time, for there these classic creatures lie shattered with every kind of fracture or amputation.

Chief among all the events in the past of Chestnut Park was the founding of the College. After the years of aristocratic seclusion and ancestral pride as a manor, what must have been the feelings of its exclusive soul at the approach of "Saint Andrew's College for Boys." Then, instead of the merry click-click from the billiard-room was heard the sound of mathematical

horrors. Then the niches, where once smiled Venus or Apollo, were filled with Latin books and geographies. And what other indignities were not offered to this long-suffering edifice? Yet, perhaps it enjoyed the experience. Who knows? But now all is over and the old hall gives place to a new ultra-artistic generation of houses.

All the traditions of the College cluster about Chestnut Park—traditions of years and years ago—almost as far back as 1898. What joy there used to be at the orchard-gate when John threw out the daily basket of apples, and what greater joy there was in that forbidden land, the garden, when its superior fruit was safely purloined. What an obliging sliding door was in old Form III. B., which had the interesting habit of sticking just as a master approached, much to the annoyance of that respected gentleman and, of course, to those within. And how convenient the gas-jet was for burning ping-pong balls and for other instructive experiments. What an education was the old elevator to those who tried to run it. But gone are all these blissful things. Even Detention has dwindled from the grand old "Just take two hundred and forty lines!" to the present "ordinary quarter." And now we are face to face with a brand-new college, with brand-new rules about keeping it unscratched; but still it will be a welcome change.

The inmates of the renowned "Tin Building" will hail the new era with delight. No more will they be able to hear four masters teaching at the same time, and no more will they enjoy the charming uncertainty of being rained upon during a storm outside. But delightful as these privileges may seem they will be replaced with greater joys. But Frogley's! St. Andrew's without Frogley's! O bitter thought! No more of their blissful confections. No more delectable cream-puffs or "Chelseas." But in the face of affliction let us "Quit us like men and be strong."

Such is life! Chestnut Park will soon be gone for ever—forgotten by all save perhaps a few old tottering men who, in years to come, will linger in a future busy thoroughfare, sadly point to a piece of pavement and say, "On this spot I received my first caning." Traditions will be needed at the new College, and to commence a little legendary lore some adventurous spirit should start the yearly custom of painting the stone nose of

Saint Andrew's statue a bright vermilion. This tradition would soon become historical, and the paint could be removed from his revered countenance by the combined efforts of the chemical class—which would be instructive. But whatever her traditions, whatever her surroundings or location, come what may, the College will always stay true to the name she has won. *Vivat Saint Andrew's!*

C. VINCENT MASSEY (Form IV.)



PREFECTS, 1904-1905.

The Dike Rider.

WHEN the old Acadians first came to Nova Scotia a low marsh district several miles wide surrounded the Basin of Minas, and twice a day at high tide this land would be completely flooded by water. But the Acadians with great labor and perseverance built high dikes to keep back the water, and thus reclaimed from the sea thousands of acres of rich meadows.

These dikes still remain, a grand monument to a patient, hardy race that is no more. While from the meadows that they protect, each year are raised crops of hay unequalled in any other land.

These meadows, covered with grass and free from fences, remind one somewhat of a small prairie divided into lots by ditches, which also serve the purpose of drains, but are hardly visible among the tall grass.

Each year, as soon as the last load of hay has been drawn away to the barns, the farmers turn on their cattle to feed on the after-grass until the snow falls. But before "turning on" time comes all the cattle in each township are branded with the initial letter of the name of that township. This brand is not of the nature of the Western brand, however, which marks the cattle for life; but, instead, the hair only is burned, leaving a black letter which cannot be recognized the next year.

The meadows belonging to the different townships are carefully separated by strong fences, and in late years it has become necessary for each district to keep a man constantly riding about the meadows for cattle sick or mired in the mud, and also to be on the look-out for weak places in the dikes.

The particular fall that I am telling of, old man Marlet applied for the position of dike-rider in the township of Penton, and was immediately accepted. Those who knew him well never called him anything else but "Dusty," and he preferred that name to any other, for it was the name he used to go by "out West," before he gave up "cow-punching" to marry and come East. He had always been sorry he made the change, and now, although he was an old man, he still cherished the hope

that some day he would save enough to pay a visit to the Turkey-Track ranch and see if any of the fellows were still there.

"Dusty" had brought his cow-pony and saddle from the West, and the first morning he started riding any one could tell by watching that the gray-haired man and old cow-pony were equally glad to get once more amongst the cattle.

Every noon a bare-foot boy would carry "Dusty's" dinner down to the watering-hole and he would not have long to wait before he would see the dike-rider coming in the distance, his cow-pony cantering along gracefully, taking the half-hidden ditches. No Eastern horse could have followed that pony for half a mile over those treacherous meadows.

After "Dusty" had eaten his dinner, if the day was fine, and the cattle were not too restless, he would take out his pipe for an after-dinner smoke, and on such occasions the boy would always hear an interesting story of "Dusty's" younger days.

While riding amongst the cattle, from time to time, "Dusty's" practised eye would sight a steer he was almost sure he had never seen before, but on closer view the required letter "P" was always there. Still "Dusty" was puzzled, and more so when, on riding over to the dike trustee of Penton he was told that all the cattle in the district had been branded and turned on two weeks ago.

There was no way of counting the cattle, because they kept constantly moving back and forth between the different watering-holes. Of course "Dusty" had his own suspicions. Perhaps some farmer in the adjoining district, which was Berwick, was branding his cattle "P" and turning them on the Penton meadow; but on going to the Berwick trustee he learned, as before, that all the cattle there had been branded "B" and turned on their own dike.

One morning, as the old man was going his rounds, he found a steer stranded in one of the ditches. The big black letter "P" was plainly showing, but on getting the animal out he accidentally made the discovery that this letter had originally been a "B," but with the help of a little paint of the color of the hair, one of the loops of the "B" had been made unrecognizable. True, the mystery had been solved, but every animal feeding on that meadow could not be thrown and the brand examined.

That noon, instead of being at the watering-hole to get his dinner, according to his custom, "Dusty" was ten miles away in the village paint-shop. And the boy who brought his dinner, becoming tired of waiting in the hot sun, and being so close to the drinking-hole, could withstand the temptation no longer, and it was not long before he was enjoying the cooling effect of a plunge—a forbidden act to the boys of that neighborhood, as they made the water too muddy for drinking. He stayed in the water quite a while, then sat on a log until the sun had dried him, after which he slowly dressed. But still no "Dusty." The boy was about to start for home with the untouched dinner when he saw the old man riding in the distance; but he was not coming along at his usual canter, now and then stopping; and he appeared to be riding from one animal to another; as he drew nearer the boy could see he was putting something he carried in a can on every animal, by means of a long-handled brush.

When "Dusty" reached the boy he pulled up his pony and handed him the can and paint-brush, while he himself dismounted. The boy was about to ask a question, but there was no need to now, for he had smelt turpentine before. But why was "Dusty" putting turpentine on the cattle? He had never heard of it being good for flies. Then the old "cow-puncher" told him all about the stray cattle and ended by saying that turpentine would remove paint.

Next day was a busy one, for "Dusty's" turpentine had done its work, and as he rode around in the morning he saw that the cattle of the Berwick meadow were not a few.

At five o'clock that afternoon he had rounded up twenty-three of them, and as that was all he could find he drove them in a body to the barnyard of the trustee.

Next morning early, a meeting of the farmers of Penton was held, and it was decided that the cattle should be kept until their rightful owners should claim them, and that the sum of five dollars should be paid in cash for the ransom of each animal. But, as there was some discussion as to how the money should be divided, it was finally decided that "Dusty" should get it all, which would amount to one hundred and fifteen dollars. That afternoon two farmers drove over together from Berwick,

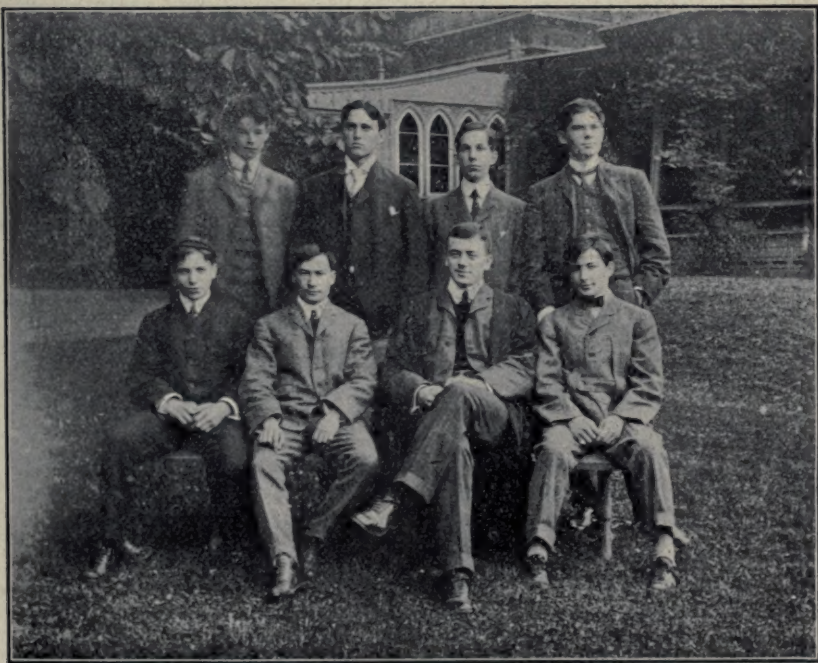
claiming all the cattle. They sheepishly paid over the money, and were glad to get off so easily.

The reason why they had painted the "B" into a "P" was that in the spring an unusually high tide had broken the dikes at Berwick and the salt water had flooded the meadows at every high tide for a week until the dikes were repaired, thus nearly ruining that season's grass, and all their cattle were getting poor, while alongside there was abundance. One farmer had shared his secret with his neighbor, but things had not turned out as the two anticipated—thanks to the vigilance of "Dusty."

The old "cow-puncher" had been longing for such a chance, and in less than a week he had bought a return ticket for the West, and entrusting his old cow-pony to the care of his brother-in-law, who had consented to look after the cattle for the remainder of the fall, "Dusty" was off to visit once more the land and the people he so dearly held in memory.

CHASE I. (Form V.)

M. McPhedran A. M. Douglas C. V. Massey A. E. Alison



A. B. Moffat G. W. MacKay Mr. H. G. Wallace W. W. Winans

STAFF OF S. A. C. REVIEW, 1904-1905.

Opium Smoking.

IN China, as also in many other Oriental countries, the practice of opium smoking is carried on to a very marked extent. In fact, it is so prevalent that in China alone millions have been victimized and ruined by this unruly drug.

It may be that the victim is first led to use it in the hope of profiting by its reputed healing power; but more frequently, and without any apparent reason, like many users of tobacco, not a few have acquired the habit by merely taking a few puffs, or, as they say, "fooling with it." Indeed, it has been said that even flies frequenting the room of an opium smoker have often become addicted to the drug by inhaling the smoke.

Now, when the habit is firmly implanted in a man he seems no longer what he was. Indeed, it is oftentimes surprising to note the various changes which overtake him the moment he falls a prey to his pipe. At once he looks tired; his complexion becomes darker; his activity is lost; he is thinner; in short, his whole aspect is transformed and he is but a mere shadow of his former self.

Daily now he spends his habitual hour in company with his pipe, thus losing a great portion of his time, for inasmuch as opium cannot be lighted like tobacco, but has to be constantly applied to fire to make it burn, it is necessary when smoking to lie down in order to obtain comfort and to enable him to hold his pipe over an oil lamp made for that purpose. Also, opium must be heated and rolled before it is fit for use, and so considering all the necessary preparation, we can readily understand that often hours are spent before the appetite for the drug is satisfied.

The pipe is rather an odd-looking article. Its stem, generally composed of dried sugar cane, wood or bamboo, is two feet long, having at the end of it a knob as big as a door handle. In the centre of this knob, which is perfectly hollow, a hole no larger than a pin's head is pierced. Over this is placed a lump of opium, the smoke of which when ignited is conveyed to the smoker through the small opening into the bowl and thence through the stem.

The effect of the drug on an infatuated victim is oftentimes striking, for should he be deprived of his smoke at his accustomed time the craving for it becomes so intense and intolerable as to result, not infrequently, in physical pain. Perhaps the following incident may serve to illustrate this.

One day, a few years ago, as we were seated around a table watching an assistant from a hospital mixing some materials for the making of pills, in strolled a six-footed Chinese coolie. He greeted us with a grin and asked what that "black stuff" on the table was, saying that it looked like opium.

"That's what it is," said the assistant, winking at us.

"That so?" said the coolie, picking up some and examining it, "but it doesn't smell like it."

"Well—of course not. This is a mixture."

"A mixture, eh! Hum, but does it work like the real stuff?"

"Twice as strong. Like to try?"

He looked suspiciously at us, but we, wishing to see some fun, assured him that it was the thing he wanted. Thereupon the assistant gave him a small amount, perhaps not enough to make up half a pill. Taking it he put it away in his pocket, saying that he would try it in the evening.

That night a fierce storm raged, and early next morning, while the rain was still pouring, I was surprised on going out to see Se-o walking towards the house, with his shoulders drooping, his head bent, his hands supported by a stout cane, and a large black turban coiled round his head. I enquired what was the matter with him.

"Matter enough," he said, "I am attacked by all the known diseases. Is your father in? I have come to get some medicine. Ah! that's a nice trick you youngsters played on me yesterday. I thought it was the real thing you gave me. I went home and tried it, but it didn't work at all. I told my brother about it, and he said that as this is something different, perhaps the effect would come later on. So I sat up and waited. One hour, two hours, I did wait, until at last I began to shiver. I then asked my brother to give me some opium, but he said there was none in the house and it was too stormy to go out to get some. So I went to bed, feeling very tired. Towards midnight I awoke, and felt as if my head would crack. I called to my brother to light a fire and cook me some rice. That done, I took it as hot

as I could bear, thinking that at least it would do away with my shivering. It did no good, however, and I sat up again till the morning. It was the most unpleasant night I have ever spent. Now, what I want is a dose of medicine and a few puffs at my old pipe and I'll be all right again." And that, indeed, he was, for before two hours had passed, when he had had his smoke, old Se-o was as lively as ever.

Another case was of a man (a professional smoker) who, through his indolence and want of ready cash to purchase opium, had come to such a strait that he betook himself to the "swiping" of his neighbors' chickens. Often he would tie a string to a hind leg of a frog and then let it jump about before a hungry chicken. This bait, without a hook, is said to be very effective, especially when the chicken gets it behind its throat, in which case, provided too hard a jerk be not given at the other end, this simple method of fishing on dry land has never failed to score.

Now, when he was engaged in so doing one day, a rough hand fell upon his collar, and he was taken and sent to prison for three months' hard labor. There he was not permitted to use his pipe, and that, too, when he had to fare almost wholly on rice and water; and yet when he was liberated and returned home his family could scarcely recognize him. The dropping of opium had changed him considerably, and he had gained forty-three pounds during his term.

From this fact we can judge how injurious to its victim the use of opium is. And yet, in spite of this, no definite step has been taken in China, either by the people or government, to do away with, or at least diminish, the practice of this monstrous evil. In Formosa, however, such steps have already been taken by the Japanese Government since their occupation of the island in 1894. Great difficulties, as may be expected, were at first encountered, but under the leadership of such men as Kodama and Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, who were the chief factors in the government of the island, a law was passed providing that all the users of the drug should bear licenses. This law also forbids the issue of licenses to any non-smokers, and as a license is the only medium through which opium can be purchased, it is not a great difficulty, therefore, to bar the non-practitioners from the list, and inasmuch as even the inhaling of the

smoke affects one, this same law prohibits any member of the family, or person, in the house of a smoker using his pipe or sitting within six feet of him. With such laws enforced it is most pleasing to note that the evil practice of opium smoking is rapidly decreasing in the Island of Formosa. And now we are looking forward to a not very distant future when Formosa, with its multitudes of wrong doings and ruinous pit-falls, shall at least be rid of this its great curse, and the island called the "Beautiful" shall be justified of her name, when a better and brighter day shall prevail among her people.

G. W. MACKAY (Form V.)



STAFF, 1904-1905.



S. A. C. SENIOR CRICKET ELEVEN, 1905.

Athletics.

Cricket Personnel.

SALE, the skipper of the Eleven, has developed into a really good cricketer and, although not yet possessing the punishing powers his broad shoulders would indicate, is a batsman very likely to score runs. He fields at mid-off, and it is a rare one that gets past him—and can't he throw in!

Warden is probably the best College batsman of the year. He drives well and powerfully, and now combines a sound defence with his ability to hit. Warden has not yet come up to expectations as a bowler, but the men who bat and bowl equally well in the same season are few.

Ferguson I. is a solid little batsman possessing a great defence rather than hitting power, though he gets in some nice clean shots on the off in the direction of cover, and can hit well to leg. He fields well anywhere.

Tovell is a big right-hander with a long reach and is a dangerous man once he gets going. He bowls a ball which has a puzzling flight, often curling in the air several inches. At cover-point he is a star.

Douglas I. is a likely batsman, sound in his methods, and able to punch them on the off. He has recently blossomed out as a bowler, a fact much appreciated by the side. He fields quite well at point.

Allan I. in the nets is certainly a batsman of no small capabilities. He bats left hand, has lots of power in his strokes, and a fine style, but somehow in matches he has so far met with no fortune. Perhaps he is reserving himself for the school games. Allan fields at leg.

Angus is a most promising all-round cricketer, a right-hand bat who is improving very rapidly, a fast bowler with promise

of developing a good slow ball for variety, and a brilliant and sure fieldsman.

McPherson is a left-hand bowler of exceptional promise. His action is beautifully easy and he has no difficulty in making the ball do a bit both ways. He bats right-hand and is a difficult wicket to get. His fielding, whether near the wicket, or out deep, is all that could be wished.

Blackstock is a right-hand batsman, inclining toward the hard-hitting type. He is rapidly pruning away some crudities of style and should, with more experience, make a good run-getter. It was hoped that Blackstock would prove of much service this year as a bowler, but an injured shoulder has been handicapping him.

Gayfer is the wicket-keeper of the team and, considering his inexperience, does marvels. He has something still to learn in the matter of stumping, but little in regard to stopping the ball. Gayfer bats left-hand and, like most of his kind, is fond of a leg ball.

Swan II. is a useful all-round player; right-hand with both bat and ball, and a fine catch in the country.



"DUB" SALE.

The Cricket Season of 1905.

THE cricket season of 1905 opened at Rosedale on April 29th, the opposing team being Grace Church. College was defeated by 21 runs, the score being 60-39. Blackstock held the batting honors, while McPherson had the fine bowling analysis of three wickets for one run.

The second game, May 13th, played against St. Alban's, was very disastrous for College, who showed poor batting form against excellent bowling, all being out for 27, while St. Alban's scored 123. For the winners Wheatley got 37 and Hamilton 28.

St. Alban's were again our opponents on Saturday, May 20th. College took the field, and St. Alban's succeeded in getting 153 runs for eight wickets. Upon the innings being declared, St. Andrew's batted and had a score of 65 runs for five wickets, when stumps were drawn.

On May 24th, Niagara journeyed to Toronto to contest with College on the Rosedale grounds. St. Andrew's went in to bat and obtained 144 runs. At six o'clock, when stumps were drawn, Niagara had 65 runs for eight wickets. The game was declared a draw in favor of College.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Warden, c. Fraser, b. Vandeburg, Sr.	27
Douglas, c. & b. Reilly	3
Fergusson, b. Vandeburg	10
Allan, c. & b. Vandeburg	5
Sale, c. & b. Reilly	26
Blackstock, b. MacDonald	1
Angus, b. Reilly	0
McArthur, b. MacDonald	0
McPherson (not out)	24
Gayfer, b. MacDonald	1
Swan, c. Reilly, b. Vandeburg	14
Extras, b. 21, l.b., 2	23
<hr/> Total	<hr/> 144

NIAGARA.

Jones, l.b.w. McPherson	24
Grier, c. McPherson b. Warden	5
Creswick, b. Swan	18
MacDonald, c. Angus, b. McPherson	0
White, c. Gayfer, b. McPherson	3
Fraser, b. Swan	5
Vandeburg, sr., c. McArthur, b. Swan	4
Reilly, c. & b. Blackstock	0
Extras, b. 5, l.b. 1	6
Langmuir (did not bat)	
<hr/>	
Total, 8 wickets	65

The Old Boys tried conclusions with the Present Boys on May 27th. Their fondest hopes were rudely dashed to the ground when they saw the tenth wicket go down for a total of 30 runs. The Present Boys made 92, thus coming out victorious over the first Old Boys team of St. Andrew's College.

The score:

PRESENT BOYS.

Warden, b. Wallace	4
Douglas, c. McGillivray, b. Wallace	11
Ferguson, b. Housser	3
Tovell, b. Housser	0
Sale, b. Saunders	20
Allan, b. Wallace	2
Blackstock, b. Wallace	10
McPherson, b. Saunders	2
Gayfer, c. Fraser, b. Saunders	7
Angus, c. Keith, b. Wallace	3
Swan (not out)	0
Extras, b. 24, l.b. 2, w. 1, n.b. 3	30
<hr/>	
Total	92

OLD BOYS.

Hunt, c. Tovell, b. Warden	0
Saunders (run out)	0
Boak, c. & b. McPherson	2
Gillespie (run out)	10
Wallace, c. Douglas, b. Warden	2
Keith, c. Tovell, b. Warden	0
Housser, c. Douglas, b. Warden	5
McGillivray, c. Fergusson, b. McPherson	4
Lea, b. Swan	4
Fraser, b. Swan	3
Sproat (not out)	0
Extras, w. 1	1
Total	30

OLD BOYS, SECOND INNINGS.

Boak, b. Angus	4
Nasmith (not out)	8
Hunt (run out)	4
Keith (not out)	4
Total, 2 wickets	20

The strong Varsity team had not much difficulty in defeating College on Varsity Campus, May 30th. The Varsity bowling was deadly, and this accounts for College's small score.

The score:

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

Warden, b. Reade	0
Douglas, b. Davidson	9
Fergusson, c. Davidson, b. Reade	0
Sale, b. Reade	1
Blackstock, b. Davidson	6
Tovell, b. Davidson	0
Allan (run out)	0
McPherson, l.b.w., b. Davidson	2

Gayfer, b. Davidson	0
Angus (not out)	3
Swan, b. Reade	3
Extras, b. 2	2
<hr/>	
Total	24

VARSIITY.

Heightington, b. Angus	28
H. Davidson, c. Tovell, McPherson	24
Southam, b. Warden	24
Reade, c. Sale, b. McPherson	5
Ellis (run out)	4
G. Davidson, c. Gayfer, b. Douglas	3
Wallace, b. McPherson	1
Hague, c. Tovell, b. Swan	9
Keith, std. Gayfer, b. Tovell	2
Cory (not out)	6
Saunders, c. Fergusson, b. McPherson	0
Extras, b. 2, w. 1	3
<hr/>	
Total	109

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

St. Andrew's game with Trinity University, on June 1st, proved to be another defeat for College. Sale and Fergusson batted well for their 18 and 17, respectively. The score was: Trinity, 95; St. Andrew's, 59, for nine wickets.

Saturday, June 3rd, found our team at Mimico. The Asylum had their best team out and made 251 runs for four wickets. The innings was declared closed and College started in to try to even up. First innings our total was 59, and in the second we had 79 for five wickets, when stumps were drawn. Tovell batted in fine form for his 30.

The score:

Evans (not out)	124
Beemer, b. McPherson	1
Terry, c. Tovell, b. McPherson	64
Whittaker, b. Douglas	24
Ruttan, b. McPherson	4
Dyson (not out)	29
Extras, b. 1, w. 4	5

Total, 4 wickets 251

ST. ANDREW'S, 1ST INNINGS.

Warden, b. Maxwell	9
Douglas, b. Dyson	1
Fergusson, b. Dyson	7
Tovell, c. Houston, b. Maxwell	30
Sale, hit wicket, b. Maxwell	0
McPherson, b. Maxwell	5
Keith, b. Maxwell	1
Blackstock, c. Terry, b. Maxwell	1
Allan, b. Maxwell	0
Angus, b. Maxwell	0
Swan (not out)	1
Extras, b. 1, l.b. 3	4

Total 59

2ND INNINGS.

Swan, b. Houston	7
Warden, c. Evans, b. Dyson	25
Douglas, c. Evans, b. Houston	3
Ferguson, c. Terry, b. Dyson	16
Sale (run out)	5
Keith (not out)	7
McPherson (not out)	7
Extras, b. 4, l.b. 4, w. 1	9

Total, 5 wickets 79

Mr. Beddow's "Incogniti" team came next, June 6th. Capt. Sale won the toss and College batted first, their total being 69. Incogniti got 98, thus repeating their win of last year.

The first of the school games was scheduled for June 10th, against T. C. S. at Port Hope. Trinity won the toss and batted first. Shortly after the game started rain set in, which lasted most of the day. By 2.15 T. C. S. were all out for 36. College went to bat with the rain still drizzling, and had 9 runs for one wicket, when the T. C. S. captain appealed on account of the wet ground and it was decided to draw stumps.

The score:

T. C. S.

Burton, b. Douglas	2
Robinson II., b. McPherson	2
Carey, b. McPherson	0
Stone, b. Douglas	0
Campbell, b. McPherson	7
Seagram, c. Warden, b. McPherson	13
Greenwood, c. Sale, b. McPherson	3
Reid, b. McPherson	5
Robinson I., b. Douglas	0
Copeland (not out)	1
Daw, b. McPherson	0
Extras, wides 3	3
Total	36

ST. ANDREW'S.

Warden (not out)	5
Douglas (run out)	1
Fergusson (not out)	1
Extras, b. 1, l.b. 1	2
Total	9

RIDLEY—ST. ANDREW'S.

By far the most exciting game of the cricket season was that played against Ridley, at Rosedale, on June 14th, College losing by the small margin of one run. Ridley were first to bat and made 36. St. Andrew's then went in and had 24 for three wickets, when the teams retired for luncheon, but only succeeded in making a total of 35 runs, thus losing the innings by one. In the second innings Ridley hit up 106, and with only a little more than an hour left to play College tried hard to overcome the lead. The batting was brilliant and we had 82 for five wickets, when stumps were drawn. Warden played a hard-hitting innings for top score of 41. Lee, min., made top score for the winners with 33 by careful play.

The score:

RIDLEY, 1ST INNINGS.

Richardson, c. McPherson, b. Douglas	0
Harcourt, b. McPherson	2
Hastings, min., c. Douglas, b. Tovell	10
Hastings, maj., b. Douglas	0
Lee, max., b. McPherson	0
Glen, b. McPherson	0
Maxwell, c. & b. Douglas	10
Lee, maj. (run out)	0
Lee, min., c. Gayfer, b. Douglas	4
Newman, c. Sale, b. Douglas	0
Cutter (not out)	5
Extras, b. 2, w. 3	5
<hr/>	
Total	36

S. A. C., 1ST INNINGS.

Warden, b. Lee, maj.	0
Douglas, b. Maxwell	0
Fergusson, c. Harcourt, b. Lee maj.	5

Sale, b. Lee, maj.	6
Tovell, b. Maxwell	14
McPherson, c. Hastings, min., b. Maxwell	4
Angus, l.b.w., b. Lee, maj.	0
Blackstock, c. Lee, max., b. Lee, maj.	0
Allan (not out)	2
Swan, b. Maxwell	0
Gayfer, b. Maxwell	0
Extras, b. 3, l.b. 1	4
<hr/>	
Total	35

RIDLEY, 2ND INNINGS.

Richardson, c. Sale, b. McPherson	10
Harcourt (run out)	2
Hastings, min., c. Douglas, b. McPherson	0
Lee, min., c. Blackstock, b. Douglas	33
Lee, max. (run out)	17
Glen, b. Angus	7
Maxwell, b. Angus	2
Hastings, maj., b. McPherson	22
Lee, maj., c. Tovell, b. Douglas	3
Newman (not out)	1
Cutter, c. Tovell, b. Swan	1
Extras, b. 4, l.b. 4	8
<hr/>	
Total	106

S. A. C., 2ND INNINGS.

Warden, c. Hastings, maj., b. Lee, max.	41
Tovell, c. Lee, max., b. Lee, maj.	10
Fergusson, b. Lee, max.	5
Allan (run out)	11
Sale, b. Lee, max.	0

Blackstock (not out)	10
Extras, b 3, l.b. 2	10
<hr/>	
Total, 5 wickets	82



AT THE NETS.

SECOND TEAM.

The Second Team has had hard luck this year, having lost four games. In the return match, however, with St. Alban's School, S. A. C. had a good chance to win, but the game had to be called on account of rain. Of the five games played three were played in a downpour of rain. The team lost two of its best members early in the season, and was somewhat handicapped, owing to the difficulty of filling their places.

We regret very much that the annual match, Masters *vs.* Seconds, has not yet come off. This match affords the School plenty of amusement on account of the keen rivalry of the Masters to escape making a duck.

Our chief rival, Highfield School, Hamilton, hit up a good score in the first game, defeating the team by a large margin. In the second game they again defeated the team, but the score was not so large.

The Seconds still have to play the return with U. C. C. Seconds, and hope to play the Masters, if the weather does not interfere.

The Team—Crossen, Duncan, McLaren I., Wishart, Chestnut I., Capt. McArthur, Forgie, Graham, Bronson, Miller, Bole, And the following took part in some of the games: Wood, Moffat, Gayfer, Smith II., Crawford, Grant II.

GAMES.

May 16th, at Rosedale—St. Alban's School, 56 for 9 wickets; S. A. C., 55.

May 20th, at Rosedale—U. C. C. Seconds, 69; S. A. C., 41.

May 31st, at Rosedale—Highfield School, 145; S. A. C., 23.

June 5th, at St. Alban's—St. Alban's School, 26; S. A. C., 14, for 2 wickets.

June 10th, at Hamilton—Highfield School, 72; S. A. C., 33.

HARRISON A. DRISCOLL (Form IV.).



A GOOD JUMP.

The Annual Games.

IN spite of the threatening appearance of the previous day, Friday, May 12th, found our fifth annual athletic games favored with ideal weather. The attendance was much larger than in former years, between 2,000 and 2,500 people taking advantage of the fine sunshine and the warm weather. The usual half-holiday was granted, and there was a large turnout of the School.

The 48th Highlanders' Band, which was present, added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon, as did the presence of representatives from several sister institutions. The Senior Championship was won by Crossen, who secured 24 points; the Boarders' Championship by Sale, with 17 points; and the Junior Championship was captured by R. Copping, with 18 points.

The prizes were presented by Miss Mortimer Clark, who had a few appropriate words for each recipient.

All the events were keenly contested, especially the 220-yd. hurdle race and the 100-yd. dash. The following are the results:

THE ANNUAL GAMES, TUESDAY, MAY 9TH, 1905.

Throwing the cricket ball (Sen.)—1. Allison; 2. Grier;
3. Crossen. Distance, 303 ft., 8 in.

Throwing the cricket ball (Jun.)—1. Copping; 2. McLaren, II.

Kicking the football (average of place, drop kicks—
1. Sale; 2. Angus; 3. Grier. Distance, 142 ft., 6 in.

Half mile—1. Allen; 2. Sale; 3. Thorne. Time, 2.16¼.

High jump (Jun.)—1. Macdonald II.; 2. Copping; 3. McLaren. Height, 4 ft., 3½ in.

Standing broad jump (Jun.)—1. Copping; 2. Smith IV.;
Kay I.

Running broad jump (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I;
3. McLaren II. Distance, 8 ft., 3 in.

Running broad jump (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I;
3. Sale. Distance 17 feet, 8½ in.

Running broad jump (Jun.)—1. Ross I.; 2. Copping;
3. Grant.

ON FRIDAY, 12TH, AT ROSEDALE.

50 yards dash (Preparatory)—1. Cassels; 2. Bicksell;
3. Patterson. Time, 7¼ seconds.

100 yards dash (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I.; 3. Driscoll. Time, 11 seconds.

200 yards dash (under 17)—1. Allen II.; 2. Gill; 3. Duncan. Time, 26⅔ seconds.

100 yards dash (under 13)—1. Smith IV.; 2. Davison;
3. Candel. Time, 14 seconds.

200 yards dash (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I; 3. Driscoll. Time, 26⅓ seconds.

Three-legged race (75 yards)—1. Allison and May; 2. Grier and Allan I.; 3. Bronson and Chase. Time, 11 seconds.

100 yards dash (Jun.)—1. Lannaman; 2. Ramsey; 3. Grant II. Time, $12\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

440 yards—1. Allen II.; 2. Thorne; 3. Driscoll. Time, $57\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

Junior House race (handicap)—1. Wilson I.; 2. Ross II.; 3. Riddell. Time, 13 seconds.

100 yards dash (Jun.)—1. Lanneman; 2. Ramsey; 3. Grant II. Time, $12\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

440 yards—1. Allen II.; 2. Thorne; 3. Driscoll. Time, $57\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

Sack race (Jun.)—1. Lanneman; 2. Kay; 3. Haas I.

220 yards dash (Jan.)—1. Copping; 2. Ramsey; 3. Lanneman. Time 30 seconds.

Hurdle race (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. Grier. Time, $20\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

Hurdle race (Jun.)—1. Lanneman; 2. Wood II.; 3. Smith IV.

Running high jump (Sen.)—1. Douglas; 2. McKay I.; 3. Crossen. Height, 5 feet.

Old Boys' race—1. H. B. Housser; 2. McGilvray; 3. Gillies. Time, $11\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

Consolation race (Jun.)—1. Grant II.; 2. Armstrong; 3. Chestnut III. Time, 13 seconds.

One mile run—1. Sale; 2. Gill; 3. Chase. Time 5 min., $11\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

Fatigue race—1. Allison and Ray.

Obstacle race—1. Macdonald II; 2. Rogers; 3. Skinner.

Consolation race—I. Bronson; 2. Chase; 3. Wheeler.
Time, 12 seconds.

Relay race—I. Form V.; 2. Form IV.; 3. Form III.


The officers of the day were: Referee, Harry Houser; Starter, James Pearson; Timekeeper, A. E. Gooderham (Jun.); Measurers, G. H. Wallace, F. H. Chestnut; Clerk of the Course, W. J. Lea; Judges, Rev. A. F. Barr, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fleming.



SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

Miscellany.

The Annual Dinner.

 ON the evening of Friday, the 26th of May, occurred the event dear to the heart of every old boy of St. Andrew's—the annual dinner. The dinner this year was held at McConkey's. It was a huge success in every way except that of numbers, those present being somewhat less than one hundred. The menu was excellent, the service good, speeches sparkling with wit and humor, nothing, in short, which goes to make a dinner all it should be, was lacking. This success was almost entirely due to the untiring efforts of W. J. Lea, who showed as much zeal and energy in promoting the dinner as he displayed on the following day in striving to avert the Fossils' defeat on the cricket field.

After full justice had been done to the repast, then began that part of the evening which brings with it agony to some and pleasure to others—speeches.

President Harry Housser acted as toast-master in his usual efficient manner. In a few well-chosen words he proposed the toast honored above all others throughout the British Empire—that of the King. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Earl Grey, this toast was not responded to further than by singing "God Save the King." "Canada and the Empire" was proposed by Geoff. Boak, the sole but very welcome member of the much-touted Nova Scotia contingent. Mr. Thomson, well known to the boys of '99-'01, replied. Mr. Billy Blanchard eulogized "The Staff and College," and Mr. Macdonald in rather an apologetic way answered for Dr. Meyer, who, to his great regret, was forced to leave about half-past eight in order to catch the nine-thirty ferry for the Island. Then followed the toast to the "Association," by "Dub" Sale, to which "Billy" Lea replied. In his reply the Secretary took occasion to mention the urgent need of every boy, present and past, doing his utmost towards the Statue Fund. We hope this appeal will not pass unheeded. Then Adam Sproat proposed the health of those 'round whom all the interest of the Association centres

—the Present Boys. Edward Thorne, Head Prefect, responded on behalf of the Present Boys, a number of whom were in attendance. H. G. Smith, 2nd Vice-President, rose to propose "Our Guests," which, owing to the absence through illness of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, President of the College, was answered by the Principal. After this came the last toast on the list, "The Ladies." After much rivalry "Don" Nasmith was allowed to propose it and to "Smiler" Hunt fell the honor and pleasure of responding. This he did in a very happy speech, showing the great advantage of being other than "a man's man." With this a very enjoyable evening came to a close, but before concluding this article I will mention some of the Old Boys who were present:

J. P. Bickell, G. A. J. Boak, W. E. Ferguson, R. P. Findlay, A. H. Follett, Douglas Fraser, W. H. Goldstein, A. E. Gooderham, D. R. Gunn, C. G. Henderson, H. B. Housser, G. C. Hunt, Gordon Langlois, W. J. Lea, A. E. Miller, D. H. Nasmith, R. D. Ramsey, A. R. Riddell, H. G. Smith, J. C. Willmott, E. E. Willmott.



PREMEDITATED POSE.

The New Building.

DURING the summer of 1905 the College moves over to its own property in North Rosedale, where handsome new buildings are rapidly approaching completion. The property consists of twenty-four acres and is situated in the choicest and healthiest residential district in Toronto. It is five minutes' walk from the Church Street car line, which communicates directly with the Union Station. This line, it is expected, will shortly be extended to the College gates. Immediately to the west of the College grounds is Reservoir Park, and on the south lie the Rosedale Athletic Grounds. Thus, in addition to its own extensive holding, the College is in direct touch with two large open areas. The location provides the conveniences of the city together with all the advantages of the country.

The new buildings present a very handsome and imposing appearance. Architecturally they are an adaptation of the Tudor style. The color effect produced by the combination of red brick and clear-cut Bedford stone is very pleasing, while their graceful proportions and scholastic appearance render them a decided acquisition to Toronto's public buildings. They comprise an Upper School and Residence, a Lower School and Residence, the Principal's Residence, the Senior Master's Residence and a Gymnasium. The Principal's Residence is in direct connection with the main building, so that he will have access to all floors from his own house. The boys in the Upper School will thus be under his direct charge and those opportunities for personal contact and oversight which are so desirable will be afforded.

The Lower School Residence is so constructed that the smaller boys will be entirely separated from the boys of the Upper School, while at the same time a desirable unity of management will be obtained. The Residence of the Senior Master is in connection with the Lower School Residence, which is under his direct charge.

The new school will accommodate three hundred boys in class and about one hundred and fifty boys, with nine master in Residence.

The equipment is thoroughly modern throughout and all the class-rooms and other rooms are well lighted and well ventilated with ventilating-flues. Ample dressing-room, lavatory, bath-room and shower-room accommodation has been provided in both the Upper and the Lower Schools. There is also in each school an Indoor Recreation Room, a Boy's Library and a Reading Room. The buildings are heated with an overhead steam system, thus ensuring the maintenance of an even temperature throughout. They are also wired for electricity and piped for gas.

The dining-room and kitchen accommodation and equipment are of a thoroughly modern type, in order to meet the requirements of a well-organized school.

The Gymnasium is sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide and will stand immediately behind the main building.

The sanitary arrangements throughout the buildings are of the very best modern type, having been installed under city inspection. The lavatories are airy and well lighted, with the walls finished in glazed brick and the floors in cement, so that they can be thoroughly washed off each day.



RESTING AFTER DINNER.

The Literary Society.

FRIDAY evening, May the 5th, saw the closing of the Literary Society of St. Andrew's College for the year nineteen hundred and five, when the last meeting was held.

A large and appreciative audience was present, as this meeting was offering as its chief attractions the oratory and reading contests. The prize given by Mr. Macdonald for the former was awarded to Forgie (Form V.), who is to be commended for the manner in which he handled his subject, "International Arbitration *vs.* War." His chief competitor was Goggin (Form V.), who made an excellent speech on "Canada." In the reading contest the first prize went to Goggin (Form V.), McKay I. (Form V.) coming next in order of merit.

During the intermission which ensued after the contests, while the judges were deciding upon the awards, Driscoll favored the members with several selections on the piano, which were fully appreciated and heartily encored. Mr. Fleming then gave an interesting address, thanking the boys for the assistance they had tendered him during the winter, and spoke very encouragingly of the prospects of the Society for nineteen hundred and six, when the meetings will be resumed in the new College. After a vote of thanks had been given to the President for his untiring efforts during the season, the meeting adjourned.

WESLEY W. WINANS (Form IV.).

Personnel.

George Anderson ('99-'03) is in second year Biological and Physical Science course at Toronto University.

"Doug" Angus ('03-'04) has entered the Bank of Montreal at Regina, N.W.T.

"Geoff." Boak ('00-'01) is in the G. A. J. Boak Company, Halifax, N.S.

N. S. Boyd ('00-'03) is in the Imperial Bank, Stratford.

Paul Brecken ('01-'04) has entered Victoria University.

Fred. Chestnut ('00-'04) has successfully passed his first year, School of Science.

"Eve" Collins ('03-'04) registered at Toronto Medical School.

"Doug." Cotton ('01-'05) has entered Dominion Bank, Toronto.

E. L. Cousins ('00-'01) has passed second year School of Science exams. with great success.

T. G. Cutler ('02-'03) is in the Royal Bank of Canada, Halifax, N.S.

J. C. Doust ('00-'04), T. A. Errikila ('01-'02), H. A. Keefer ('03-'04), are passing through a second stage of loafing at Trinity Univ.

Leslie Fergusson ('99-'02) has gone into Imperial Bank at Regina.

R. P. Findlay ('00-'01) is in the Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

Waldo Flemming ('02-'04) is having all kinds of success, both in class and sports at Dalhousie University, where he is taking an Arts course.

Walter Goldstein ('01-'03) is in his 2nd year Political Science at Varsity. Albert Gooderham ('00-'04) is also at Varsity—1st year general course in Arts.

"Tight" Hay ('02-'03) is now one of the valued officials of the Customs Dept., Toronto.

Charlie Hartzberg ('99-'02) has succeeded in fooling the examiners three times at School of Science—thereby getting a diploma.

Harry Houssér ('99-'02) is in the Massey-Harris Co., Toronto. But, although Harry has entered business he has by no means given up sports. He was captain of Toronto Rugby team and one of the forwards on the Senior St. George's hockey team.

Norm. Keith ('99-'04) embarked on the strenuous six years' medical course last October. He however found time to help bring a championship to Varsity Intermediate Hockey team last winter and also to pull the cricket team out of a few holes this spring.

Doctor "Billy" Lea ('99-'01)—Congratulations.

Russell Meikle ('03-'04) has entered the wholesale hardware business, Port Arthur.

G. L. MacGillivray ('00-'02) is in the Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

Foxley Page and A. E. Morse ('01-'04) have passed School of Science, Toronto.

"Quiller" Russell ('01-'03) has begun his commercial career in Rochester, N.Y.

Harvey Thorne ('00-'03) has this year received his degree of B.A. from Dalhousie. Congratulations.

Guy Wallace ('01-'04) is at the Toronto Medical School. We are glad to note just before going to press that he has passed his first year successfully.



LUNCH HOUR.

The College Dance.



ALTHOUGH held a great deal later this year than ever before, the dance, which took place on Friday evening, April the 28th, was a great success. Owing to the small number of invitations issued for this last "At Home," there was ample room for those who desired to dance. At all times, however, there were to be seen numerous couples strolling around the lawns, and thereby leaving the sitting-out corners in the library almost deserted.

It was an ideal evening for the dance, cool enough inside to be pleasant and the moon not shining so brightly outside as to give the strollers the idea that they were walking around in the sunshine. The Union Jacks were draped around the recreation room, lending a very patriotic effect, and the various first team pictures peeped out from the red, white and blue bunting which ran around the room. Amid the different fern plants were placed settees, where the bashful boys and the fatigued young ladies spent occasional spare moments. Towards the close of the evening the gong boomed out in loud and clarion tones, summoning all those who wished to partake of refreshments. Two or three more dances were enjoyed, and then the two hundred guests present departed.

The boys wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald very much for the enjoyable time spent. Many of the Old Boys were present, some of whom were: G. H. Wallace, Allan Gillies, H. B. Housser, D. Nasmith, E. Wilmott, W. J. Lea, J. Gunn, N. Keith, D. Fraser, R. P. Saunders, A. E. Gooderham, A. Ridell, W. Goldstein, P. D. Spohn, J. D. Cotton, T. Thompson.

WESLEY W. WINANS (Form IV.).

Notes on the Dance.

McLaren I., coming in a little late to the dance, and bumping into a statue: "I beg your pardon, but is this our dance?"

It is reported that Nat Chase and Pig Bronson went to Mr. Macdonald before the dance and asked permission to wear their first team sweaters over their tuxedos.

Goggin, when he came into the ball-room, looked more like

a snow-man than a human being, owing to an over-dose of talcum powder.

One young lady, on seeing Normie MacArthur for the first time, said: "My, but that's a nice large chandelier you have over there."

It is reported that Bruno McKay was up at the dance under an assumed name.

Goggin, trying to act brilliant, said to a girl who was at the dance, and also from British Columbia, "Yes, I heard Pike's Peak about you when I was out West last year."

A girl, seeing Gayfer, said: "Who is that boy over there with the false face?"

You would never have thought to look at Bronson that he had borrowed pretty nearly all his clothes from Goggin, would you? Moral: "Appearances are often deceiving."

As Others See Us.

The engagement is announced of Miss Esther T. de Beauregard, only daughter of the late Mr. Amand T. de Beauregard, of New Orleans, Fla., and niece of Mrs. William Carter, Huron Street, to Mr. Percy J. Robinson, St. Andrew's College. The wedding will take place early in July.—*The News*. [The above reached us just as we were going to press. The REVIEW tenders its heartiest congratulations.—Ed.]

Mr. R——n, explaining uses of subjunctive mood: "Beatus sis—May you be happy."

Member of class gently hummed to himself: "See him blushing."

Gill, to Mr. W——r, on a cloudy afternoon: "Sir, do you think that the oxygen and hydrogen will unite this evening?"

It is rumored that Bronson asked Mr. Macdonald if he might wear his first team cap to church.

Ching: "McLaren, you look like a nail with a rusty head."

Master: "Forgie, what have you in your mouth?"

Forgie: "I have some chewing substance, sir."

Master: "Take one hour."

"Did you git it?"

It is reported that Goggin has been lately knighted second Baron Munchausen.

It is said that Pig offered a prize to the boy who put in the ware business, Port Arthur.

Every man in your college is in one of the Semi-ready Physique Types

Your clothes either fit you or they don't—
there is no middle ground.

If you go to a custom tailor you must put
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If it or his workers err the suit is yours, fit
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the human form.

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or you don't take it.

Semi-ready Tailoring

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The play "Kidnapped in New York" must have taken well with some of the boys by the way things have been disappearing lately.

There was ham for tea the other night. Alas! Pig's poor brother.

Why did some of the Present Boys sit behind the partition at the Old Boys' dinner?

Goggin, to anyone and everyone: "Hold my glasses."

The Sixth Form is the highest form,
Of this there is lots of proof:
Go up three flights of rickety stairs
And you'll find it next the roof.

Class Equations.—

Mr. W. A. F. + Forgie = detention.

" G. C. + Carver = gating.

" H. F. M. + Smith = report at office.

" W. O. W. + McCrea = Tearing due to shaking.

The day after Bronson made top score for the Seconds he had a headache—a case of swelled head.

The masters have been wearing a haunted look since the camera fiends started making their collections of "Unpremeditated Poses" for the REVIEW.

McCrea, coming from the Principal's office: "And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

Chase II.: "Which is the best hotel in Parry Sound?"

Phillips I. and II. (both at once): "Ours. It is oak floors and six bedrooms."

A blessing—enough potatoes to go around at tea.

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Do not judge by appearances—the butter.

Something for nothing—sand in the spinach.

Things seem to be coming my way—lines.

All is fair (fare) in love and war—even kids' car tickets go.

In this school of education
We should show determination
In the near examination
To get our matriculation.
And to those of near relation
Cause a sudden, big sensation,
And then make the revelation
That we've earned a long vacation.
Then we'll spread the proclamation
That we got our information
Without any botheration
At this school of education.
We give to all the invitation
To come here for preparation,
For in the coming generation
You'll be needed by the nation.
Come for fun and recreation
For it's a place of fascination;
But leave behind all dissipation;
What you need is moderation,
As brought up by Carrie Nation.
For, without exaggeration,
We have made the observation
That you'll see the legislation
Of some old denomination.
Here is my hurried termination
For I'm off to Union Station.

CHASE I.

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The wild man from the West—Goggin.

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A great treat—a good meal.

As cold as ice—the toast.

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A dealer in cast-off clothing—Leask.

The Wandering Jew—"Ike" Graham.

A turkey for dinner is worth—even if we are not in the poultry business—fifty down town.

Half-and-half—the milk.

A skyscraper—Tiny.

Leaks like a sieve—the tin building.

Something happened on the 20th of June—?

Some of the boys are very curious to know why one of the masters uses the telephone every day after dinner.

The members of the corner dormitory are always afraid that Goggin will be arrested some day for doing something reckless.

Blackstock, rushing into the corner dormitory: "Where is Mr. B——?"

Member of the dormitory: "Under his bed fixing the electrics."

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Groceries, in endless variety and
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Tins, - 15 and 25 Cents

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Jack Fraser: "Please sir, did Julius Cæsar ever go to British Columbia?"

Mr. N——: "No, Jack; why?"

Jack Fraser: "Well, sir, it has in the book, Julius Cæsar, B.C."

Goggin, thinking he had been unjustly gated, attempted to commit suicide, but his nerve failed him while attempting to end his young life by jumping a tennis net, and the best he could do was to hurt his knee and sprain an eyelash.

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Xmas
1905

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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1905

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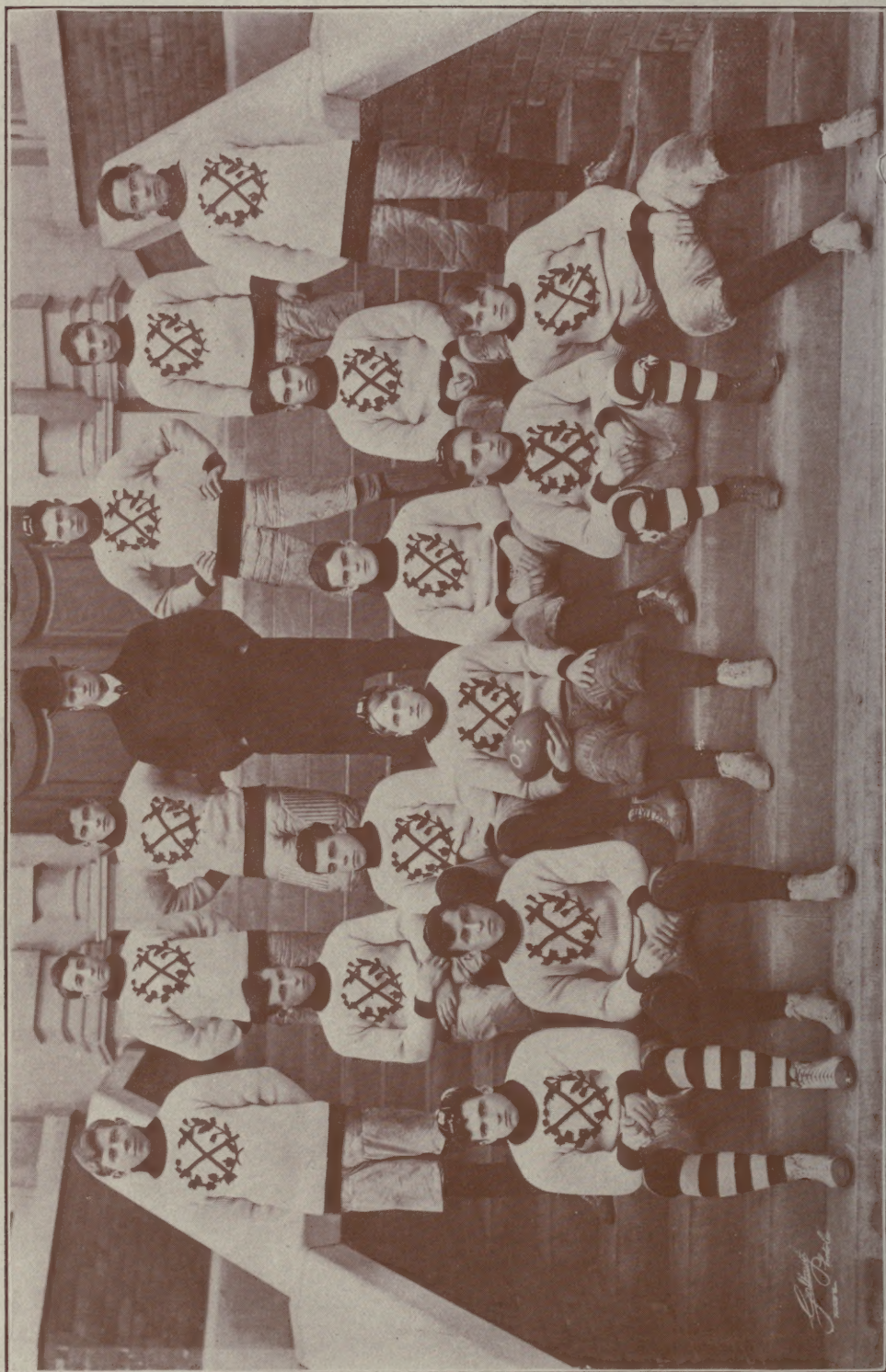
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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



Mutholland	Macdonald	Bale	Mr. Cooper	McLaren	Moffatt	Carver
Crossen	MacArthur	Towl	Allan (Captain)	Willmott	Blackstock	Birrell
	Fergusson				Bronson	

St. Andrew's College Review

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Christmas, 1905

Editorials.

Within a few days from the publishing of the CHRISTMAS. REVIEW, Christmas will be upon us. To a great extent the long corridors will be deserted; most of the dormitories will be wrapped in an unnatural stillness; the abomination of desolation will have settled upon the college.

To all who go, and to those few who stay, the REVIEW extends heartiest good wishes for the best of holidays.

The spirit of Christmas is abroad in the land. The shops bespeak Christmas; the streets swarm with Christmas wayfarers; there is an air of suppressed excitement in every home, and around cheery fire-places is emanating a vague atmosphere of mystery from the chimney's blackness.

Stockings of many sizes are held in readiness for the eve of the Day of Days. They vary in size from the tiny creation of two or three inches long to the larger and more copious ones of an older Tom or Dick—or possibly the loudly-striped sock of some paterfamilias. Later, they hang in an imposing row of simple trustfulness before the huge fireplaces wherein logs snap and blaze, casting a ruddy glare over the silent room; the old clock ticks away the minutes with measured slowness, the wind howls without, sleet and snow beat against the windows,

and in the wee small hours wondrous changes happen. Boyhood scepticism or dubious uncertainty are confounded, for in the morning are there not in those very stockings ocular proof of a nightly visit and of some saintly, beneficent hand?

Perhaps we pass the stocking stage, perhaps not, to regard with a more sober and mature reflection the marvels that are wrought in the glow of the logs on Christmas Eve; nevertheless, these reflections lack that delightful mysticism attendant upon earlier years; we realize more the sacredness of the time, the sweet and divine personality of the Christ-child. This deeper sentiment takes the place of those earlier dreams that merge gradually into the brighter lights of time's revelations.

Then comes the time when we have left the home fireside, with its tender, clinging traditions and warm sentiments; the age of stockings still remains strong in our hearts, the days of boyhood scepticism become laughable in their sage philosophy, but through it all we see the home-altars ablaze, the shifting faggots with their associations and day-dreams, and the fading embers so full of dormant memories.

A Happy New Year to all readers of the REVIEW!

THE NEW Old 1905 is fast waning. As individuals and
YEAR. as a college we stand upon the threshold of a
 new year. Many changes have happened during
the past twelvemonth. As individuals we have come through
the usual run of good and ill; we have tasted the sweets of
success and happiness; we have drunk the dregs of failure and
disappointment; we have made a few good friends and, mayhap,
have lost a few equally good. We have known heart-ache
and we have known rejoicing. But in a few days 1905 will be
to us as a closed page; it will be as a tale that is told. Peace to
its ashes!

As a college we have also experienced changes; we have shifted our location and are comfortably settled in new quarters. The old school, with its rapid growth and pleasant memories, has been demolished, and a new school is ours—a building about which time will soon weave the warp and woof of school history and tradition.

Great possibilities lie before us, and the day will surely come when the men of future years will proudly lay claim to their heritage as sons of old Saint Andrew's. We are the first to start the ball of success rolling from the new college. May we have the wisdom and the courage to guide its early course aright that it may continue to speed in a path whose landmarks are honesty, purity, bravery and brotherly love!

College spirit is the foundation of college success.

COLLEGE While we cannot say that the boys of St.

SPIRIT Andrew's are lacking in this essential, there cer-

tainly seems room for improvement. During the

fall there appears to have been a greater showing of this much-desired enthusiasm, and we hope this spirit of loyalty—a loyalty that is not afraid to show itself—has come to stay.

Very often we fail to realize until it is too late just how much the Alma Mater means to us. We pass several years in a school or college; we get the best that can be had; we feel that our money is well spent; in an impassive sort of way we grow to love the buildings, the associations, the traditions, the daily life of the place. But after we have passed from those sheltering walls; after we have left behind the well-known haunts, the favorite corners, the familiar athletic centres, we sometimes realize with painful suddenness how much it all meant to us and how we failed to appreciate it at the time.

The school-life is a big part in every man's life. In later years,

when slight boys have grown into tall men of aldermanic proportions; when the first team cap won at eighteen barely covers the bald spot of paterfamilias at forty-eight; when the memory of strong butter, tough beef, and thin, watery soups has become glorified by the passage of time,—then does the man grasp the truth which, as a boy, his eyes failed to discern. The sweet remembrances of school-life, the tender associations, the faithful friendships and care-free comradeship, the simple, daily life of helpful activity—they all mean more than words can ever express.

Make the best of it all, then, while you may. Time is ruthless, and waits for neither man nor boy. Love your college; be proud of its good name; cherish its traditions; take its best and give your best. And when you feel that love surging in your heart, do not be afraid to show it. Silence can kill the love in your own heart, and it can chill other hearts as well. Let your love find expression; give it voice in your college calls, in your loyal support of all college institutions, in your work and in your play. If an object is worthy of love, that love is worthy of expression.

Verbum sat sapienti!

In this issue are published the three stories awarded prizes in the REVIEW contest. We congratulate the successful authors, and at the same time wish to thank the others who showed their interest in the college paper by entering the competition.

Each of the stories was, in its way, good. Unfortunately, however, some of them were not in the line of Christmas stories, either in theme or setting.

Those boys in the college who have any literary talent can do much towards making the REVIEW a success by contributing stories, poems, or articles that would be of interest to all.

It is unfair that the immediate staff should have all the hard work to do in connection with the publishing of the paper. The college magazine is a college institution to just the same extent as other organizations, and is entitled not only to the financial support but to the literary talent of any who are able to write.

The REVIEW is sent broadcast through our own country; it is to be found in the exchange department of many of the large American schools and colleges. Accordingly we should strive to give of our best literary efforts to the paper which is to carry the atmosphere and tone of our school into the wide, outside ranges of collegiate life.


The editors, therefore, ask for the support both of day boys and of boarders in this matter of contributions. Do not be afraid to try what you can do, nor allow yourselves to be held back by any sense of false modesty. Behind your pen may lie the latent power of a Henty, a Thompson-Seton, a Jules Verne, or even—a "Diamond Dick"! Who can tell?



"And the score was 5-1."

Athletics.

S.A.C. vs. RIDLEY.

 SAINT ANDREW'S opened the 1905 Rugby season of the Big Four by playing Ridley at Rosedale on the 21st day of October. College was defeated.

As we were undoubtedly as good as any team in the Big Four, there can be only one explanation for our defeat at the hands of Ridley. There is no question that it was a misplaced team that lost the game. Crossen, one of last year's fastest wing men, was given a chance to prove his ability as a half-back. Macdonald I., who was never on the first half-line before, was also given a try. Both these players, although doing their best considering their positions, showed great nervousness, and a marked tendency to fumble, which was fatal in its consequences.

Referee Woods called the men together at 10.45, and after a few minutes of consultation with the players of both teams, the contestants lined up. Ridley won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind, thus leaving College to defend the east end of the field. Amid a great deal of cheering from the supporters of the crimson and white, Bole kicked the ball to McArthur, who passed to Tovell on a criss-cross play. Tovell advanced the ball seven yards, and was then tackled by Merril. From first down Fergusson fails to gain on a run through right middle wing. Crossen was then sent around left end, but gained only a yard. On third down Fergusson kicked to Ridley's 5-yard line. Maxwell quickly returned to College's 45-yard line, where Fergusson fumbles. Three downs here, without any gain, gave the ball to Ridley, who are given their first chance to demonstrate their attacking methods. Maxwell uses the wind that is blowing to good advantage, and kicks to S. A. C. 15-yard line. Here College makes a determined stand, and bucks the ball back to half way, and then loses it on downs. Maxwell again

kicked and Crossen fumbled. Aston, who had followed up quickly, falls on the ball. Here Ridley had their first down on S. A. C. 15-yard line. A formation was made for a kick, but Maxwell passed out to Lee I., who goes over for a touch-down, Bole again kicked off to McArthur, who on a criss-cross passed to Tovell. Risley tackled Tovell, who loses the ball. Ridley by end runs got ball into College territory. Lee I., on his last down (20-yard line), kicked over S. A. C. goal line, and Macdonald, instead of rouging, tried to return the ball by kicking it. The result was Wren caught the ball on S. A. C. goal line and easily went over for a try. This try was converted, and gave Ridley eleven points altogether. There were two and one-half minutes of this half remaining, and when the whistle blew the wearers of the red were working like Trojans for a try on Ridley's 15-yard line.

Ridley was allowed the kick-off in the second half. Lee I. kicked along the line to Torrey, who fumbled, and Wilmott promptly fell on the ball. On first down, with the wind, Fergusson started kicking tactics, and the ball goes to Ridley 25-yard line. Bronson followed down quickly and tackled Lee II., who tried to run the ball back. Maxwell kicked to Macdonald, who fumbled on his own 45-yard line, but recovered the ball and ran it back ten yards before being brought down. Crossen kicked to Hargraft, who, while endeavoring to run the ball back, lost it. Fergusson recovered the ball and kicked behind Ridley's goal line. Maxwell tried to run the ball back and was tackled on his own goal line by Mulholland. Ridley tried to make a left end run, but McArthur broke through and forced Maxwell back for a safety touch. Maxwell made a fake quarter-way kick, and advanced the ball for twenty yards by a beautiful run. Ridley had several downs, and managed to reach S. A. C. 15-yard line, where they were held for downs. Fergusson kicked to half-way; the wings followed up quickly; Mulholland intercepted a pass, and advanced the ball ten yards. Crossen kicked, and Allan, who was quickly down the field, tackled Lee behind his own line, forcing him to rouge. Maxwell, from quarter-way, kicked into Moffat's arms, who kicked a deadline. Ridley here took a decided stand, and advanced the ball to S. A. C. 20-yard line, but College again held them on

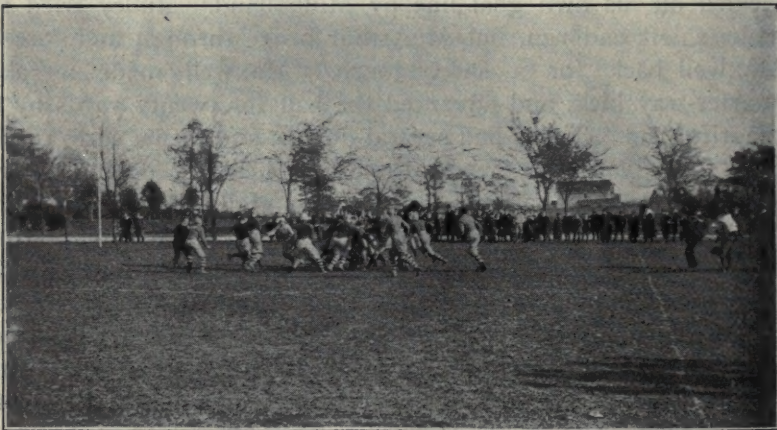
downs. Macdonald tried to make an end run, but was forced back for five yards, and lost the ball. Maxwell kicks a skyscraper, which Fergusson fumbled behind his own line. Cassels got through and fell on the ball for Ridley's third touch-down. S. A. C. realized the number of points they were behind, and went to work with a greater will than they had shown at any time during the game. Several exchanges of punts saw the ball in Ridley's possession on her 20-yard line. Ridley tried to buck, but again lost the ball on downs. Macdonald kicked a high one, and Captain Allan, who was always well down under all kicks, tackled Hargraft, bringing him down in his tracks. This was the last point scored. In two minutes time was called, with S. A. C. bucking Ridley back from her 45-yard line. The final score was 16-5. Ridley was superior over College in kicking and catching, but could not compare in bucking and running with the Saints.

The teams lined up as follows:

Ridley—Full, Lee II.; halves, Hargraft, Maxwell and Lee (capt.); quarter, Wren; scrimmage, Mills, Bricker and Fowler; wings, Aston, Torrey, Cassels, Slater, Merrill and Risley.

Saint Andrew's—Full, Moffat; halves, Crossen, Fergusson, Macdonald I.; quarter, McArthur; scrimmage, Bole, Allan (capt.), Berril; wings, Carver, Bronson, Mulholland, Willmott, Tovell and McLaren.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.



SAINT ANDREW'S vs. TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

HE most decisive victory for St. Andrew's was gained when College met and blanked Trinity College School by a score of 28-0. There was not a department in the game in which College failed to show superiority. A full attendance of ladies and rooters helped to well fill the grand stand on the north side of the grounds, and no doubt did much to encourage the Saints to once more administer defeat to the Port Hope team. The College team was in much better condition than when they met Bishop Ridley College. The moving of Bronson and McLaren back on the half-line showed fine judgment on Captain Allan's part. The muffs made by the back division in this game were so few and far between that they can easily be overlooked. As Trinity were late in arriving, the game was not started until 10.45.

T. C. S. won the toss, and chose to defend the western goal, with a strong wind blowing from the east. College had the kick-off, and Captain Allan kicked along the line to Tovell. However, the kick was so low that Tovell could not get it. Mulholland fell on the ball, and so the first down was almost in mid-field. McArthur passed to McLaren, who went through middle left wing for twelve yards. It was very apparent that the T. C. S. line was weak, and therefore College went at it all the more encouraged. Trinity was bucked back on her 15-yard line. Crossen, who was given the ball for a right end run, fell in behind Moffat, and lost the ball to T. C. S., because "Doc" Woods considered it offside interference. T. C. S. showed very poor football from their first down. They started running instead of kicking, when they had a good wind behind them. McKenzie tried a right end run, and Moffat dived at him, but missed. Moffat struck his shoulder on the ground and dislocated it badly, the injury causing him to retire. Blackstock, first substitute of the team, replaced him, and played a star game until the calling of time. Stone was given the ball for a run through right middle, but was thrown back for a loss by Carver I. Stone kicked to Bronson, who, by a long, dodging

run, carried the ball back to the T. C. S. 10-yard line. In a scrimmage T. C. S. are offside, and College was awarded a free kick. McLaren kicked across the line, but Drummond quickly cleared by another kick. Fergusson caught the ball, and made a twenty-yard run down the left touch line. He was tackled on the T. C. S. 45-yard line, and was thrown into touch. From here College swept T. C. S. back to their own 15-yard line by large gains through left middle wing and right outside. In this long gain College were not forced to resort to kicking on a single last down. At this point in the game it looked as if a touch-down would surely be secured. But luck was with T. C. S., and Fergusson, by a misunderstanding of the signals, failed to be in his place when the ball was passed out. The result was Bigbee broke through and fell on the ball, which was rolling along the ground. He passed to Van Allan, who started for the S. A. C. goal line, with a clear field before him. But Blackstock was equal to the occasion, and by a fine dive tackle brought Van Allan to the ground. Stone kicked to S. A. C. 40-yard line. McLaren caught the ball and made a running pass to Bronson, who took the ball to the T. C. S. quarter-way line. Captain Allan considered it time for the team to score, and called on them to do so. They responded by putting McLaren over for the first try after four good bucks. Bronson tried, but failed, to convert the try. T. C. S. kicked off straight down the field. Bronson caught the kick and returned it against the wind to McKenzie, who fumbled it. Captain Allan fell on the ball, and S. A. C. started a procession of bucks toward the west-end goal line. Crossen made a spirited run across the field with but little gain. Half-time was called, with College on T. C. S.'s 20-yard line, and the score 5-0.

S. A. C. had the wind in the second half, and wasted no time in making use of it. Drummond kicked off down to S. A. C.'s 50-yard line. McLaren caught the ball and ran it back to half-way, from where he kicked a dead-line. This was the longest kick of the year for S. A. C., and is without equal in any Canadian preparatory school for 1905. McKenzie, from quarter-way, dropped the ball over Bronson's head. "Pig" quickly recovered, and ran it back to T. C. S. 10-yard line. McLaren had very little trouble in going over from here for

the second try of the game. Bronson by a pretty place kick converted it.

To give in detail the account of the remaining play left in this half would be boring to the readers. A good idea of it may be derived, however, if one pictures a tall, red-headed boy kicking long punts over the T. C. S. line for rouges, dead lines or touches in goal. During this last half two T. C. S. men, owing to injuries received, had to retire. Meredith was the first to go; then followed Drummond, whom Captain Allan allowed to be replaced by Seagram. T. C. S. went home feeling very downcast, as they had come to Toronto fully determined to give S. A. C. a good beating. Dr. W. G. Woods refereed, and "Katy" Nichols, of Varsity, kindly consented to act as umpire.

The teams lined up as follows:

T. C. S.—Full, Meredith; halves, Drummond, Stope and McKenzie; quarter, Campbell; scrumage, Kinnon, Grey and Allan; wings, Van Allan, Scott, Parker, Champion, Rodgers and Bigbee.

S. A. C.—Full, Macdonald; halves, Fergusson, McLaren I. and Bronson; quarter, McArthur; scrumage, Berril, Allan (capt.) and Bole; wings, Crossen, Carver, Willmott, Moffat (Blackstock), Mulholland and Tovell.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.





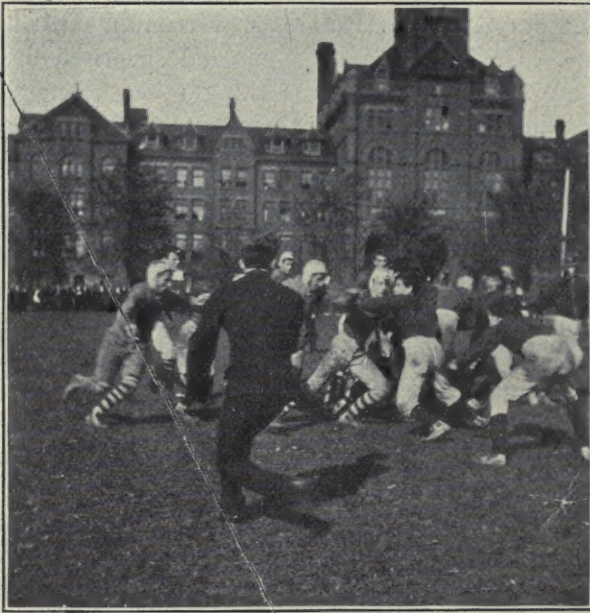
SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

At ten minutes after ten on Saturday morning, November 11th, a tally-ho, drawn by four prancing brown horses, drew up to the front door and halted long enough to allow three masters and nineteen husky-looking boys to climb in and be seated. They were bound for Upper Canada College, where they were going to play U. C. C.'s first team their annual game. All the players seemed to be in the best of spirits, and dispelled all signs of nervousness by their singing and rendering of college yells. As they entered the gate at U. C. C. they were greeted by prolonged cheers from their supporters, who were lined up on both sides of the driveway. The whole College was there, and everywhere was visible the glorious crimson and white, which before the day was over proved itself to be victorious. The morning was an ideal one for a Rugby match, and the conditions under which the game was played were most favorable. The sun shone brightly on the many-

colored fabrics, which the sharp breeze blew first one way and then another, adding much to the gaiety of the scene. On three different occasions St. Andrew's has, at the close of the game, left the U. C. C. field defeated, and so it was a very determined team that came on the field at fifteen minutes after eleven, when referee "Doc" Woods summoned the players forth to do combat. Two of the players on the S. A. C. team were substitutes; but this did not cause any dismay or cast any gloom over the cheering common herd on the side line.

Although a heavy wind was blowing, four fifteen-minute quarters were agreed upon, thereby overcoming all difficulties in that line. U. C. C. won the toss, and surprised everybody by doing an apparently senseless thing—they elected to kick against the wind, with the sun in their faces, and working uphill, thus showing poor judgment from the blow of the whistle. S. A. C. realized their good fortune, and lost no time in experiments, but settled down to hard, straight football from the first. Captain Allan kicked off to Tovell, who sent the ball sailing down to U. C. C.'s 15-yard line, where Baker was prevented from returning by Captain Allan, who had followed down quickly. Upper Canada had three downs on her 15-yard line, and as she gained only three yards, the ball went to S. A. C. on downs. "Red" McLaren, who played a clever game, kicked the ball over for a dead line two minutes after the game had started. Within five minutes McLaren's right foot had booted the pigskin for two more dead lines. U. C. C. were plainly distressed, and saw that a change had to be made, as S. A. C. were scoring at the rate of a half a point a minute. Their new tactics were to keep the ball on the ground as much as possible, and to kick the ball into touch. McArthur (U. C. C.) kicked from quarter-way into touch for very little gain. Bronson was given a try around right end with but little advance. U. C. C. worked very hard, but it was of little avail, for before time was called two more dead lines were kicked, making the score for the first quarter 5-0. The two teams changed ends, and the game proceeded without interruption. The second quarter saw Upper Canada kicking with the wind. The supporters of the blue and white expected to see Upper Canada roll up as large if not greater score than S. A. C. had succeeded

in making the first quarter. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for so hard did the boys in crimson work that U. C. C. could score only one point, and that came after many efforts. This lone point was scored about three minutes before the quarter was up. Baker twice kicked the ball into touch. S. A. C. lost the ball on her own 20-yard line on an offside. McArthur (U. C. C.) then kicked the ball over for the only point that rewarded U. C. C.'s most strenuous efforts this half.



Half-time was called after the ball was kicked from S. A. C.'s 10-yard line back to the half-way line.

During the intermission a large flag bearing the cross of St. Andrew's was attacked by a troop of sore-head Upper Canada youths. However, they did not accomplish very much, and before the third quarter was started the red and white standard was floating proudly at the top of a nearby goal-post. Each team started the second half fully determined to beat their opponents, consequently the play was much faster and a trifle

more strenuous. Gzowski and French, of Upper Canada, were both forced to retire owing to the pace the game was travelling in the line of roughing it. College (S. A. C.) tried hard for a touch-down. Crossen and Tovell were both used almost continuously in an effort to put the ball over; but the tackling of Baker and Bull did much to prevent the crimson from going over the U. C. C. touchline. When this means did not bring in the points as quickly as the first method tried, namely, kicking, it was immediately changed for the time being, and kicking was again resorted to. One dead-line came quickly after the change; then Gzowski was injured. Macdonald I. went off to even up, and the game was once more resumed after a short delay. In way of repetition McLaren kicked another dead-line. From quarter-way U. C. C. managed to advance the ball to their own 45-yard line, but here they lost on downs. Two minutes of this half remained, and as S. A. C. did not think there was time for a touch-down, McLaren was called on and scored S. A. C.'s last point on another dead-line. This quarter then ended with the score 8-1 in favor of St. Andrew's.

Upper Canada seemed incapable of learning by experience; because they started off the last quarter with the same old mistake of trying to buck the crimson line back. However, this proved almost impossible to do, for only once did the situation become at all dangerous for the S. A. C. touch-line. U. C. C. had the ball on S. A. C.'s 5-yard line, and things certainly were getting rather exciting. It was the same old story of "so near and yet so far," because the Saints not only held their own but started to buck Upper Canada back. U. C. C., to save themselves from losing the ball on downs, kicked, and the ball rolled across the dead-line for U. C. C.'s second point. On a fake drop kick-off from quarter-way, S. A. C. started to buck up the field, carrying the ball and the majority of the U. C. C. team before them. Wing-tricks were used almost exclusively, and U. C. C. seemed to be unable to stop them, and were apparently greatly puzzled by them. Things were beginning to look very dark for U. C. C. when Baker, who had at all times played well for U. C. C., relieved by a fine punt into S. A. C. territory. Two downs were held on S. A. C.'s 35-yard line, and then time was called.

It would be almost impossible to describe the scene that followed. Hats, megaphones, flags and canes went up in the air. Boys hugged one another, and the team was carried off the field by the loyal supporters who during the game had yelled themselves hoarse. A crowd assembled around the tally-ho before it left the grounds, and every member of the team was individually cheered for. It was a great victory for St. Andrew's, as it was the first time they had ever beaten Upper Canada, and, moreover, it was the first time U. C. C. was ever defeated on her own grounds. The victory was won by no fluke or lucky chance; it was by straight, hard football. S. A. C. had a better-conditioned team, and had Upper Canada beaten at all stages in every respect. Every man on the team played a star game. The wings did all that could have been desired, and the back division seldom made a mistake. Captain Allan deserves all praise for the manner in which he selected the team and kept them moving. His own following up was a noticeable feature in all the games. McLaren was the pick of the half-backs, and always played a heady game. Fergusson and Bronson were both splendid half-backs also, and were always ready when called upon. Blackstock, Tovell and Crossen worked hard and tackled well. For U. C. C., Baker, Bull and McArthur played their best. It is now to be hoped that next year's Christmas REVIEW will have the same story to tell in regard to the U. C. C. *vs.* S. A. C. game, and it will be acceptable and gladly welcomed by all S. A. C. boys, be they present or old.

"Doc" Woods, referee, and Hal. Burnham, officiated to the entire satisfaction of all.

The teams lined up as follows:

S. A. C.—Full, Macdonald I.; halves, Fergusson, McLaren and Bronson; quarter, McArthur; scrimmage, Berril, Allan (capt.) and Bole; wings, Crossen, Tuckett, Wilmott, Tovell, Blackstock and Mulholland.

U. C. C.—Full, Woods; halves, McArthur, Gzowski and Baker; quarter, Douglas; scrimmage, Gilmour I., Baptist and Patterson; wings, Gilmour II., French, Davis, Goad, Cross and Bull.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.



THE SECOND TEAM, '05

SAINT ANDREW'S II TEAM, 1905.

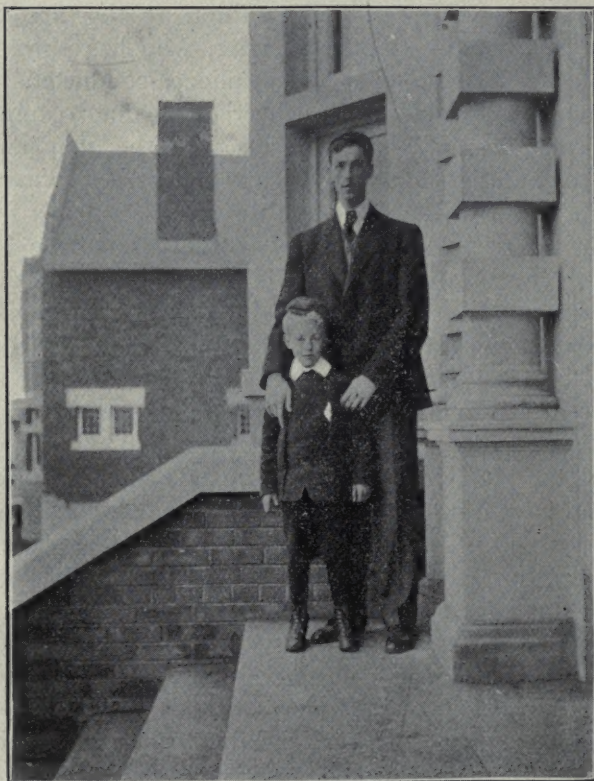
ALTHOUGH but very little has been heard of the second Rugby team of 1905, it does not signify that much praise is not due to it. If a glorious name and success is achieved only by the number of victories gained on the football gridiron, then the past season has been a failure, because both the games played were defeats for the seconds. However, the matter of games with outside teams was a secondary consideration, because from the first practice the seconds made it their mission to perfect the condition of the first team as much as they could. Captain Zeigler, who has played Rugby ever since he has been at the College, conducted the team throughout the season, and much credit is due to him for the thorough manner in which he has put the men under him through their duties. Only two games were played with teams other than those in the College. It was Highfield's first team which did the trick. The wearers of the green from Hamilton had a very fast team to oppose our seconds in both games. They defeated the seconds at the intercollegiate game, as well as snap-back. The first game was played at Rosedale, and Highfield by very hard work succeeded in winning by the close score of fourteen to eleven. The second game, which was played in Hamilton under the snap-back rules, had a very different score but the same result. The score was nineteen to nothing, and should have been more, because the team seemed bewildered from the kick-off. Coming back to Toronto on the train, Acting Captain Kilgour I. was heard to say that if the seconds were beaten he was sure that everybody had a fine time.

This year's second team is very encouraging when one considers the prospects of securing good material for the 1906 first team. There will be vacant places of this year's first team to be filled next year; but the tackling, running, kicking and general work of the '05 second team was such that there need be no anxiety for 1906 material. The average weight of the seconds was one hundred and thirty-two pounds. Where the team lost in weight it made up in speed. In the first game against

Hamilton Highfield I. the tackling was splendid; as for the second game the least mention made of it the better. It is to be hoped that the boys representing the seconds next year will be as good as this year's team. The seconds lined up as follows:

Full, McPherson I.; halves, Zeigler (capt.), Kilgour, Crawford; quarter, Duncanson; scrimmage, Winans, Hope, Gill; wings, Carver II, Driscoll, Brown, Burton, Tuckett and Smith II.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.



"Tiny and Snowball."



THE THIRD TEAM, '05

SAINT ANDREW'S III TEAM, 1905.



MITTING the firsts, no team in the College has been so successful as the thirds have this year. It was without a doubt the fastest third team ever representing St. Andrew's. During the season they have played seven games. Out of this number they have won three and lost four, scoring seventy-three points against their opponents' thirty-eight. A difficulty faced the thirds when they started to play this fall. The team had rather hard work to get a scrub team to give their regulars practice. Practices could not always be held with the fourths as this team had quite a large squad of its own, every member of which was struggling to gain a place on the team. However, the thirds generally managed to put in an hour's hard work every day, and evidenced their ability to make the seconds go a strenuous pace in order to show their superiority.

The first two games go down in the third team history for 1905 as defeats. Harbord Collegiate seconds decisively beat the thirds by a score of ten to nothing. Superior weight told in this game, as the Harbord line bucked the thirds back for losses throughout the entire game. U. C. C. thirds was the next team to defeat the S. A. C. thirds. In the first half each team scored a rouge, and U.C.C. scored a touch-down on an off-side which McLaren, who refereed the game, did not see. This left the score six to one. In the second half S.A.C. went to work and scored four dead-lines. This was the best they could do, however, and the game ended with the final score six to five. With a determination born of defeat the thirds went over to St. Alban's and conquered their first team eight to nothing. On U. C. C.'s grounds the thirds went down to defeat to the tune of seven to one. If the seconds were defeated twice by the Highfield first team, the thirds surely had revenge, for they (the thirds) whitewashed Highfield seconds forty-one to nothing. The season was brought to a close by two games with Parkdale Collegiate seconds. The first game was lost by one point, twelve to thirteen, but the

second game was won, the score being six to five. The team which represented the thirds for '05 was:

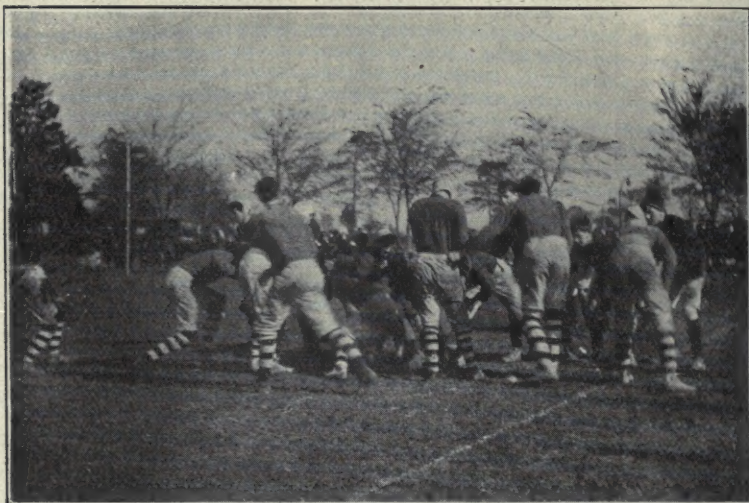
Full, McLaren II.; halves, Ramsey, Parsons (capt.) and Norris I.; quarter, Grass; scrimmage, Johnston I., Fraser and Copping; wings, Carver II., Holden, McNeil, Norris II., Sutherland and Wheeler.

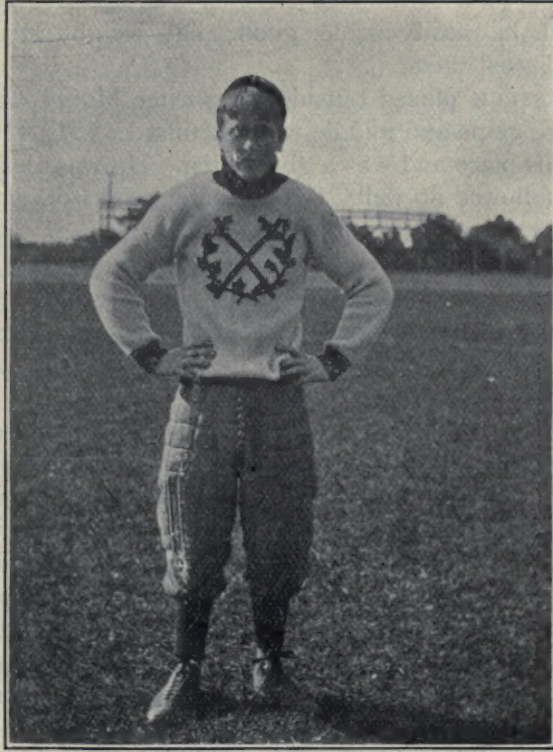
The Saint Andrew's College Fifth Team have had a very successful season, having won all its games.

The line-up was as follows: Halves, Corbould, Carlyle, Parsons II (man.); wings, Macdonald, Macpherson, McMichael; Bath (snap); Junkin, McLaren III, Ross. I, Grant II (capt.); full, Perry.

Matches: Tigers 0, S.A.C. 10; Tigers 0, S.A.C. 28; U.C.C. Prep. 0, S.A.C. 10; U.C.C. Prep. 0, S.A.C. 34; U.C.C. Lower Flat 0, S.A.C. 13.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.





Captain Allan.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM.

ALLEN I., captain of the team, played centre scrummage, as he did last year. He got the ball out clean and well, was frequently the first man through the line and the first on the ball when kicked. He proved an efficient captain, both on account of his playing and on account of the way in which he handled the team throughout the season. It is safe to say that no S. A. C. captain ever kept his head better during a game, or was quicker to see and take advantage of the best play to adopt at any time.

BIRRELL (left scrimmage).—This was his first year in the game, and he easily made good; had weight, strength and nerve, and used them.

BLACKSTOCK played outside wing after Moffat was hurt in the T. C. S. game and middle wing against U. C. C. He worked hard for his place and was a good wing. He was always on the spot, and followed up well. His all-round good work has received much favorable comment throughout the school.

BOLE (right scrimmage).—Played on the second team last year. Like Birrell, he was generally in the road of bucks and played hard. His tackling improved very much towards the end of the season, and next year he should be one of the best men.

BRONSON (captain of last year's seconds) proved one of the most useful men on the team. In the first game he played outside wing, where he tackled well and followed up fast. In the last two games he played left half, and sustained his reputation. He was a fast runner, hard worker and excellent dodger.

CARVER I.—Another graduate from last year's second team. He played middle wing against Ridley and T. C. S., but unfortunately had his hip hurt, and was unable to play against U. C. C. He was one of the strongest men on the team, and could generally handle his man. No one could break past him on the wing, and while he didn't hit hard in tackling, he tackled low and brought the man down.

CROSSEN.—Has played on the team three years. Was tried on the half line in the first of the season, but it was considered that his weight and speed would be of more advantage in the wing line, and against T. C. S. and U. C. C. he was played there. He was probably the fastest runner on the team, used his weight, and was a fair tackle.

FERGUSON.—Played on the half line, was a brilliant full-back on the team last year. Like Macdonald I., he could kick with either foot. Was rather weak in catching this year. His best game was against U. C. C., when he acted as an extra wing during a scrimmage in which his opponents had the ball; his tackling was a great factor in stopping bucks and end runs.

MACDONALD.—A sure catch and tackle and, although light, a good kick; not particularly fast, but a good dodger, and when

he ran with the ball a hard man to bring down. He made a reliable full-back in the last two games.

MCARTHUR (quarter).—Was greatly handicapped by having a very weak back; that he played at all in the last two games is surprising, and showed a great deal of grit. He passed accurately, held the ball well, was a hard tackle, and a good man to break through the line.

McLAREN I.—Played during the first of the season in his old position of outside wing, where he was much in evidence on account of his tackling. In the last two games he was at centre-half. The wisdom of this change will be seen when it is stated that against T. C. S. he scored 27 out of 28 points, and against U. C. C. the whole of the 8 points. This alone should stamp him as one of the best halves College has yet had. He was a good all-round player, a sure catch, strong punt, hard tackle, and a good man to lead a buck.

MOFFAT.—Had the honor of being promoted from the thirds to the first team during the season. He was played at full-back against Ridley chiefly on account of his ability to run and tackle. Against T.C.S. he started to play outside wing, but hurt his shoulder in tackling, and was unable to play again during the season. If he had done so there is little doubt that he would have done some brilliant tackling at outside wing.


MULHOLLAND.—Played middle wing, and in the last game outside and was one of the best tacklers who ever donned an S.A.C. uniform. A great man to stop bucks, and had all kinds of nerve when it came to tackling—dived at his man fearlessly and hit him very hard.

TOVELL (inside wing).—This was practically his first year at the game, and he was a source of great strength; a little weak in tackling, but a good aggressive and defensive wing; a hard worker, and on account of his strength and weight, a good man to take the ball and plough through the line.

TUCKETT LAWRY, like Moffat, was promoted from the thirds to the firsts. He replaced Carver I. for the U. C. C. game, and while it was his first match with the first fourteen, played well. He was a good tackle, and knew his position.

WILLMOTT (inside wing and a new color).—He played in the scrimmage on last year's second team. A good defensive player.

HOCKEY.

 HE hockey prospects this year are not quite as bright as last year, owing to the fact that Mr. Macdonald will not allow us to enter the O. H. A. From his point of view it must be all right, but it seems pretty tough from the boys' standpoint not to be able to enter after last year's team holding up the honor of old St. Andrew so brilliantly.

Although we are not in the O. H. A., we are not altogether out of it. This fall, owing to the efforts of a few energetic men from Varsity, a Junior Intercollegiate Hockey Union has been formed, which will include University of Toronto III., McMaster University II., Trinity University II., Woodstock College and St. Andrew's.

This will be of great advantage to St. Andrew's, as it enables us to have Mutual St. Rink to practice on, where we can play the game as it should be played, and not have to get out on a frog-pond to bat a puck around in the snow. There will be two rinks at the College, one of which is the same size as Mutual St. ice. This will be a great advantage to the third and fourth teams, for when they commence playing at Mutual they will not be handicapped by large ice. If these rinks are not flooded properly and kept clean they will be of no use. It is to be hoped that they both will be better than the one the Juniors had to practice on in the past. If we always have a good place for our Juniors to play, we will always have a strong first team.

We have three old colors back—Warden, Bronson and Crossen. Although we feel the loss of our star player, "Chas." Grier, it is quite possible to turn out a team that could win just as good a name for the College as last year's. If all reports are true, we have some splendid new material, and with such players off last year's second team as Harold Tovell, Dave Bole, Frank MacDonald, Kilgour, etc., we will be second to none in our class.

If the boys go into the game with the same spirit, and the team gets the same support as they did last year, I have no doubt but what we can be champions of the Junior Intercollegiate Hockey Union, instead of "runners-up" in the Ontario Hockey Association.

CROSSEN.



MR. GRANT COOPER
THE PRESIDENT OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

FOR two weeks after the close of the Rugby season all the school's interest was centred upon the approaching cross-country run which was to take place on the 22nd of November.

There was much conjecture as to who would get his name engraved upon the handsome Wallace cup, and among the less aspiring were nightly visions of cakes of untold dimensions. The inducements to run were particularly inviting: a silver medal and also a shield fastened on the cup, and bearing the winner's name, for first place; a bronze medal for second, and a great cake for the third-comer, besides a goodly number of smaller ones distributed along the line for the less fortunate.

The course itself was very different from that of last year. The length was increased from 3 1-2 to 5 1-2 miles, and the country travelled over was more difficult. The extreme boundaries were, roughly, Mount Pleasant Cemetery to the north, Reservoir Park to the west, Rosedale ravine to the south, and the Don to the east. As the course was so hard, it was decided to hold a separate run for the Junior boys on the following Friday.

When the Senior runners lined up, it was noticed that there were not as many as last year, probably owing to the length of the course. Nevertheless, the start was very fast; in fact, too fast to be kept up. Knox set the pace to the tracks, but found the first hill had a somewhat quieting effect. Allen, closely followed by Gill, led from this point to the second hill at a speed hardly less than that at the start.

It was this second obstacle, however, which told most upon the runners. The gradual slope from the bottom of the Rose-dale ravine up to the lacrosse grounds was a severe test of wind and condition. From these grounds Gill led the pack, but lost some time near the last hill, where he stopped to take off his sweater. In the meantime, Fred Macdonald and Parsons II., who had started more slowly, gradually forged ahead, but Gill,

though very tired, held his position and crossed the line for first place in the time of 32 1-2 minutes.

Close behind came Macdonald, with Parsons II. as third. As this is Parson's first appearance in the cross-country, he deserves great credit for his fine showing.

The cake-winners next appeared, and as each one finished he was hurried away by his many friends.

The Junior run for the coming cup-winners came off three days later. Perry came first, finishing the course in 20 1-2 minutes, with Auld II. second and Rolph third.



The Captains of '05.

Chase IV.

Ziegler II.

Allan I.


Parsons III.

Grant V.

Gillespie VI.

Prize Stories.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

NE Christmas Eve, long, long ago, before the old St. Andrew's College was a college, a terrible crime was committed within its walls. So great was the crime that the little spirit who happened to be watching over the place at that time was immediately changed to a lonely ghost that had to roam around in that form until he saw an equally good deed done on some other Christmas Eve.

So he roamed around the place year after year, but saw no good deed done on any Christmas Eve. He was there when a college began, but every Christmas Eve it happened that all the boys went home, so the poor ghost got thinner and thinner, until he could not be seen at all; it is said that he was quite worn out. He was there when the college location was changed, still roaming around very lonely. However, it happened, the Christmas Eve after the college had removed, he was strolling very sorrowfully over a bridge. From this bridge a brightly lit-up college could be seen, and in the middle of the bridge stood one solitary man. Presently two boys from the college, who for some reason or other had been delayed in getting home for Christmas, appeared on the other end of the bridge. Their merry chattering and laughter could be heard distinctly in the stillness of the evening; they seemed far more rejoiced about getting home for Christmas than any ordinary boy. As they drew near to the figure in the middle of the bridge they were silent, and sobs could clearly be heard. The man was in great distress; by his dress the boys could tell he was a poor workman, but their hearts were greatly softened. "May I ask what is the matter?" said one of them. The man turned round and gave a deep sigh. "Oh, oh!" he sobbed, as if his heart would break, and then seemed unable to get any farther. "Come along," said the boy, "tell us, and perhaps we may be able to help you." The man sighed again and then began: "About ten years

ago I ran away from home, and have not heard a word about it since, until this morning when I got a letter saying that my poor mother is dying. I must get home on the midnight train, but I have no money." Then the poor fellow completely broke down. "Oh, the fool, the utter fool I was," he sobbed, "what little money I had I lost last night." "I am going to give my money to him," whispered the smallest boy. "Don't be so foolish," said the other; "you must remember it's all you have got, and if you give him that you can't get home." Before his companion could stop him, he pulled out his roll of bills. "I wonder would this help you?" he asked, holding out the money. "Oh, no, no, I cannot take it from you," said the man, "you could not go home yourself, then." "That is all right," said the boy, "I have lots more, and besides, I can take the next train." The man thus being persuaded that the boy was rich, finally took the money. "How can I thank you, kind sir," he said, "you are so good to me. How can I ever repay you?" After thanking him many times over the man left him; so had his companion. The boy, seeing that he was entirely alone, started slowly back to the college. In the meantime our poor ghost had quite changed, and was again a happy little spirit, influencing the minds of all sorts of people and making them feel very happy. But what did the boy do? He quietly entered the college, and crawled into his little bed. How wretched he felt when he thought of what was going on at home, and to think he might have been there too! Still he knew he had done the right thing on the bridge. While he was thus wandering in his thoughts he gave a deep sigh, and suddenly a soft light was thrown around the room. Looking up he saw a young man bending over him. How nice he looked! How he looked at the boy with those loving eyes, and such a sweet smile! "What is the matter, little man?" he asked, in a voice that sounded soft and loving. The boy gazed at him in wonder for a few seconds. "Nothing—nothing is the matter," he replied, but that face compelled him to tell everything, and he related the whole story about the man on the bridge. "Very good," said the man when the boy had finished, "I was there, too." The boy started. "I did not see you," he said. "But I saw you," the man replied. "I will now tell you my story. I am St.

Andrew. I came to see if there is the same feeling in the new building that there was in the old, and I have seen that the college is worthy of my name, as proved by your act of brotherly love to-night; moreover, you will be happier than anyone else to-morrow, because the real Christmas is Charity and the real Santa Claus is love." Just then the big clock struck twelve, and St. Andrew disappeared. A sharp click was heard in front of the college, and then the boy dropped off to sleep.

It was quite late next morning when he awoke, and oh, how happy he felt! How glad he was that he had helped the man on the bridge!


Everything was bright; bells were pealing everywhere. What a lot of bells there were all over, even in the college!

Although the boy did not get home for his holidays they sped past very quickly. He has not seen St. Andrew since, nor does he know where he disappeared to. However, he thinks that he has taken his post over the front door to watch over the college.

EDWIN BURNS.

Form III. B.

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP.

N the afternoon of December 24th, 1—, a carriage and pair were standing outside a country manor in the north of England. The snow was lying upon the ground as far as the eye could reach. The sun had gone behind a cloud near the western horizon, and the cold was intense. The post-boys, straddled on their horses, were fretting uneasily—now blowing into their mits to warm up their fingers, now rubbing their ears to restore the circulation. The coachman was walking to and fro, peering from time to time through the key-hole in the massive front door to see if there was any movement within. They had been waiting an hour in the cold, bleak air, when the door was flung open, and an old lady, followed by her daughter and a couple of servants bearing large bundles, stepped out to the coach. A moment or two afterwards the carriage set off and soon was upon the highroad leading to Bath.

Mrs. Grenville was in high dudgeon. She had expected that her prospective son-in-law, Max Canning, a well-to-do young doctor, would have come over to escort her to his home, where all relatives of the Canning family were to celebrate the Christmas season. It was outrageous that an old lady and her daughter should be exposed to the perils of the highroad! Yes, it was absolutely dangerous! The daughter tried in vain to stem the growing anger of her mother; she endeavored to turn the conversation to the frequent highway robberies which had taken place, and that had been perpetrated by a number of daring cut-throats who defied all attempts at capture. This change in conversation caused a change also in the feelings of the old lady, and what had been intense anger before became intense fear. She listened to the sighing of the wind in the branches with growing apprehension.

Suddenly the coach stopped, and the post-boys, having fired and dropped their blunderbusses, fled precipitately into the bushes skirting the road. A moment later two masked horsemen rode up to the carriage, and while one held guard over the

driver, the other, in a few but courteous words, demanded the surrender of all valuables. It would have been useless to dispute, and in a trice bundles, purses and valuables became the property of the highwayman, who, bowing, bade them "Merry Christmas," and disappeared into the obscurity of the forest. The women had hardly recovered from their fright when their lackeys emerged from the woods and, after setting all in order, started the coach on its way.

The robbery seemed to have driven all previous thoughts from the minds of the ladies, who now were too thankful for their comparatively easy escape to think about their losses. On rumbled the coach, and about an hour after the robbery they were on the crest of a hill about five miles from their destination. Behind them, and fast approaching, could be seen the lights of the mail-coach, and ahead of them, at the foot of the slope, lay a long stretch of forest in which the notorious band had their headquarters. A feeling of security seemed to have fallen upon the occupants of the coach, and the post-boys were asleep on their mounts. They were now in the densest part of the woods. Not a sound was to be heard except the creaking of the wheels and an occasional whinny from the horses. Suddenly, without any warning, two rough-looking men seized the halters of the horses and commanded all to remain still. Then from either side of the road emerged a few figures, who proceeded to search the coach for booty, but as none could be found, the carriage was left to continue its journey, while the brigands proceeded to lie in ambush for the mail-coach. The horrid, repulsive aspect of these men had left a deep impression on the minds of the ladies, and they were thankful, indeed, that they had had nothing valuable to excite the desire of these highwaymen. So from that point to "Redcliffe," the residence of the Cannings, both were afraid for their safety.

However, at nine in the evening they arrived at their destination. Lights shining from every window gave evidence of preparations for a merry Christmastide. The old lady and her daughter were soon surrounded by a throng of happy young folks, eager to hear the story of their adventures. All explained that Max and his brother had been called to visit a sick person some miles away, and that as soon as he arrived the celebrations

would begin. Everyone sympathized with the old lady and endeavored to console her with regard to her loss. A little later a country lad brought news of a great fight up the road between the mail-guards and the highwaymen. Everybody was now in the wildest excitement, and as a consequence did not notice the stage come by. On it came more relatives, and at their heels Max and his brother John. The two latter quickly made their way towards Mrs. Grenville, and apologized that they had been unable to escort them. She, however, was extremely angry with Max, and refused to allow him to approach her daughter until he had recovered the stolen property. Much to her astonishment, the two boys pulled a couple of masks from their pockets, and having fastened these on and pulled slouch hats over their eyes, became the highwaymen who had robbed her of her belongings.

They then explained to her that, as they were obliged to go farther up the highway, they would have been unable to escort the carriage, and so they, by getting all valuables in the carriage into their possession, had cheated the real desperadoes, who were lying in wait farther on. Max, having charge of the booty, had taken the coach home, and, when they arrived near the cross-roads, and were attacked by the brigands, he and John had been instrumental in capturing the robber chief, and thus effecting the break-up of a most powerful robber-band.

Mrs. Grenville was now entirely pacified, and the sham brigands brought in the bundles of which they had relieved the coach. The old lady found great delight in distributing the gifts which they contained. All were now as merry as could be, and the remainder of that Christmas Eve was spent about the Yule log which blazed in the spacious fireplace. Max was forgiven entirely by Mrs. Grenville, and related often, on anniversaries of the occasion, how he won his wife when he captured her wealth in the "Christmas Hold-up."

S. WISHART.

A CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE.

I ARRIVED at Naples on the 24th of December, and found an unpleasant surprise awaiting me when I arrived at the hotel. My chum, whom I was to meet there, had left for England owing to the illness of his father. Well, I was in a beastly awkward position, for the next day was Christmas. I did not know anyone in the town, nor could I speak the lingo.

After dinner, on Christmas Eve, I went for a stroll, as it was very pleasant out of doors. I wandered about for a while in the better quarter of the town; but at last decided to have a look at the poorer districts.

I had not walked half-a-dozen blocks in the lower town when I noticed a husky big sailor following me. At first I thought he was doing it out of curiosity, but later decided there must be some object in his pursuit.

I dodged down a little lane and began to run. He did the same. Several times I tried this plan; in each case he followed.

At last I wearied of being chased, and so walked boldly up to a street-light and waited for my energetic pursuer. He came strolling up, and I tapped him upon the chest motioning him to move off.

Immediately he set up a great yelling, and ran down a side street. I smiled to myself, thinking I had frightened him, and walked in the direction of my hotel.

I had not gone far when I heard a noise of people running behind me. I stopped to see what it was, and soon my friend the sailor hove in sight, accompanied by two policemen and half-a-dozen loungers.

The sailor pointed at me, and gibbered volubly to the policemen, who then came forward and took hold of me.

After some slight resistance, I was forced to accompany them, at the same time protesting in English that I was innocent. Of course, they did not understand me, though they were very polite under the circumstances.

The police station was not far, and when we reached it I

was ushered into a room in which was seated at a desk a man whom I took to be an inspector.

I did not remove my hat or cigarette when I entered, and was scolded severely for my disrespect; at least I suppose that was what the officer was angry at, though his language was unintelligible to me.

I was given to understand, by signs from my judge, that the sailor had accused me of assault and battery. Of course, this was absurd, as I had only tapped him on the chest to emphasize my wishes.

In vain I argued my innocence by signs; he remained unmoved. After I had finished they hustled me off to a stuffy cell for the night.

To say that I was angry was to put it mildly. I was raving. The very thought of spending Christmas in jail set me cursing my luck in the wildest manner.

At last I composed myself and went to sleep. I dreamed I was being murdered, and woke up with a start.

Fully aroused, I banged on my cell door till the jailer came to me; I made him understand that I wanted to see the inspector. At first he would not deliver my message, but after I offered him some money he consented.

About half-an-hour later I was ushered into the audience-room to plead my cause again.

Taking out a memorandum book I wrote a short note to the clerk at the hotel, who knew the English language. I told him of my predicament, and asked for help. I wrote the address on the back of the note, and handed it to the inspector, signing that I wanted it delivered. After some delay he despatched a constable with the note, and I began to feel hopeful.

As I did not wish to return to my stuffy cell, I handed him one of my cards, engraved, "Captain H. R. Gould, 17th Lancers," and let him puzzle over that. The "Captain" seemed to impress him, and I was allowed to remain where I was until the messenger returned.

I waited about an hour, wondering all the while how my note had been received; then the policeman came back, accompanied by a porter from the hotel to act as interpreter.

I told him all, and he argued the case for me. The inspector

at last seemed to believe him, and, after a last impassioned appeal on the part of the porter, I was pronounced an innocent man, much to my joy.

Revenge is sweet, so I had the sailor summoned and imprisoned till the next morning on the charge of making false accusations.

I rewarded the porter handsomely, and after receiving the apology of the inspector, I drove to the hotel, and had my Christmas breakfast and dinner at the same time.

I think—barring none—that that was the most exciting Christmas experience I ever had.


A. DUNCANSON.



A lucid interval in the Junior Prep.

Miscellany.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPER.

 ON Friday evening, November 24th, took place the last, and perhaps the most enjoyable event of the whole football season. Training for Rugby may be all right at first, as those who got three helpings of meat per diem on this excuse will testify; but it is apt to get monotonous, and so it was a joyful and expectant assemblage that sat down in the dining-room that evening. Even those who were hastily endeavoring to memorize their speeches forgot their troubles for a while.

Covers were set for forty persons, which included the first and second teams, officers of the Athletic Association, masters and old boys. The room was decorated with crimson and white, and the head table was further adorned with a couple of footballs, just to show the purpose of our meeting together.

After full justice had been done to the excellent fare, the second part of the programme commenced. This part began by the President, Mr. Cooper, rising to propose the toast to the King. Before doing so, however, he made a few suitable remarks concerning the past season, then asking all to rise, he gave us "His Majesty," to which all drank loyally, and sang "God Save the King."

The next toast on the list was "Canada," proposed by McLaren and responded to by Bronson. Though McLaren took the resources of the whole Dominion into account, Bronson seemed to be concerned chiefly with those of New Ontario, especially the Cobalt district.

"The College" was proposed by Blackstock. Since, by his own confession, he is a fellow-orator of Cicero, it is easily seen why all were moved to drink his toast so heartily. Mr. Macdonald replied in the absence of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, who unfortunately could not attend.

The Principal said that the school has always shown a spirit and an enthusiasm which has been in great measure responsible for the high position it has attained. He enjoined the boys to maintain this spirit of determination and perseverance, and to remember that they had the good name of the school in their keeping.

Then the health of the first team was proposed by Massey and responded to by Captain Allan. The toast to the second team followed, proposed by Tovell and replied to by the captain, Zeigler.

The Old Boys' Association was next proposed by Bole and responded to by Harry Hausser, who gave us quite an account of life in the old school.

Driscoll found means to get a few digs at the "Staff," while proposing its health, in whose defence Mr. Findlay replied.

The "Ladies" followed. Winans, who proposed it, proved infallibly that the success of our matches was directly proportional to the attendance of the fair sex. Crossen replied, and quoted some poetry containing so many feminine names that he must surely have reached the mark more than once.

The "Cross-country" was then proposed by Macdonald I., and answered by Gill, after which came the toast to the Athletic Association, proposed by "Guy" Wallace, in the absence of Dr. Meyer, and responded to by Fergusson I.

Impromptu speeches and stories were given by the President, Ernie Allen, "Dub" Sale, McArthur, Mr. Northcote and Mr. Ward. After which the company sang "Auld Lang Syne" very touchingly, and then broke up.


A COLLEGE ALPHABET.

- A. A for the Army. It drills twice a week;
All those who would join it had now better speak.
- B. B for the Bell, and the Bell-boy, its ringer,
They disturb our sweet sleep—but call us to dinner.
- C. C for Clinker Secundus, a dog who won't bite;
He's black on the outside, but the inside is white.
- D. D for Detention, in which we all serve,
The masters who give it have got lots of nerve.
- E. E's for Education. Of this there's no lack,
You can see it protruding from every blamed crack.
- F. F for the Flag that's of undying fame.
It floated so brave at the U. C. C. game.
- G. G is for Grub. The meat's (?) gristle and bone,
While the butter's like cheese, and it walks all alone.
- H. H for the Holidays, ever too brief,
Their end always causes most terrible grief.
- I. I for the Ignorance everywhere rife,
It belongs to the school; it's a part of the life.
- J. J stands for John, the friend of us all,
He hails from the old sod, but is fond of the Coll.
- K. K for the Kids, of which there are many,
But they're all by themselves, so we cannot see any.
- L. L for the Lit., where each does his stunt;
If Brilliancy's wanted, you won't have to hunt.

- M. M for Matric. We wish we were through it,
But the time's drawing near, and we're sure we won't do it.
- N. N for the New School—the architect's pride,
You all must approve it, as seen from each side.
- O. O for the Old Boys, an unusual clan,
They're out in the world to get all they can.
- P. P is for Prayers, both morning and night,
They're expected to keep our morality right.
- Q. Q is for Questions the masters hurl at us,
Till something goes wrong with our think-apparatus.
- R. R for REVIEW, of widest renown;
There's certainly nothing to touch it in town.
- S. S for our Statue. For goodness' sake
What did that "sculprit" intend for to make?
- T. T for the Table, at which our team trains,
It develops the muscle, but never the brains.
- U. U is for Uxbridge, that place of great fame,
More famous than ever since McGillivray came.
- V. V for the Victories won o'er our foes,
We'll win again next year, as everyone knows.
- W. W is the first letter of Work,
A thing that we love, and, of course, never shirk.
- X. X for eXams—though it doesn't begin it
It comes second place, and is certainly in it.
- Y. Y is for Youth. Of this there's no dearth,
And somebody says we're the salt of the earth.
- Z. Z for the Zoo, of which we form part,
And with this final crime the authors lose heart.

MASSEY AND WRONG.

THE CADET COMPANY.

ONTRARY to the expectations of many, the much-talked-of Cadet Corps has finally materialized, and has been flourishing for some weeks.

The proposal was first made three years ago, but nothing was definitely accomplished until last season, when drilling commenced. But the old building afforded poor accommodation for arms, and before winter set in the drills were discontinued.

However, at last the Company is organized on a firm basis under the captaincy of Mr. Grant Cooper, and about seventy boys have signed the roll. The services of a sergeant-instructor from Stanley Barracks have been secured and the Government has granted rifles and side-arms.

The Company will be equipped with the Highland uniform, as worn by the Imperial Highland regiments, and the Gordon tartan will be used. The traditions of this historic tartan should have an inspiring effect on the corps. It is to be hoped that the friends of St. Andrew's will give generously to the uniform fund.

But only through the loyal support of the College can the Company ever become a success, and though Captain Cooper and his officers will do their utmost to make things go, the co-operation of the boys—both Cadets and outsiders—is an absolute necessity. The idea of raising such corps through the country is one that should appeal to everyone. The military side of life may seem unimportant in times like the present, but the unexpected sometimes happens, and then the men who have been trained as boys in cadet companies will justify all the pains taken in their early military education.

MASSEY,



The Three Disgraces.

LIFE AT THE NEW SAINT ANDREW'S

WE are now safely ensconced in the new premises, and the Chestnut Park era is almost forgotten. It is a rather big change to come from the cramped quarters of the old house, but we are gradually becoming accustomed to the new palatial surroundings.

By almost imperceptible degrees the workmen are leaving us, though you would never believe it when you knock your head against a plasterer's ladder and then trip over a paint-pot, and go down stairs quickly. But still they *are* leaving, there is no doubt of it, and are demonstrating the mighty truth that the Latin-book is mightier than the saw.

Our devoted old boys would perhaps find some changes in college life since they left us. They would, of course, be filled with dismay at the disappearance of Sunday afternoon Bible-class—that has gone for good. And they would notice that evening prayers, instead of beginning our lamp-light labors, end

them; so, while we used to attempt cheerful prayer in the face of study, now we give thanks because it is over.

The daily routine of our existence may be of interest to outsiders:

At the unholy hour of a quarter after seven a cracked bell of the station restaurant variety rings outside everybody's door, and nobody hears it. A few minutes later the bell of ecclesiastical design on the gym. roof booms forth, and then the corridor is filled with pleasant remarks about the aforesaid bell. At a quarter to eight there is a stampede of great and small to the dining-room, where breakfast is cussed and discussed. By nine-thirty the daily grind has commenced, and we will pass over the painful details with as few words as possible. Lunch is made way with in a brief half-hour, and after this short struggle for existence there is more "book-learning," until half-past two sees the "playful children just let loose from school."

The deeds of the next three hours depend largely on the moods and manners of the masters on duty. Bounds are now larger than ever, but the road to Yonge Street has the charm of excitement, for in crossing the C.P.R. bridge you run the double risk of being sadly disarranged by a freight train and (must we stoop to slang?) of being "pinched" by a section-man. The terrible loss of Frogley's has been replaced to a certain extent by a tuck-shop within bounds—or practically so! But we are leaving the subject. At six the bell tolls again, and dinner meets its fate. After that the midnight oil is burned in the electric lights from seven to ten, with prayers at half-time. And then the Simple Life for a day is ended with the measured tread of the watchman.

The historic Tin Building, after a chequered past, is now installed as the college gymnasium. It is delightfully airy and breezy at present, but time will undoubtedly see the roof on. This building, with the bell on top, looks like Ralph Connor's school-houses, and only lacks the pedagogue at the door with birch-rod in hand.

St. Andrew has been standing on his pedestal over the door for some months, and has the distinction of having his photograph taken with the school teams, for the front steps will be the scene of all such pictures hereafter.

Traditions are everywhere springing up around the new buildings, and college spirit is becoming constantly stronger. We are assuredly in the most successful year in the school's history, and we prophesy a bright and glorious future for old Saint Andrew's. Hoot, mon!

C. V. MASSEY.



ON MR. COOPER'S GOWN.

It's only an old bit of cheese-cloth,
It's only a much-abridged rag,
Yet thousands have trembled before it,
And its memories never will flag.

It floats all-serene through the College,
Adorning its owner's broad back;
The dust has not always been there, boys,
It once was unchangeable black.

We always had hopes for a new one,
Our spirits were never depressed,
And though the frail remnants still flutter,
We will pray on and hope for the best.

Though you call it a ripped-up old lining,
Though you say it's distinctly too short,
The wearer's a mighty fine fellow,
He's a "bird," and a jolly good sport!

C. V. M.

THE NEW FOOTBALL SONG.

March, march on down the field
Fighting for Andy;
Break through the dark blue line,
Their strength to defy!
We'll give a cheer for Saint Andrew's men,
We're here to win again.
U. C. C. may fight to the end:
But the Saints will win!



THE EPISODE OF THE FLAG.

HE was a bold spirit, that youth of Form V. B. who dared the wrath of a Principal, and risked skin and reputation by taking the cross of Saint Andrew into the blue and white territory of a rampant enemy.

But it was done. In state the ensign journeyed to the hostile field in a drag. With due pomp it was placed in position and loyally its supporters gathered round it.

In vain sage advisers warn the ardent owner to keep the hated standard from the sight of *hostes*—in vain he is told that “something may happen.” “Oh, no sir! I’m sure that everything will be as quiet as a spring poet or an Old Ladies’ Home.”

But what do we see at half-time! Is it the enemy congratulating their team? No, horror of horrors! they are coming! Yes, across the field they advance—an eager, blood-thirsty mob—howling for the gore of the crimson men.

They are approaching—still nearer—they are here—they are on us! O ye immortal gods! What was Marathon, what was Thermopylæ, what was Hastings and Cressy and Waterloo to this struggle? The battle rages and surges as only such a contest can. The sun glitters brilliantly on the—fists of the combatants; the wind waves proudly the floating—hair of the warriors, and the strife goes on.

But see! Up a pole, inch by inch, climbs he with the flag—a tattered remnant, 'tis true, but still the flag. He has reached the summit, and lo! the ancient and honorable Cross of Saint Andrew waves in the breeze. And under it is a microscopic bit of indigo and white.

And now “the tumult and the shouting dies,” and the victor's and vanquished depart.

MASSEY.



ITEMS.

It is hoped that after Christmas the prospective Dramatic Club will be ready for work. It is proposed to put on a good play of rather a light nature, something that will give scope for good, earnest work, and at the same time be free from anything approaching the tragic.

There ought to be good material in the school and plenty of available talent.

More will be said of the scheme at a later date.

Words of welcome had scarcely been uttered to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson before we were called upon to express our sympathy on the former's illness. We had looked forward to having them with us this winter in the Junior House, and sincerely regret the sudden termination to so pleasant a prospect. While proffering our sympathy, we wish also to voice the hope of the School that Mr. Robinson will soon be quite strong again and able once more to take his place in our midst.

A word is due to those who help in the support of our paper by advertising in its pages. One good turn deserves another, and when a boy can get a desired article at the headquarters of our advertisers, we strongly recommend him to do so. He will get the best value for his money, and will receive any benefits that are due him as a pupil of S. A. C.

Look through our advertising columns and do your shopping with open eyes.

An announcement of the marriage of Mr. James Wilson Filshie remembered as "Bill," to Miss Anna J. Covert, will prove of interest to many of the old boys. The wedding took place at Oakes, North Dakota, on the 16th of August. It is not too late, however, for the REVIEW to tender its congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness.

GYMNASIUM.

E. A. CHAPMAN, DIRECTOR.

WHEN completed the new gymnasium at St. Andrew's College will be the best college gym. in Canada, and one the boys of St. Andrew's will feel proud of.

The building itself is well ventilated, and heated by steam, and will have the latest equipment, including chest weights for developing the upper body and correcting physical defects, such as round and low shoulders, etc.; the horizontal and vaulting bars for developing the arms, shoulders, back and chest; the peaked ladder for straightening the body and correcting the stoop so often found in school-children; the climbing rope for arms, shoulders, back and chest; the rope ladder for developing the whole body; two sets of adjustable parallel bars, that can be used by the boy of eight years to the tallest boy (this apparatus develops the body to a remarkable degree); an adjustable German horse (this apparatus is used for developing the entire body, particularly the arms, chest and shoulders); also flying and travelling rings which will help greatly to broaden the shoulders and give the boys of St. Andrew's College an erect physique. A large hand-ball court will be made at end of the gym., also wrist machines, jumping standards, etc.

Regular classes will be held in freehand, wands, dumb-bells, etc., and regular gym. leaders will be selected to lead the class in apparatus work. The gymnastic nomenclature, as taught in the large American universities will be taught. The boys of S. A. C. have a physical and medical examination twice a year, and boys with physical defects, such as round shoulders, drooping head, bow or knock knees and crooked spines, are given special work to do.

Special attention will be given to boxing, fencing, wrestling, jiu jitsu, single stick, broadsword and bayonet work. We aim to teach the boys how to protect themselves against attack, and to protect their friends, as well as for their own satisfaction and

sport. This work will be under the supervision of the Director, who holds nine championships of this nature, both in Canada and the United States.

In the spring the first annual championships of the College will be held in boxing, fencing, and wrestling, both in the upper and lower schools. Gold medals emblematic of the championship of St. Andrew's College will be given in each class. It was the original intention the College should buy these medals, but feel the boys would appreciate them more if they were donated by parents and gentlemen interested in the College. The Principal and Director will be glad to hear from parents so inclined. Two gold medals have already been donated, viz., the Principal's gold medal for the boxing championship and the Director's gold medal for the wrestling championship.

The first annual assault-at-arms will be held in the spring, when we will have exhibitions by the different champions, also general gym. work showing what has been accomplished during the season.

With these excellent facilities at hand, the boy who graduates from the new St. Andrew's College will be, both physically and intellectually, second to none in the Dominion.

Skits.

Oh, Remember!

Oh remember, oh remember!
 It is your place to write,
 To help the paper all you can.
 To make it a delight.

If in it there you wish to see
 Good jokes and stories bright,
 And poems, sketches, clever tales,
 For each month try to write.

—*Ex.*

Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!!

Composition time is nearly here. Have you got your composition done yet? Do you like spending your time in detention?

Buy your ideas on compositions from Wrong. Absolutely novel ideas. Compositions in any style desired. Witty and epigrammatic ones slightly more expensive than scientific.

REFERENCES.

"I was much interested and amused by one of Wrong's compositions."—Mr. Wilson.

"A bright, epigrammatic style."—Mr. Findlay.

We pay highest prices for second-hand ideas and compositions.

Compositions re-modelled exceedingly cheaply.

Come early, avoid the rush, and get a large choice.

Rumor says that McLachlin dealt most profitably in speeches just before the football dinner.

Imagine Massey trying to impersonate Richard Mansfield as *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice."

We would like to inform the public that next week the dramatic impersonator, N. C. McArthur, will present "The Giggling Bar-Maid." Time, summer of 1905. Place, round and about Cobalt-by-the-sea.

In French lesson.—Master: "Translate "*Veau de casserole*."

Geggie (taking his cue from the prompter): "Baked beans, sir!"

Young lady (seeing "Red" McLaren with first team cap on): "How is it that part of that boy's hair has faded?"

Mr. R. to Mr. C.: "I saw Phillips I. smoking a cigarette down-town and told him to report to you on his return. Did he do so?"

Mr. C.: "No. Phillips I. left school last term!"

The doctor is much alarmed at the sudden development of heart failure in the Carver family. Their frequent fainting-fits are causing the masters much uneasiness—especially during evening study.

Duncanson: "Graham, hit Lynde with that potato!"

Ike: "No, he would feel it."

Duncanson: "Well, then, hit Gunn II."

McGillivray is still wearing his yachting cap. He must be going to indulge in some ice-boating this winter.

The path across the desert to the car line will remind historians of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow.

Forge (as Rough Riders pass into Rosedale grounds): "Hello, Mr. Pulford."

Lieut. Massey reports that the Cadet Corps will be ready for church parade May 1st, A.D. 2000.

Emma Willmot has at last joined the Red-Headed League, and is proud of the honor of being a full-fledged member.

We don't do it like that in Uxbridge.

Crossen: "I say, fellows, if you can't get a picture of the hockey team to send down to the paper, I'll send my photograph."

McKenzie (in Latin class): "*Dux imperavit obsidesque*" — "And the general ordered sausages."

Heard (in French class): "Everybody works but Papa Perichon."

Mr. Cooper (hearing a noise in Room 27): "That sounds like Hale."

McLachlin, Massey & Co., Dealers in Fine Ribbons.

Preparatory infant: "Mr. Cooper, I'll give you a car ticket for that gown!"

Master (calling roll): "Where's Cutler, Chase?"

Chase: "Answering a summons, sir!"

Birrel finds that since he got his white sweater it is awfully cold coming in from the country.

Girl (to Forgie): "Are you a prefect?"

Forgie: "No, but I know as much as they do."

(That isn't saying much.)

It's a shame to see the way the principal put a stop to college spirits!

Tovell and McLachlin have quite an exciting time every meal to see who can give their milk and toast away first.

(Every little bit helps.)

Massey (to master): "Sir, don't you think that every boy who pays seventy-five cents should be allowed into the football dinner?"

Tiny's main substance now is Nestle's Baby Food.

So far the only muscle builder about the gym., namely, the Bell, has been monopolized by Charlie Prior.

"I use two pairs of skates every season. I have had my mic-macs for three years." (Uxbridge logic.)

Happy, it is a wonder that tooth of yours doesn't wear out.

Copp II.: "Please, sir, isn't one pair of pants two?"

Mr. F.: "What horse retraces a long distance with the same spirit with which he first traversed it?"

Intelligent youth: "A saw-horse."

No wonder that Pig finds himself behind in his monthly accounts when he spends so much on facial preparations.

Girl (to Forgie): "I thought I saw you playing on the seconds this year?"

Forgie: "I would have been on, only I hurt my finger; but if I come back next year, and gain a few more pounds, I will make the firsts."

Mr. W—d: "Norris, take an hour."

Norris (*sotto voce*): "Much obliged."

Mr. W—d: "Were you speaking to me?"

MacLaren: "Let me see. I scored 17 points against T. C. S. No other fellow in the school has ever scored that many before, has he?"

Pig Bronson is reported to have offered a prize to the boy who put in the most skits about him.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Pulford is a gentleman. He has been at our house often."—Forgie.

Harold Tovell got his money's worth down at the 14 on Richmond Street.

For sale.—Spirit lamps.

The man from Uxbridge (reading in class): "I'm going a-milking, sir."

Copp I. gave the following rendering of "The Burial of Sir John Moore:

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his material cloak around him."

Master (reading from "The Merchant of Venice"): "Who riseth from a feast with that same appetite that he sits down?"

Crossen: "I do, sir."

You must write zem down and learn zem.

"Oh! you McGill candidates. You vill not vork."

Mr. F—d—y (to McGillivray): "Could you write an essay on a trip to town?"

Mr. Fl—m—g: "Why weren't you in class yesterday, McLachlin?"

McLachlin (jauntily): "I skipped, sir."

(Murmurs from the desk about quintessence of gall.)

Imagine Massey trying to impersonate Richard Mansfield as "*Shylock*" in "*The Merchant of Venice*."

Mulholland has been advertising S. A. C. first football sweaters in front of a certain ladies' college on Bloor Street.

Mr Ward: "Take an hour, Forsyth, for talking."

Forsyth: "I didn't quite catch that, sir."

Mr. Ward: "Take two hours."

Forsyth: "I caught that, sir."

"By gosh! Now, in Uxbridge . . ."

Extracts from Baron Munchausen (Uxbridge edition):
"Yes, that auto was going 425 miles an hour, so I ran right over the cow. I don't know if it was killed. I didn't stop."

Beacon Lights—MacLaren, McArthur, McKay and Duff.

Duff (trudging across to Church Street car through five feet of snow): "Leave me, comrades, here I drop!"

No more cocoa for Bobby.

Dave Bole suggested to Crossen that they put a cent in St. Andrew's outstretched hand on Christmas Eve.

At last! At last! The North Pole has been discovered where the first sod was turned for S. A. C.

The brave attempts of one or two illustrious youths to decorate St. Andrew on Hallowe'en ended in failure on account of the wind.

Tiny has sacrificed his last winter's overcoat. (alias horse-blanket) to cover, and at the same time shield, St. Andrew against attacks of Jack Frost.

Curses on your pesky hide.

Stop your pouting, Jimmy.

It was reported the other day that Trixie had waked up, but, alas! it was false.

The following effusion is a product of Form I.:

JOEN DARC.

Joan arc was a man who never had any schooling. But he had a very worn heart and pity for everybody. He once reached a woman with a worm heart and had pity for her.

Charles was crowned at Rheins and was anointed with oil and had believed he had come down from heaven.

His name was brought before him as being Jeon the maid, the rude soilders indeed thought he was from heaven.

Our many friends will be glad to know that those who have literary talents are being encouraged; the result is, that several of the boys have published books. Among the best are: "The Dream of an Army," C. V. Massey; "The Art of Eating," R. J. Gill; "Hot Air Furnaces," H. F. Bronson; "Etiquette of Love Letters," L. Crossen; "History of the Uni-

The Semi-ready College Suit

To the stranger, your measure of success is gauged by the clothes you wear.

The "front" you show greatly influences the hearing you get. It pays to be well dressed.

The Semi-ready Sack Suit is pre-eminently the garb of the college man. It has the neatness and style that demand attention.

We tailor Semi-ready suits in several single and double-breasted styles. No matter which cut suits your individual idea you may depend on its absolute correctness.

Tweeds, worsteds and serges are the materials used, and each one carries the full strength of the Semi-ready guarantee.

Wouldn't you like to have a look at our college suits?

Semi-ready Tailoring

22 King Street West, Toronto

versity of Michigan," W. W. Winans ; "Tribulations of a McGill Candidate," G. M. Graham ; "Sleep-Walking," Gunn II ; "Cow-Punching with a Motor," McGillivray ; "Eighteen Ways of Cooking Beefsteak," W. A. Leask ; "The Knockers," D. S. McLaren ; "Artistic Struggles," H. M. Tovell ; "Anecdotes ; or That Reminds Me," H. A. Driscoll ; "The Smoke Eater," N. McArthur ; "Me, Him, and I," McLaren and Bronson ; "Speech-Writing as a Profitable Business," McLachlin ; "Tackle, Push, and Practice," H. W. Allan.

How to Kill the Paper.

1. Do not buy a paper ; borrow your classmate's paper—be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.
3. Never hand in articles, and be sure to criticize everything in the paper—be a knocker.
4. If you are a member of the staff play tennis or "society" when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.
5. Tell your neighbor he can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.

If you can hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.
Get the idea?—*Ex.*

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Easter
1906

Gourlay Pianos

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They are distinctive for their beauty of tone—a tone full, sweet and of wonderful singing quality; for their beauty of case design; and for what you might almost call individuality, personality in the touch—a direct appeal to the player with real musical taste.

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The St. Andrew's College Review



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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: MOFFAT, MASSEY, WINANS, ALLEN II, BRONSON.

BUSINESS MANAGER: DRISCOLL. ASSISTANT MANAGER: TOVELL. ILLUSTRATIONS: McLACHLAN

EASTER, 1906

Editorials.

The spring term is necessarily lacking in incidents of importance. Hockey is a thing of the past; it is too soon to think of summer; so we must, perforce, put in to as good advantage as possible the somewhat empty weeks that form an interim.

We are looking forward to Easter—that time of glad resurrection when our world is remade, and from the black desolation of winter there springs the glad radiancy of a new life.

We have had a singularly fortunate term as regards residence life. No serious illness, no epidemic has caused consternation in our little community. There have been no grave accidents, and but one or two deaths have occurred to cast a shadow over our prosperity and well-being.

In our sports we have been eminently successful, and our victories in both Rugby and hockey warrant a certain amount of hopefulness in looking forward to the cricket season.

The Literary Society has done much to brighten the college social life; our dance was a brilliant success in every way. Altogether we have come bravely through the most trying time of the school year, and can now look forward to the pleasures and responsibilities of the summer term in keen anticipation.

The formal opening of our College is now one THE FORMAL of the past successes in the history of the school.

OPENING. Despite the chill, bleak wind, Valentine's Day saw a large number threading their way across the Glen Road bridge and over the commons by many a devious pathway. A warm welcome awaited our guests, who were ushered into the Assembly Hall. Here flags and palms had wrought wondrous changes, imparting a gala appearance to the somewhat formal chamber.

The parents and friends of the boys occupied the body of the hall. On the dais were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, the Mayor, the Principal, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. Goldwin Smith, with many other of our most prominent and representative citizens.

The presentation of prizes proved interesting, and the speeches both helpful and entertaining.

There is something very auspicious in the opening of any building and its dedication to a worthy cause.

“O fortunate, O happy day!
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth
And rolls on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!”

Longfellow's lines, so beautifully descriptive of an old-time house-warming, cannot but impress one with the beautiful significance and fearful solemnity which attend the beginning of a home or of any other residence where people are to live together for weal or woe. Very true is this thought when associated with a school which should be a home as well as a place of instruction; where not only the sciences should have full play, but where, also, the gentler arts should have a foremost place—those varied branches of true culture which go so far towards making the true man or woman.

Our college has been fairly launched on that great sea where many another noble vessel is spreading full sail. We are not alone; we shall not be free from criticism; the eyes of the world may not be centred on our progress, but the eyes of a goodly portion are. May we bring honor, not only to our college, but to our sons, who will go out into the great, strenuous world of our own age, carrying with them those weapons which the good Alma Mater gives to each of her children that they may fight and win.

COLLEGE SONGS. It is unfortunate that we are confronted by such a dearth of college songs. Surely there are in our midst some who are gifted as makers of verse.

Surely there is something in the atmosphere of our school that can inspire a rhythmic outburst of enthusiasm and love of the Alma Mater! Our American brothers can teach us a lesson in **this** regard. Every school of any size across the border has at least two or three distinctive, characteristic songs, the sentiment of which is interwoven with the traditions of the place. They write them and they are not afraid to sing them on every occasion. In this there is nothing of egotism or bragadoccio. It is the simple and natural outcome of a true love for one's school, and we should not be outdone. We have the enthusiasm and the affection. Let us give our feelings some loyal expression. Write! Scribes, poets, versifiers, write!

PUBLIC OPINION. "They say. What say they? Let them say." We seldom stop to consider how much "they say" means to us, or to what extent our actions are governed by the fear of those two small words.

In any community life there is bound to be a certain amount

of criticism. Our actions, our words, our opinions, are bandied about, discussed, weighed in the balance, and, very often, found wanting.

Knowing this, we are prone at times to let the fear of such criticism govern, or, at least, modify, our conduct. We play to the gods, as it were, and while the applause of the gods may be very pleasant to our ears, there is no real satisfaction in the contemplation of such approval.

It is all very well to have a certain regard for the opinions of others, but there are times when we must consider only our own ideas as to what is right or wrong. The man or boy who tries to please everybody usually ends in pleasing nobody and in making himself supremely miserable.

This is especially so in schools and colleges where a number of men or boys are brought together in the closest relations and by a variety of common interests.

It is then that "they say," in the form of public opinion, gets in its deadliest work. Good impulses are crushed down or shamed into hiding; rightful ambitions are kept in the background or buried completely; many a good act is shirked and many a good word left unspoken simply from the fear of what one's contemporaries will say. People become artificial; they hide their better self beneath a veneer that is laid on for the gratification of others, and gradually the real self is smothered or crowded out of existence.

The words which we heard at the formal opening may well be taken to heart by most of us. Let us consider what others will say only to the extent that it fails to interfere with our own individual sense of right and wrong. Beyond that let us live up to our privileges as rational, independent beings.

"They say. What say they? Let them say."



Galata Bridge, "A Meeting-place of the Nations."

CONSTANTINOPLE THE GLORIOUS.

ANY have sung the praises of the great city which stands guard over the straits separating Europe from Asia. I was not disposed to question the justice of their admiration when I went on deck in the early morning, as we steamed slowly up to the pier, to get my first view of the city. Divided by its two great waterways, the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, it crowns the surrounding heights on three sides. When I saw it first the sun was rising, and every window, roof and spire flashed back the levelled rays. Its superb situation and the variety of color and design in its buildings—the many splendid palaces and the mosques, with their shapely minarets and spacious domes, give an air of mingled grace and dignity. It appears to float upon the sea, a fairy city raised by some enchanter's wand, not built of common things like stone and brick and mortar, so bright it seems, so airy, so dazzlingly beautiful.

Unfortunately there is another side to the picture. The meanness and squalor of many of its narrow, crooked, unpaved lanes are almost beyond belief, and it reeks of all the foulness

of the East But these defects are mercifully hidden from one's first survey.

To see this or any other Eastern city aright one must go about on foot and unattended. The visitor who drives rapidly through its main streets will never see the most interesting details of Oriental life. One must saunter through its dirty, winding alleys and linger before the box-stalls where the native tinsmith or shoemaker or confectioner, after a glance at the



stranger, goes on unmoved with his daily work. The presence of a guide or interpreter is rarely necessary, and only serves to mark one as a foreigner, who is besought on every hand to buy.

But alone one is almost unnoticed, and can wander at will amid the scenes of native life. Cross old Galata Bridge, the rickety, patched-up structure which spans the Golden Horn between Stamboul and Pera. It is a veritable "meeting-place of the nations," and is thronged at all hours by hundreds on

foot, mounted, and in carriages. Here beggars ply their trade most persistently, and here one can see at a glance that medley of features and of dress which makes up the charm of the Levant. Continue on through the courtyard of the Valideh mosque at the Stamboul entrance to the bridge. It is filled with the tents and stalls of dealers bawling the excellence of their wares. Here the keeper of a quick-lunch counter is serving up a few metalliques' worth of greasy lambs' entrails, hot from the frying-pan; there a public scribe is inditing at the dictation of some veiled beauty who has not mastered the art of letter-writing; just beyond, a barber is pursuing his calling. I was highly amused at the anxiety about his personal appearance which was displayed by a rough, dirty *hamal* (porter), who was having his beard trimmed. Mirror in hand he followed the operation carefully, giving constant directions. A little farther on, after ducking under a chain hung across the entrance to keep out camels and donkeys, one enters the lofty, vaulted Egyptian bazaar, where the air is always pleasantly scented by the spices and fruits which are exposed for sale on either hand, and then passes on to the more massive and gloomy Turkish bazaar, where tradesmen and artisans have their quarters. This last has been largely rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1894, which overthrew a considerable part of the older building and buried many in the ruins.

From these scenes one turns to admire the great mosques which sultan after sultan has built that Allah may be glorified or his own name had in remembrance. That of Suliman the Magnificent, under whom the Ottoman Empire attained its greatest power and splendor, crowns the highest hill, and contains within its beautifully-tiled walls the imposing *turbeh*, or tombs, of that monarch and his family. The "Pigeon Mosque" of the Sultan Bajazet has magnificent marble columns, and takes its name from the thousands of tame pigeons which fill its courtyard and are fed by the bounty of visitors. Largest of all is the Ahmedieh. It was built with six minarets, in imitation of the sacred mosque at Mecca. But so great an outcry was raised against this presumption on the part of the Sultan Ahmed that he was driven to the expedient of adding a seventh minaret at Mecca. This mosque has four enormous columns, each seventy feet in circumference, to support its roof. Many of the mosques

were once Christian churches, and still contain fine old Byzantine mosaics. Such is St. Sophia. Its long and brilliant career as the Metropolitan Church of the Eastern Empire, and its architectural and ornamental grandeur, make it one of the world's wonders. The great church of St. Irene has fared worse under Moslem rule, and has been converted into an artillery storehouse.

Of other public buildings, the old Seraglio Palace, washed on two sides by Marmora and the Golden Horn, and boasting a long career of magnificence, intrigue and crime, the great square War Office on the central hill-top of Stamboul, and many a gorgeous palace along the Bosphorus, display wealth and beauty which are almost startling in their contrast with the dirt and shabbiness of so great a part of the city.

But Constantinople is not wholly of the Turk, Turkish; it possesses many relics of its ancient and mediæval greatness. On the chief public square, which occupies the site of the old hippodrome, stand three columns, each with an interesting history. One is a monolith of Egyptian granite, over sixty feet in height, which stood for two thousand years on the banks of the Nile before Constantine brought it away to adorn his new capital. At the opposite end rises the loftier Colossus Column, but the bronze plates which formerly sheathed it were stripped off by the Venetians during their occupation of the city. Between these two is the famous Serpent Column from Delphi, where its base has recently been discovered in front of Apollo's temple. It is of bronze, representing three upright serpents entwined, and was dedicated to Apollo by the allied Greeks in honor of their great victory over the Persians at Plataea. The names of the thirty-one states which took part in the battle can still be read upon it. It is now headless, and tradition says that it has been so since 1453, when the Turks entered the city. Riding at the head of his troops, Mahomet came upon this column; and whether seeing in it some magical device of the Christians, or to show his strength of arm, he severed the three heads at a blow. One head is still preserved in the museum; the others have disappeared. Beyond the Colossus Column, and somewhat out of keeping with these monuments of hoary antiquity, however beautiful in itself, is a marble drinking-fountain erected by the Emperor of Germany to commemorate his visit to the

Sultan in 1898. A short distance away stands still another, the Porphyry Column, originally over one hundred and twenty feet high, and composed of blocks so skilfully joined that it appears as one. It once bore a bronze statue of Apollo, which Constantine had altered to represent himself when he transferred the column from Rome.

The Imperial Museum is of recent origin, but already, thanks to the rich excavations of foreign scholars in Turkish lands, it takes rank among the best in Europe. Its magnificent collection of sarcophagi of the best Greek period cannot be rivalled elsewhere. The most striking of these is the one in Pentelic marble, modelled after a Doric temple, and known as "Alexander's," not because the great conqueror was buried in it, but because it is adorned with representations of his victories in Asia, splendidly sculptured and tastefully painted. They give the best possible idea of the lifelikeness which coloring could add to Greek sculpture. Another interesting sarcophagus is that which Tabnith, priest of Ashtaroth and King of the Sidonians, purchased in Egypt to be his last resting-place. In a long inscription the king declares that no treasure is buried with him, and then, like Shakespeare, curses whoever shall presume to open it and to molest his bones, praying that such an one "may have no seed living under the sun, nor resting-place in Hades." But alas for the irreverence of to-day and the mendacity of antiquity! The sarcophagus has been opened and found to contain gold and jewels, in addition to Tabnith's embalmed corpse, wonderfully well preserved. Other interesting objects are a cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar, and one of Sennacherib which records his campaign against Hezekiah, King of Judah, with various relics from Jerusalem, and from the excavations of Schliemann and Dörpfeld, at Troy. The so-called "Museum of the Janissaries" is a sort of Oriental Madame Tussaud's, and contains plaster figures clothed in the dress of various civil and military officials at different periods of Turkish history.

The environs of Constantinople afford many a delightful excursion. Master the intricacies of Turkish time and currency sufficiently to get a place on one of the ferries which ply to and fro along the Bosphorus, and you will spend a most enjoyable day. The great volume of water flowing strongly between high

banks recalls the St. Lawrence at Quebec, but with this difference, that the slopes from the water's edge to the hill-tops on both sides are more gentle, and are dotted with the palaces of state dignitaries or royal princes, embosomed in groves and vineyards. The Bosphorus is sixteen miles in length, and has an average breadth of one and a half, though at the narrowest point it is only five hundred yards in width. Here, on opposite shores, stand picturesquely the two great Turkish castles of Europe and of Asia—Roumeli and Anatoli Hissar—guarding the straits. They are still almost entire and immensely strong. Roumeli Hissar, on the European side, the building of which by Mahomet II., in 1452, was the first overt act of the war which placed Constantinople in the invaders' hands, is supposed to be in the form of the Arabic letters of the Conqueror's name.

On the heights behind it stands Robert College, conducted under American auspices, one of the first of the Christian schools which are now to be found in every part of the Turkish Empire. In it many of those in high places throughout the Balkan States received their education, and it has been said that "Robert College made Bulgaria." Needless to add, it is not looked upon with much favor by the despot of Yildiz Kiosk.

Another pleasant trip is that up the Golden Horn by ferry, or, better still, in a native *caïque*. But remember to return before dark, for then the ferries stop running, a span of the bridge is lifted to prevent crossing, and any movement from one part of the city to another subjects one to suspicion and probably to interference at the hands of the police. My return was thus cut off one evening when I had walked out to a distant suburb, intending to come back by ferry; and not caring to risk walking back at that hour, I was glad to accept an invitation to spend the night with some acquaintances and return to the city in the morning.

The sea-walls of Constantinople have disappeared, but the land-walls from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora are impressive even in their ruin. They date from the fifth century, but were frequently strengthened and added to during the next thousand years. The outermost defence was a fosse fifty feet wide and thirty deep, which, it is said, could be flooded in case of need. It is now partly filled in, and extensively used for market-gardening. Behind it there were two distinct walls, each


over thirty feet high and strengthened by frequent towers. Between these walls lay a terrace from which the defenders fought.

At the Marmora end is a fortress called the Seven Towers, now reduced by earthquake to four, which the Conqueror built. It was long used by the Turks as a state prison, in which, while Turkey was at war with any power, the ambassador of that power was confined. Near the other end of the walls is another prison attached to the Blachernæ Palace, which was long the Imperial residence and is celebrated in Scott's "Count Robert of Paris." The position of the gates in the city walls can still be determined. Each has its own tale of valor, from the postern where the Turks first gained an entrance, to "Cannon Gate," near the middle, where their chief attack was made, and the last Christian emperor fell fighting bravely, preferring death to submission; and the Adrianople Gate, at which, on the same day, the Conqueror entered in triumph, while the Christians fled shrieking to St. Sophia, and vainly clung for safety to its altars. No other remains of the city bring before one so vividly the long and desperate struggle by which the Crescent supplanted the Cross on the frontiers of Europe.

Of Constantinople it has been said that "it is neither Europe nor Asia, but with the worst elements of each." But it possesses features of undying interest, and to all the Eastern world it is still *the city*. When, on arriving in Athens, I entered a bookstore and asked for a plan of "the city," I was understood to mean Constantinople, and was served accordingly. To the Moslem, only Mecca is more sacred than this abode of his Padishah "The Shadow of God," which his fathers' valor "won for Allah from the Giaour"; to the Greek, still dreaming of a restoration of the great Christian Empire, it is the goal of his ambitions and his hopes.

W. A. KIRKWOOD.

THE ATHENIAN RUNNER.

 VERHEAD a warm sun beating down on magnificent marble temples and statues whose like has never since been seen, while beneath us the down-trodden dust lies, trampled out of all semblance to earth by myriads of human feet; for this is Olympia in far-away Peloponnesus, and now the time of the Olympic games.

Within a few miles of where we stand is a world encamped. Every male inside of civilization who has been able, has assembled around this spot. Africans rub shoulders with Persians, richly clothed men of Syracuse jostle grim citizens of Sparta. Representatives from countries lying between the Pillars of Hercules and India are all here.

But it is time for the games to begin. Here is the immense stadium, so let us enter. Tier on tier rise the marble benches till they seem almost to reach the blue heavens. And at the bottom of the funnel a little patch of green, the whole making a picture of incomparable beauty. But little of the white seats may be seen, however, for every available place is filled by some spectator, most clad in Grecian costume, but some in the picturesque dress of other lands. One may pick out the representatives of many cities. To the left is massed the contingent from Athens, that new world-power, whose rise has shaken Spartan supremacy. Here are those men who hail from the white city itself, and further off more from Corinth and Thebes. No time to go through them all, though, as we wish to survey the competitors.

Near us there rests a young man, scarcely as yet out of boyhood. He is the runner from Athens, sent hither to uphold her honor in that most important of races, the aulos. Can he but touch the goal first in that short dash of a hundred yards or so, the next four years will go down to history as the Olympiad of Theracles. Also—as important to a patriotic Athenian, Athens will have won first place, and distanced hated competitors.

Beside him is his wrinkled trainer, an experienced man, who has already helped many to victory. The Athenians pray that he may do so now, but Theracles is a very young runner, of

almost no reputation. But the ease with which he defeated his fellow-citizens gives them hope.

So far this is not misplaced. Half an hour since a tremendous roar announced that he had won his heat, by the advice of his trainer not showing his full speed. But in the ultimate race he will have to do his utmost, as the Spartan, Armes, has won his preliminary, and will run with the Athenian. Armes is well-tried, having before won many races at Olympia, Nemæa, and the Isthmus.

Between him and the Athenian is a fierce rivalry to-day. From the instant that they met, each conceived an antipathy for the other. Add to this the high tension between their respective states and the ordinary competition, and there ensues an unusually strong enmity.

The race is on! Amidst a din of applause Theracles rises, casts off his blanket, and after a word with his trainer, steps over to the starting-point.

He is conscious of a thrill of excitement, and yet a fierce and perfectly cool determination to do his best, and a reasonable confidence of victory. As he joins the group of contestants, the Spartan looks at the youth with a sarcastic smile, but the latter does not heed him. He is praying to his patroness, Pallas, and in his mind's eye rises his native white-crowned Acropolis, while his muscles tighten convulsively.

At the word of command the line straightens out, and the heavily-breathing runners bend slightly forward. The Athenian has drawn a place near the centre. On his left a citizen from Coreyra, his heavy body glistening with oil. Pray as he may, he cannot win! He but chanced to be the fastest runner in his heat. Far away to the right a Theban, and one that will run a speedy race. Beside the Bœotian is a boy of Elis, who has also shown marked sprinting power.

The trumpet-blast! And off they flash, Thebas and Elis leading, with Theracles coming close. The cunning Armes is a little farther behind, keeping well within his power.

The quick brain of the Athenian is working, as it well needs to do. One mis-step now would mean utter failure, but he does not fear that, for never before seemed his muscles so strong or his feet so sure as at present. And so he stays behind the leaders, and tries to coax Armes up abreast.

Thus they come into the last third of the course. Theracles quickens his stride, and pulls up on those ahead, slightly tired with their furious racing. But thirty yards more! With a magnificent dash he passes them, but suddenly hears rapid foot-falls gaining on him. Not a sound but their padding feet, and a deep sigh of relief from the Spartan crowd, as they see the rivals equal.

But the thought of Athens, with her temples and statues, comes to the aid of Theracles and restores his failing limbs. Even as the Spartan draws up abreast, the Athenian pulls ahead again, and touches the goal-slab under his very nose.

The roar of thousands! The Olympiad of Theracles has begun.

E. MURRAY WRONG.



AN ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

“SEE you in London!” shouted Durham from the back of a car as, with a sudden jolt, the train moved out of the station. There was no answer, but as long as the train could be seen he continued to wave his handkerchief towards the spot upon the platform where he was being imitated by his two companions. The white speck gradually grew smaller, till at last it vanished, and the two friends turned away to their respective homes.

It was two months later when an article appeared in the paper, stating that Mr. Ralph Nicholson and Mr. Frank Harvard were leaving for England the following day, where they would spend a few days in the country with a friend. These were no others than our two friends.

As their train pulled up at the station they were surprised to find that no one was there to meet them. However, as each boy was blessed with an exceptionally patient disposition, they seated themselves upon their luggage (which consisted of a single dress suit case between them) and made themselves as comfortable as they could.

Neither knew very much regarding Joe's home life; both expected that they were going to spend a week upon an English farm. Their old clothes were packed in a grip, while a couple of white shirts completed the entire outfit. However, after a five minutes' wait, they were surprised to see a handsome carriage, drawn by a span of white horses, drive up before the platform. Their surprise was changed into utter amazement when the door opened and Joe Durham himself leaped out upon the platform. During the apology which followed from Joe, their grip was seized by a valet, and the three boys climbed into the carriage.

Two hours passed, during which time they were passing through an immense estate, the like of which they could never recollect having seen before. At length they drew up before an old stone building, which was Joe's summer home.

It was a grand old place, the woods on one hand, with its

rustling trees, on the other the large beds of flowers with their exquisite scent.

After a series of surprises which followed so fast as to almost overwhelm our two friends, they were led into the drawing-room and introduced to Lord and Lady Durham.

By this time the boys had come to the conclusion that Joe himself must have the title of earl or duke attached to his name; however, if he had been king they would have called him simply Joe.

After supper they were led to their respective rooms for the night, and the boys went to bed on a much different style of couch from that which they had expected to sleep on.

On the following morning they were awakened by their lackey, a small boy, who appeared to be of the negro type, and having dressed themselves with a little more care than usual, they proceeded to find their way to the dining-room.

The English differ from us in more ways than one, but our two friends found that, during all their travels in England, the greatest difference existed in the way they served breakfast that morning. While the ladies sat around the table, the gentlemen served, and woe to her whose lot it was to be served by either of our two Canadians.

Upon the sideboard, which was made of the finest quarter-cut oak, were placed some two dozen small silver vessels, all containing a different dish, but which one was to be served first neither of them knew. Presently Frank struck something, which he announced to be porridge, but upon helping it out he perceived it to be creamed fish. He looked at Joe, who was serving something that appeared to him to be oyster soup, but in reality this was the mixture which is known to a high-class Englishman as "porridge." Frank chose a moment when he thought no one was looking, then poured his fish back into its original place. But it was not its original place. Instead he had poured it into some other dish of which he did not know the name.

At this moment Ralph, who was evidently meeting with better success than his friend, picked that same dish up and proceeded to help a very pretty young lady on the other side of the table, while Frank broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

Such a scene! Ralph was blushing to the roots of his hair, while Miss Durham covered her face with her napkin, laughing almost as heartily as our friend Frank. Next Joe caught the joke, and in a few minutes the whole dining-room was a scene of the most peculiar kind. Butlers, waiters, gentlemen and ladies, all shrieking with laughter; while in the midst of it stood Frank, the victim of all this frivolity.

Years have passed since then, but still Frank blushes when he thinks of the time he served Miss Durham with a mixture of creamed fish and corn-meal porridge.

HOUSSER.



DENTON'S BLUFF.

I STOOD before my dresser, struggling with an obstinate collar-button. Harper, my room-mate, was still lying on his bed reading a novel, and it was nearly time for lights to go out.

"Harper, you'd better move yourself. Old Beardmore will be around to put lights out in about two minutes. You'll have to hustle."

My friend slowly closed his book, yawned, and with an extra effort rolled off his bed.

"Say, Jordan," he said, as he pulled off his coat and vest, "weren't you rooming with that fellow Denton last year?"

"Yes," I said, "he and Rogers and I were in the same room."

"Well, wasn't there a rumor about him doing something peculiar on an exam. paper at Easter?"

"Yes, he tried a bluff game, but I'm afraid I spoiled it."

"Why, how was that?"

"Well, the night before the examination, we got permission to sit up longer than usual, and Rogers and I plugged like heroes, while Denton sat calmly in the big chair reading some foolish, blood-curdling story, for that was just his style. Suddenly Rogers wheeled around in his chair and said, 'Denton, are you crazy? Don't you know that the geometry exam. comes off to-morrow? I'll bet you don't know any more about it than you did two weeks ago.' Without taking his eyes from the book, Denton exclaimed, 'Mind your own business, Rogers. Can't I read if I like? I'll take care of the exam., don't you fret, and this is the greatest story I ever read; you fellows ought to read it.' Rogers only shook his head and winked at me, and we resumed our study until Mr. Bruce came around and made us quit for the night. While we were undressing Rogers said, 'Wait till you see that paper to-morrow morning, Denton. Then you'll wish you had plugged.' But all that Denton said was, 'Who sets the paper? Do either of you fellows know?' 'Mr. Bruce does,' I said. 'Are you sure he does?' 'Of course I am,' I said, 'he's the mathematical master.' 'It will be all right, then,' he replied.

Next morning Denton was in as high spirits as ever, and when nine o'clock came around he was just the same. I sat down to the paper rather nervously and afterwards Rogers told me he did the same. When I got working I felt more at ease, but upon looking up I saw Denton, who sat in front and to the right of me, with the end of his pen stuck in his mouth, doing nothing. After the exam. was over I went to the front to speak to Mr. Bruce. 'When will the results be put upon the notice-board, sir?' 'Monday morning, Jordan.' 'How did you like the paper?' 'Very fair, sir.' 'Hope you did well.' 'Thank you, sir,' and I left him.

"Rogers and I made no reference to the paper during the remainder of the week, fearing to make Denton feel badly, but he, on the contrary, seemed to be as gay as ever.

"It was late on Monday afternoon before the results went up on the board, and by the time I got there a crowd had already gathered around it. I elbowed my way in and ran my eye down the list. Rogers, third, ninety-one marks; Jordan, seventh, seventy-nine marks. I was satisfied and withdrew, when it suddenly struck me that I hadn't seen Denton's name, so I elbowed my way back again, and instead of starting from the top of the list I looked to the bottom. There, before my eyes, the last name of the lot was, Denton, thirty-fourth, seven marks. I smiled and withdrew, and immediately set out to find Rogers. At last I saw him out on the field, throwing a cricket-ball. 'Well done, Rogers,' I said, 'you did splendidly.' 'Same with you, old man,' he replied. 'But did you see what Denton did?' 'Yes,' I said. We both smiled, and the subject was dropped. Still that night Denton was just the same as ever.

"Next morning Mr. Bruce said, 'Boys, I was very much pleased with the results of the examination, but I would like to see Denton directly after school in my room.' 'All right, sir,' said Denton, not in the least dismayed. Again I met Rogers' eyes, and we both smiled.

"Ten minutes after school I happened to wander up the corridor toward our room, and when I was opposite Mr. Bruce's room the door opened, and out walked Denton and Mr. Bruce, whose arm was over Denton's shoulder. The master was talking very earnestly. I told Rogers all about it, but we could

not see any solution to the mystery. 'We'll collar him to-night, and wring it out of him, Jordan.' 'All right,' said I, and so, directly after study, Rogers and I ran up to our room and lay in wait for Denton. In about five minutes the door opened and in walked Denton, whistling. 'I say, old man,' said Rogers, 'how did you squirm out of that exam?' 'You mind your own business, Rogers.' 'Well, if you won't tell it peaceably, we'll force you to tell it.' 'No, you won't,' said Denton, smiling. 'Jordan,' said my friend, 'get some soapy water, while I hold this duffer.' Denton struggled, but it was no use, for he was in the hands of a fellow who was a great deal stronger than himself. Rogers threw him, then pinned his arms and legs. 'Now, will you tell?' 'No,' said Denton; 'you fellows are pretty slow, and I'm much obliged to you, Jordan, for giving me that information,' he said, still smiling. 'I didn't give you any information,' said I. 'You may have thought you didn't, but you did all the same, and I'm much obliged, old man.' 'Well, tell us about it,' said Rogers. 'I won't.' 'Jordan, administer that soap and water.' I knelt down with the jug of water and, closing Denton's nostrils, with the other hand was about to pour the water down his throat, when the door opened and in walked Mr. Bruce.

"'What are you fellows doing?' 'We're trying to get Denton to tell us something, sir,' I said. 'Well, get up, Denton, the principal wishes to see you at once.' Denton pulled himself together, straightened his collar and tie, and both master and boy disappeared through the doorway.

"Without a word Rogers sat down in a chair and started to read. In about ten minutes the door opened again and in walked Denton vastly different from the boy that had walked into the room half-an-hour ago; his hands were behind his back, his head drooped, and his face wore a very mournful appearance. The first thing he said was, 'All right, Jordan, I'll pay you back some other day; you spoiled it all.' I was dumfounded. 'Tell us the story, Jordan,' broke in Rogers.

"'Well,' he said, in a very weak voice, 'when I went up in Mr. Bruce's room I told him that I didn't think it was my duty to write on the exam., as I had seen the paper on the desk in his room the day before the trial came off. Bruce thought a great deal of that and fondled me like a kid, but not being con-

tent with it he had to go and tell the whole story to the head, and then of course the head wanted to speak to me about it. When I got down to his study, he was very kind, and asked me to relate the whole proceedings over again, and when I was finished he looked up with a scowl on his face and said, in an awful voice, 'Denton, who taught you to be like that? A severe caning is the only punishment for a lie like that one.' 'I haven't lied, sir.' 'Don't make things worse, sir,' he roared, 'the paper was in my possession all of that afternoon, so you couldn't have seen it.' 'I tell you I got the worst fifteen whacks any fellow ever stood under.'

"Rogers and I doubled right up with laughter and finally I spluttered out, 'Well it serves you right, Denton. I'll bet you won't try it again, but I don't see where I come in.' 'You don't, eh? Well, I don't think it's anything to laugh about. I'll pay you back, Jordan,' groaned Denton. 'You told me that Mr. Bruce wrote the paper.' 'Well, didn't he?' 'No, the head wrote it and sent it up to Mr. Bruce the day before the exam. That afternoon Bruce went out directly after lunch, and the head went up and got the paper to re-read it.'

"Again Rogers and I went into fits of laughter."

"Well, it served Denton right," said Harper, as he crawled into bed.

"I think it was the best thing that could have happened," said I, "for he is working like a hero now."

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Beardmore thrust his head in. "Turn that light out at once, Jordan, and if I hear another word from this room, there will be a big dose of detention for each of you."

CRAWFORD.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOUTHERN SCHOOL.

IT all seemed much like a dream when, as an undergraduate, very young and very inexperienced, I found myself actually *en route* for the Carolinas.

Partly from an indisposition in health (not chronic) and partly from an indisposition in my bank account (since found incurable), a sojourn in southern climes was deemed advisable. As junior master in a small military school I hoped to find health if not wealth.

The journey to Dixie was full of interest. Too brief glimpses of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond afforded a vast amount of pleasure, and at the end of the second day I found myself at Weldon a desolate junction in North Carolina, given wholly over to negroes and shunting freight trains.

After a wait of several hours we again resumed our journey on a ridiculous train drawn by a small engine equally droll in size and design. Wood was used as fuel, and the iron snail, snorting and puffing with a great show of strength and much unnecessary noise, crawled slowly through the fragrant pines, leaving a long trail of pungent black smoke floating among the trees. We stopped at frequent intervals behind piles of resinous wood heaped conveniently beside the track. No one seemed in a hurry; it was quite immaterial to most of the passengers as to when, if ever, we should reach our destinations. Everyone was cheerful; the negroes, in their own special cars, were comfortable, idle, and accordingly philosophic; everywhere was the low, quiet speech of sweet-voiced Southerners, whose courteous bearing and charming manners bear evidence to that grace and culture which is so paramount a trait among them.

At various small stations my fellow-travellers climbed leisurely from the train, which seemed willing, even anxious, to wait any length of time, until, at the end of the journey, I was almost alone.

Towards evening we pulled with an exaggerated air of importance into the depot at Washington, a sleepy town on the banks of the Pamlico River. I was greeted by the headmaster

and one of his sons, who, with the help of a cheery black, hoisted my trunk into the back of a spring waggon attached to a rakish white horse.

We drove into the main street, paved with crushed oyster shells, from which emanated odors not usually associated with blue-points or selects. A few idle negroes, an occasional white, and a great many mongrels, seemed to be running the town.

Across the long bridge we passed in the gathering darkness, and at once entered the swamp-road. The smell of sawdust and freshly-cut logs mingled with the scent of the woods; a whip-poor-will called weirdly from some deep retreat, and myriad fireflies twinkled through the dense growth or shone among the grasses that fringed the water's edge. A three-mile drive brought us to the school, a collection of old-fashioned southern houses grouped about the cross-roads.

On one corner was the barracks; diagonally opposite was the headmaster's house, with dining-hall adjoined; on another corner stood the junior house and study, a frame structure nearly one hundred and twenty-five years old. In the study was a fireplace of such huge dimensions that three of us once stood within the grimy cavern and saw far above us a square of sunlit blue. The fireplaces in all of the buildings were much appreciated by the pigs of the neighborhood—and there were many!—who in the silence of the night would open our gates, patter into the house and settle down in the warm ashes for a quiet snooze. In the morning they would saunter tranquilly forth in search of breakfast.

The cotton-fields stretched on all sides, varied occasionally by growths of peanuts, or patches of tall tobacco plants, between whose furrows the mules drew narrow ploughs guided by some stalwart negro from the quarters—a number of cabins reserved for the colored laborers and servants.

A small tuck-shop was kept by one Ned, black as ebony, an elder in his church, much respected by both black and white. Here one could get delicious coffee, matchless cornbread, tender pullets, fried as only Southerners can fry chicken, frequently black squirrel, and on rare occasions a tempting bit of possum. Rather a different menu from that of the Canadian or English tuck!

With regard to the school life. Reveille sounded at quarter-

past six, roll call fifteen minutes later. Breakfast was served at seven, and drill began at eight. No one could describe the beauty of those early mornings in the far South. The gorgeous coloring of the rising sun as it tipped the dense pine woods; the glad awakening of forest life, swift-winged birds of brilliant plumage and sweet song; the fresh fragrance of magnolia, jessamine and bay trees—the exquisite freshness of the clear morning left nothing to desire and something to remember during the hot, sultry hours that came upon us all too soon. The nights were always cool, so much so that fires of sweet-smelling light-wood blazing cheerily on old-fashioned hearths were pleasant indeed. One seldom slept without blankets.

After school in the afternoon the boys were free until the tea hour. The time of recreation was spent either in baseball, in roaming through the woods, in shooting and trapping, or in lounging about the village stores, where vast quantities of peanuts were consumed, in addition to a favorite mixture of pigs' feet, soda biscuits and pickles.

Some boating was done on the creek in clumsy punts purloined from unwary mill-owners. Occasionally some innocent porker, with her numerous progeny, would undertake a daylight pilgrimage into school territory. Usually one of the progeny would fall victim to a junior schoolboy, who would squeeze the sleek and struggling piglet until its unearthly screams brought the irate, grunting mother to its rescue. An exciting scene would follow, ending invariably in the small boy's seeking refuge on the fence or up a friendly magnolia tree.

The winter weather was delightful, but the early spring and summer intensely hot. All the ice consumed was manufactured. There was, accordingly, no hockey. The soil was sandy, and there was little football, merely an improvised game smacking of the real thing. Baseball was popular as it ever is amongst our neighbors across the line. Climate has much to do with the regulation of sports in any country; roses and violets abloom in January; jonquils springing up in every sort of odd place; odors of honeysuckle borne from the woods on balmy winds; carolling mocking-birds; quick, bright-eyed lizards basking in the sun or creeping among the vines that shade one's piazza—all these bespeak an atmospheric condition not conducive to exertion. One could scarcely play our northern games in a

climate that encourages slow motion and smiles approval on what we should consider indolence.

Nevertheless, there was much of real pleasure in the daily school life, in the companionship of boys who are essentially gentlemen, in the charming conditions of a life so different from our own—a life which has time to consider sentiment, which has not lost all sense of romance and adventure, nor become hopelessly tinged with that unfortunate spirit of commercial progress which leaves no time for the gentler arts or less strenuous pleasures.


The year of my sojourn passed all too quickly, and it was with untold regret that I drove for the last time through the old swamp-road. The giant trees with their gray hangings of Spanish moss, the long festoons of purple wistaria, the fragrant forest depths and their shy inhabitants—wild-cat, coon and possum—the deep pools wherein lurked many a poisonous moccasin and swift-gliding adder—I bade farewell to it all with a sense of loss. Most of all I regretted those warm Southern friends whose hearts are open as their hands, whose generosity, kindly courtesy, and lavish hospitality make the Dixie-folk a people who have no equal for genuine, whole-souled sincerity and great-mindedness.

C. N. W.



Athletics.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. VARSITY III.

 WING to the lateness of the season the College first hockey team were prevented from displaying their skill this winter until Friday afternoon, February 2nd. However, the start made was a good one, as College defeated Varsity III. in a fast and exciting exhibition of Canada's winter sport by a score of 6 to 5. The remainder of the season saw no games with such a finish as was put up by the two teams in this first game. College won, but it was by no large margin. The goals were scored alternately in the second half. College would score a goal and Varsity would come back and even up by beating Warden. Excitement was at fever heat when the gong rang, for College was only one goal to the good. It was quite evident that this was College's first game, because our boys showed a lack of condition that was at times pitiful. Often, after a long rush down the entire length of the rink by one of the S.A.C. forwards, Nichols or Pollard, of Varsity defence, would relieve and take the puck into College territory without being molested by the red and white forward line, which seemed to be unable to check back. On the whole, however, S.A.C. showed superiority in stick-handling, and would frequently work right through the heavy defence of their opponents to the goal before shooting.

The game started at 4.45. Bole, at centre, secured the puck, and after rushing a short distance, passed to Macdonald, who in turn passed to Crossen in front of Varsity goal. Nichols intercepted the pass, and relieved by a long lift to the south-west corner of the rink. Tovell immediately returned, and then followed a series of attacks on St. Andrew's goal which gained Varsity nothing, owing to the good work of Tovell and McGillivray on the defence and Warden in goal.

St. Andrew's drew first blood, for after nine minutes' play Crossen scored on a neat pass from Bronson. Varsity redoubled her efforts, and in less than two minutes retaliated by scor-

ing. The play grew somewhat rougher, and consequently many penalties were soon dealt out by Referee McInnis, who at all times held the game well in hand. Pollard, of Varsity, was the chief offender. St. Andrew's worked hard, and within twelve minutes had added two more to the number of goals scored. Two minutes before half-time was up Newton and Morgan came down the ice, and the former managed to deceive Warden with a low shot from the side. The second half started off at a strenuous pace and proved to be very exciting. Both teams shone brilliantly at times. In this half the play was very evenly divided, and when the gong rang for time, College was on top by the narrow margin of 7 to 6. For St. Andrew's Crossen and Macdonald were the most useful, while Nichols and Morgan did great work for the blue and white. Bole seemed to be rather nervous. This may be accounted for by the fact it was his initial game on the firsts.

The teams were as follows:


ST. ANDREW'S.

Warden.....	Goal.....	Holten.
Tovell.....	Point.....	Pollard.
MacGillivray.....	Cover Point.....	Nichols.
Crossen.....	Rover.....	Newton.
Bole.....	Centre.....	Corey.
Bronson.....	Left Wing.....	Kennedy.
Macdonald.....	Right Wing.....	Morgan.

VARSITY III.

WINANS.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. VARSITY III.

 ON Monday afternoon, February 5th, College met and defeated Varsity III. in the return game by a score of 2 to 1. As in the first game, College won by only one goal. Although the team played only three days after the first match, the improvement of form was amazing. Both teams worked hard from the drop of the flag until the call of time without a let up. College indulged in more combination in this game than in any of their other games during the winter. Many times the forward line would go down the ice three abreast, and were only prevented from rolling up a large score by the splendid work of the Varsity defence. In this game Captain Crossen played centre-forward, while Bole was tried at rover. There was also a change on the Varsity team. Harris, of Ottawa, replaced Morgan at right wing, and Armstrong took Pollard's position at point. It was nearly five o'clock when Referee Sifton called the players to the centre of the ice, and as the thermometer registered twelve degrees below zero, the spectators, who were nearly all boarders, were very anxious to see if College would be able to repeat their previous accomplishment.

The opening few minutes of play was the scene of a series of long lifts between McGillivray and Nichols, with the former having the advantage. S.A.C. pressed hard and had many opportunities to score, but could not get their shots on the goal. Evans and Newton, of Varsity, made many attempts to bring the puck down to St. Andrew's territory, but could seldom pass Tovell or McGillivray. Warden was playing a great game in goal, and made many stops, some of which brought forth cheers from the onlookers. S.A.C. determined to score and Macdonald succeeded in netting the puck fourteen minutes after the game had begun. Nichols was penalized for cross-checking. Not long after he came on the ice again Harris managed to do the trick for Varsity, making the score a tie, one all. The score remained this way for the remainder of the half.

The winning of this game meant a great deal to S.A.C., as it would have allowed them to go out against McMaster II.

for the Junior Intercollegiate Championship. Varsity were not going to give the game up without a struggle, however, and the result was that the second half saw very fast hockey. Bronson and Crossen frequently went the length of the rink, but for some reason seemed unable to score. Both teams checked back well and thereby broke up nearly all attempts at combination. After a rush down the ice by the Varsity forward line, MacGillivray relieved and passed to Macdonald, who took the puck past Armstrong and Nichols by a pretty piece of stickhandling and broke the tie by scoring. There remained only four minutes to play, and although Varsity worked very hard, S.A.C. were able to check the most dangerous rushes that the boys in blue could uncork. There was no more scoring done, and the game ended with the score 2 to 1 in favor of the Saints. Macdonald played the same steady game he had before played, while Crossen and Bronson both used their weight to advantage. Bole showed great improvement and was a tower of strength on the forward line. The three defence men worked well and deserve a great deal of praise. Jack Sifton was referee and his rulings met with the approval of both teams.

The teams were:

ST. ANDREW'S.

Warden.....	Goal.....	Holt.
Tovell.....	Point	Armstrong.
MacGillivray.....	Cover Point	Nichols.
Bole.....	Rover.....	Newton.
Crossen (Capt.).....	Centre.....	Evans.
Macdonald.....	Right Wing	Harris.
Bronson.....	Left Wing	Pollard.

VARSITY III.

WINANS.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. McMASTER UNIVERSITY II.



TRINITY UNIVERSITY defaulted both their games with McMaster, and so this left College to play off with the Baptist University men for the Junior Intercollegiate Championship. A sudden death game was played at Mutual Street Rink on Monday, February 12th. The game, which was practically featureless, was won by St. Andrew's, the score being 7 to 0. This score, however, does not by any means indicate the onesidedness of the play. The puck was at the McMaster end of the ice for more than three-quarters of the game, and the score would have been much larger had the ice not been so soft and sugary.

College started the game with a rush, and before fifteen minutes were up they managed to find the net three times. This seemed to satisfy the Saints, for at no time during the rest of the half did they extend themselves. McMaster, who had not been looked upon in the first half as being at all serious, made a better impression at the beginning of the second. Several rushes, all of which were looked after by the S.A.C. defence, were made. After that they were compelled to resume their former tactics, namely, playing a defensive game. Owing to the condition of the ice combination was almost impossible, as the puck would nearly always be over-skated when any combination was tried. The result was that a great deal of individual work was indulged in. Four goals, all of which were scored by individual rushes, were added to the list of tallies in the second half. This game brought forth a number of the fair sex, whose presence no doubt had some bearing on the result. Each of the forwards had a share in the scoring. To Crossen, who scored three goals, falls the most credit. Macdonald came next with two, while Bole and Bronson each found the net for one.

By winning this game St. Andrew's won the championship. Our boys went through the season without a defeat and the REVIEW offers its heartiest congratulations.

The champions' line-up was as follows: Goal, Warden; point, Tovell; centre point, MacGillivray; rover, Bole; centre, Crossen (captain); right wing, Macdonald; left wing, Bronson.

WINANS.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

BY far the most important and exciting game College played during the winter was seen at Mutual Street Rink on Thursday night, February 15th. St. Andrew's once more emerged from the fray victorious, and Upper Canada College was defeated by a score of 11 to 7. The rink was very well filled, the majority of the spectators being the boys from the two schools. The cheering was continuous and all good plays were loudly applauded. The U.C.C. hockey team were given better support than the Rugby team. However, the S.A.C. yells were at all times in evidence. On the whole the U.C.C. team-work was better than that of the Saints, and it was not a common sight to see the blue and white forward line go down the ice four abreast. But our team excelled in shooting, stick-handling, and speed, which qualities, along with their weight, no doubt won the game for them.

Upper Canada came on the ice at 8.15, and St. Andrew's appeared a few seconds afterwards. That an intense rivalry existed between the two teams was made manifest by the warm reception that each team received. Harry Irving, whose decisions throughout the game were well received, blew his whistle at 8.20, and summoned the two teams forth to do combat. College (S.A.C.) defended the eastern goal, while Upper Canada took the western end.

St. Andrew's got the puck from the face-off, and carried to the U.C.C. end of the rink. Northcote relieved by a long lift, and then Crossen was put off for loafing, as he did not check back. U.C.C. took advantage of St. Andrew's shortage and pressed College very hard, but without avail. Bole took a pass from MacGillivray and made a rush the length of the rink. His shot, although hitting the goal-post, did not go into the net. Crossen came on again, but was not in time to stop Baptiste, who scored the first goal in seven minutes. The winning of this goal put new life into U.C.C., for they immediately assumed the aggressive. The wearers of the blue and white started to rough it, with the result that Taylor and Baker were penalized for tripping. Bole rushed but failed to score. Baptiste relieved

and passed to Phippen, who scored in two minutes. Baker also took a hand in the scoring, and netted the rubber in two minutes more. The U.C.C. supporters were, at this period of the game, almost certain of victory, and so the cheering was continuous. St. Andrew's considered it time for a change, as the score stood 3 to 0 against them, and within two minutes Macdonald gladdened the hearts of the St. Andrew's supporters by finding the nets. Nor was this the last of the goals scored by the Saints, for within a minute and a half Captain Crossen had scored twice. Then Bole, by the most spectacular rush of the game, went through the whole U.C.C. team and scored, making the count 4 to 3. Three minutes later Baker was ruled off. While he was absent Bole scored again, this last tally making his third goal. The first half ended with the score 5 to 3.

St. Andrew's started the second half with a series of rushes which almost swept the U.C.C. team off its feet. No chances were taken, and in very short order the Saints had scored four right off the reel. Crossen was responsible for two of these goals, while Bole and MacGillivray each scored one. The latter scored his goal by a splendid lift from point. The pace was then slackened by St. Andrew's, and Taylor did the trick for U.C.C. as a result. The Saints now had the game well in hand, as they led by five goals. Before time was called U.C.C. had scored three, while S.A.C., to keep on the safe side, tallied twice. The final score was seven to eleven. The article of hockey put up was better than the majority of the Junior O.H.A. games, and offered a great deal of excitement to the onlookers. U.C.C. took the defeat to heart, as they had fully expected to win, and wipe out their Rugby defeat. The Junior Intercollegiate champions were not to be beaten, however, and so for the second time this school year Upper Canada bit the dust at the hands of St. Andrew's.

The teams lined up as follows:

ST. ANDREW'S.	U. C. C.
Warden.....	Goal.....Richardson.
Tovell.....	Point.....Northcote.
MacGillivray.....	Cover Point.....Baptiste.
Bole.....	Rover.....Taylor.
Crossen.....	Centre.....Phippen.
Macdonald.....	Right Wing.....Baker.
Bronson.....	Left Wing.....Morse.



CROSSEN (CAPTAIN).

PERSONNEL OF S. A. C. HOCKEY TEAM.

BOLE (rover).—A graduate from last year's seconds. Showed up well in all practices, but was rather disappointing in the first two games. A fast skater, good stick-handler and accurate shot. Showed splendid form in U.C.C. game, scoring the majority of goals.

BRONSON (left wing).—An old color. A hard check and always held his man down. Fast skater, but a little weak in shooting and apt to roam.

CROSSEN (captain).—Centre. Won for himself an enviable

reputation on the team last year. This year he played centre, and well sustained his reputation. He had plenty of speed and was a good stick-handler. As captain he was popular with the players, kept them well together, and set a good example in regard to practice, as well as in keeping a cool head and playing the game all the time during a match.

MACDONALD I. (right wing).—One of last year's second team. Very steady and reliable, excellent stick-handler and accurate shot. He improved wonderfully during the season.

MCGILLIVRAY (cover-point).—One of the Junior Uxbridge team of 1904-5. Was a good man at breaking up rushes, but found difficulty in clearing. At times his rushes were effective, and his lifts were always dangerous. Failed to use his weight to good advantage.

TOVELL (point).—Also of last year's seconds. A good man on the defensive, showing no fear in getting in the way of the man or the puck. Lifted well, but rather slow in clearing.

WARDEN (goal).—One of last year's team. Played a steady game, and showed great coolness, especially in U. C. C. game.



CRICKET.

NOW that winter is practically over, and certain birds are already announcing an early spring, the third big game of the College year arrives, namely, cricket. Every lover of the game is eagerly looking forward to the time when he will be able to put on the pads again and take his place at the nets, while some of the more energetic Juniors have already begun to practice in any suitable dry spot they can find.

Cricket last year, owing to the length of the winter, did not begin until well on in April, but this year we hope to get to work much earlier, as the ground is already beginning to dry up. The cricket fields this year will be changed from last year's. Instead of renting the Rosedale grounds, the field to the west of them will be used for match purposes. The ground there is the best for a good wicket, and by rolling and keeping the grass well cut, we will have one of the best college wickets. The nets will be placed at the north end of the college campus, the most convenient place from the school. There will be six or seven nets, with a board wicket for the Seniors. The Juniors will be instructed by Mr. James. This is a change from other years, when the Juniors were practically left to do as they liked, the pro. for the Senior team being too busy to look after the Juniors; but now with a person to coach them properly, they ought to turn out a strong body of batters and bowlers in a few years.

The prospects in regard to players this year are bright, as six old colors are back—Warden, Tovell, Blackstock, MacPherson, Swan and Fergusson. Of these six, four distinguished themselves on the bowling list last year, while all six did very well at the bat. From material which the second team will furnish, together with our choice from this year's boys, we ought to turn out a team which will help to make the year a success in athletics, and complete our list of victories.

The spirit of the boys in regard to cricket has not been so enthusiastic as in hockey or rugby, but as it is just as important a game in the college calendar, and counts just as much for the college in the athletic world, each boy should lay aside his


desire for some other spring game and enter into the spirit of the college game to make it a success this year and every year.

The dates for the games this year have not been arranged as yet, but there will be the three games, with Upper Canada College, Ridley College, and Trinity College School respectively, for the championship of the "Big Four." This is the star for which we strive during the whole season, and if we could win it this year, we would close the college year with more success in athletics than we have ever had before.



Miscellany.

THE DANCE.

 HE Boarders' dance this year was held on Friday evening, February the 23rd, and was a huge success, as well as a social triumph. Never before was there such a large number of guests, nor was there ever before seen at Saint Andrew's College a more attractive-looking assemblage.

It was the first dance to be held in the new college, and so it was only fitting that it should have been such a great success that the fine floor, splendid orchestra and cosy sitting-out-places tended to make it. Despite the fact that the week preceding the dance had been so warm that the road leading to the college was almost a sea of mud, more than three hundred and fifty people glided off to the strains of a two-step at half past eight when the orchestra began the first extra. The reception-room, principal's office and library were fitted up as sitting-out-rooms, and were at all times in demand, as were also the numerous benches which flanked both sides of the corridors. The Assembly Hall, in which the dancing took place, was artistically draped with flags and bunting, and at each of the four rendezvous were placed large ferns, which, with the red and white background added much to the gaiety and color of the scene.

The different numbers were enjoyed without interruption until the ninth selection, when the dining-room was thrown open for those who wished to partake of refreshments.

During the evening many people who were making their first visit to the college were shown through the Upper School, and all were delighted with the new building. Although the intermissions were short, it was nearly the second hour after midnight when the last selection was finished, and the happy but very tired guests started to depart.

The dance is one of the happiest events in an S. A. C. boarder's life, and all the boys join together in tendering their heartiest thanks to Mrs. Macdonald and the Principal for the

enjoyable time they all spent. Among the four hundred guests present were many old boys, some of whom were: H. B. Housser, P. D. Spohn, J. Sale, C. Hertzberg, H. May, R. P. Saunders, Guy Wallace, C. Grier, E. R. Allen, Douglas Cotton, H. W. Allan, A. Douglas, N. Keith, D. Fraser, W. J. Lea, and many others.

WINANS.

TO ST. ANDREW.

(Tune—"Scots wha hae").

Rise ye, heirs to Scotland's fame!
 Ye who bear an ancient name!
 With college pride that none can tame,
 Drink to Saint Andrew!

Ye who've left the college halls!
 Ye, too—still within her walls!
 Fill the flagons—honour calls!
 Here's to Saint Andrew!

Drink to victories fought and won,
 College triumphs still to come,
 Drink to deeds her sons have done.
 Bravo, Saint Andrew!

May her spirit never die!
 All her foes may she defy!
 Κραταϊοτεθε be the cry!
 Vivat, Saint Andrew!

C. VINCENT MASSEY.

NOTES ON THE DANCE.

© CAN it be possible that there is anything in the rumor that Forgie, in his excitement, rushed up to Duff and said, in his winning way, "Is this our dance, Annie?"

Gill seemed very uneasy until the supper extras.

Gunn II. and Mahlengeni were at all times conspicuous and seemed to be very popular. N. B.—A very pleasing feature to be noted about this is that both these young gentlemen were entirely unconscious of the impression they were making.

A young lady who arrived rather early remarked when she first caught sight of McArthur, "Why! I did not know that this was going to be a masquerade dance."

Contrary to the general opinion, Bruno McKay's hair was not dyed for the dance.

"Doc." Wishart reserved the tenth and twelfth dances for study. My! is it not something to be thankful for to think that there is one left among us who thinkest not entirely of the more trivial things of this life.

Goggin is the same old cut-up as of yore. Brace distinctly heard him murmur to Prior before the eighteenth dance, "Please hold my glasses, Chas."

"Mud and slush is every where,
I never saw the like";
A girl who walked up to the dance
Was heard to say to Ike.

Bronson was gowned very prettily in a dark green alpaca tuxedo, which is said to be an old family heir-loom.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH the season is little more than half over, we have had five very enjoyable evenings. The boys have entered into the spirit of the meetings with much better heart than formerly, and in consequence thereof the meetings have been what they were. We have also had two or three outsiders take part in the programmes.*

We had as guest at our second meeting, Sergt. Hatt, late of the Gordon Highlanders, at present with the 48th Highlanders of this city. He is also drill instructor for the Cadet Corps. The Sergeant gave us a most interesting and profitable talk on his experiences in South Africa during the Boer War, his description of the battle of Hout Nek being especially good.

Mr. Chapman, our physical instructor, also very kindly secured Messrs. Powis and Newport to come and give an exhibition in fencing and wrestling, respectively. Their efforts were much appreciated by the boys, as was shown by the reception which they gave to Mr. Powis upon his return at the last entertainment, when he so well rendered "The Trial Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice," later in the evening giving an exhibition of single-stick work.

The "History Notes," which are always so much looked forward to each Friday evening, have been ably handled by Bole and Bronson.

One of the best things of the season was a farce put on by Brace and Lynde, who were accompanied on the piano by Stewart. These two were also members of the "School Quartette," which made such a hit at the opening meeting. The other two members of the Quartette were Crossen and Bronson.

Others who have so unselfishly helped us in the musical part of our programmes are: Norris I., De La Plante, Fraser III, and Driscoll, who has been so good as to act as accompanist as well as playing himself, to the great enjoyment and benefit of the boys.

The "Staff" has also contributed to our programmes, in the person of Dr. Meyer, who gave us such a splendid reading

at one of our meetings. He has, furthermore, promised to favor us again with another one in the near future. Mr. Kirkwood has also promised to give us an address, relating to some of his experiences while in Greece. His address is eagerly looked forward to by the boys.

So far there have been no debates, but one is being prepared now by boys from VB. and VA. The subject is, "Resolved that there should be a substantial reduction in the Canadian tariff. The Annual Reading or Oratorical Contest will also take place shortly.

The following officers were elected at the Annual Organization meeting for '06: Hon. President, The Principal; President, Mr. Bell; 1st Vice-President, Moffatt; 2nd Vice-President, Gill; Secretary, Winans; Historians, Bole and Bronson. From Representatives: VB, Massey; VA, MacKenzie I.; IVB, Housser; IVA, Carver I.; IIIB, Bole; IIIA, Crowe.

GILL.



SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES.

INSTEAD of the Sunday afternoon Bible classes, held during the residence in the old school, evening services have been instituted since the removal into the new building. These services begin at seven o'clock, and are held in the College hall, where the presence of an organ and the abundance of room form a marked contrast to the cramped quarters of last year. The Principal conducts the regular services, but besides these, a programme of special addresses by prominent ministers has been arranged for.

The service lasts for an hour, and consists of singing, Bible reading, and a short practical sermon. While this is the general form of worship, every effort is made to induce the boys to take an active part in it, and to feel that it belongs, most of all, to themselves. Day boys are welcomed to it, and friends of the College are invited to attend whenever they desire to do so.

As regards the services already held, the results have been very satisfactory. The attendance has been good and, despite some evenings when the weather conditions have not been favorable, there was usually a fair number of masters present and not a few visitors. Much thanks is due to Mr. Fleming for the great help he has been to the services in playing the organ and generally conducting the musical part of the meetings.

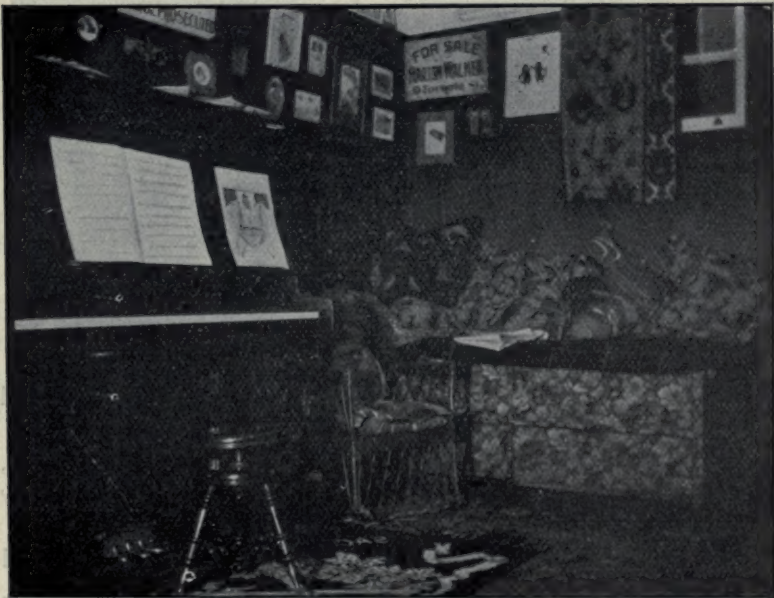
The first one of the special addresses took place on Jan. 28th, when Professor Kilpatrick spoke to the boys. His theme was the story of Caleb, especially that part contained in numbers 14:24 verse. In speaking of God's reward for Caleb's faith, Prof. Kilpatrick emphasized the fact that Caleb had "followed God fully." This fact he used to urge his hearers to follow the dictates of their consciences, even to the slightest detail, as by this means alone could true peace of mind be assured. Also he exhorted them to use all their influence in suppressing whatever evil might cross their path.

On Feb. 11th, Prof. Wrong spoke on the subject of "Self-Denial," its difficulties and rewards. He asserted that the reason of so many boys being led astray lay in the fact that they feared being thought weak if they did not at least pretend to have all

the experience of a man of the world. He then appealed for a closer examination of our motives and actions in the light of Christ's teaching and example.

The third special address was given on March 4th, by Dr. Neil, who spoke on "Jonathan." "Jonathan," he said, "has never had full justice done him, on account of his having been associated with such a strong character as David." His love for his father, friendship for David, and entire lack of jealousy, were all ably dealt with. The address was closed by an exhortation to study this noble life as an example of the beauty, purity and strength to which the human soul can attain.

There yet remains on the programme of services, two addresses, one on March 18th by Prof. Ballantyne, the other on March 25th, by Rev. Logan Geggie. These, looked forward to with pleasure and expectation, will conclude what has probably been the most successful series of special addresses in the history of the school.



THE OLD BOYS' ANNUAL DINNER.

ON Thursday, February 22nd, the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association held their third annual dinner at McConkey's.

The attendance was not very large, but what little was wanting in numbers was more than made up for in enthusiasm,



and the affair was certainly a success, though some of the Old Boys showed a lack of right spirit in not showing up.

When the dinner was nearly over, Dub Sale, Dug Cotton, *et al*, made an appearance and showed their loyalty by hearty appreciation of all the speeches.

The toast list comprised the health of the King, Canada and the Empire, Staff and College, the Association, Present Boys, Our Guests, and lastly, I suppose, since Billy Lea arranged the list, the Ladies. Some of the speeches were excellent. Mr.

Macdonald, replying to The College; Mr. Neils, to Our Guests; Dr. Meyer's discourse on ladies (into which he wove some amusing anecdotes); Harry Housser's, to the Association, and Brodigan's reply to Canada and the Empire, which assumed rather an oratorical tone for an after-dinner speech.


Owing to the fact that the dance was to take place the following evening, few of the present boys were at the dinner, being, no doubt, in training, and anxious for all the beauty-sleep obtainable.

THE BEN GREET PLAY.

St. Andrew's love for the intellectual was clearly shown last month when the Upper School went seventy strong to Ben Greet's performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at Massey Hall. In spite of the bareness of the stage, with its absence of scenery, the production was good. And it was rather useful to the would-be matriculants, for Shakespeare unadorned is said to give the best idea of a play as a whole. Ben Greet himself, gave a fairly good portrayal of Shylock, with a rather unconventional make-up. Portia's character was finely taken by Miss Scott, who was quite brilliant in the trial scene. The parts of Bassanio and Antonio were both well taken. The roles of Nerissa and her facetious lover Gratiano, were even better sustained than some of the more important characters. But Launcelot Gobbo must not be forgotten—his witticisms were enjoyed by some rather more than the far-famed "mercy speech." On the whole, the performance was a complete, carefully presented Shakespearean production.

C. V. M.

OLD BOYS' DINNER.

 NCE again our good friend and principal, Mr. Macdonald, showed his kindness to St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association, by inviting its members to a dinner, at the new College, on Monday evening, January 15th.

Cordial and hearty were the greetings, when familiar faces were sighted, recalling the never-to-be-forgotten happy school days, full of happy incidents; and as we strolled along the front hall and saw the many hockey, football, and cricket groups, they brought back to memory the days when some of the truest sports fought many a hard battle to uphold the college colors.

Soon we proceeded to the new dining-hall. At the head table sat Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Meyer (representing the staff), Harry Housser, W. J. Lea, and others. The side tables were looked after by past prefects, and ex-captains.

From the head table a familiar voice was heard in a solemn voice, saying:

Now, good digestion waits on appetite,
And health on both!

After a silence the forty-three old boys, who had braved the walk from the cars to the College, off the concrete sidewalk, had no reason to await an appetite, but did justice to a fine dinner.

The toast of the College, by the Principal, met with warm applause. His remarks were very encouraging. "Six and a half years ago," he said, "St. Andrew's College made her appearance, as you all know at the old MacPherson residence on Yonge Street; but now, after enjoying greater success each year, we have a college that is second to none in Canada."—Applause. Mr. Macdonald thanked the old boys for their support in following the College motto: "Quit ye like men, be strong." Not only has the College had success in hockey, football, and cricket the present year, as in the past, but we have had something that is greater to a school in some respects—the successful student.

The toast to the School was responded to by Dr. Meyer, whose happy smile started the boys singing, "See him smiling."

Our past-master, although he had a hoarse throat, spoke briefly, and said that St. Andrew's College had turned out some fine boys. How?

In proposing the health of the Association, the president, Harry Houser, spoke of its success in many ways during the past year; the good work done by the secretary-treasurer, and referred to the great victory secured by the present football team over our old rivals. Then we started up, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

W. J. Lea, Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, responded very briefly. He stated the boys would hear from him at a greater length at the annual meeting, to be held later, about "moneys," so after many college "hoots" we adjourned.

The following officers were elected to the Old Boys' Association for 1906:

President, H. B. Houser; 1st Vice-President, Julian Sale, Jr.; 2nd Vice-President, H. G. Smith; 3rd Vice-President, J. D. Cotton; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Lea; REVIEW Representative, A. E. Alison; Councillors, G. H. Wallace, D. W. Nasmith, Clifford Dineen, E. L. Cousins, E. R. Shaw.

THE RIME OF THE SCIENCE PUPIL.

It was a college fellow,
And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy ashen cheek and quivering lip
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

A friend stoppeth
the pupil.

"The class-room doors are open wide,
The master in his place—
Let go my coat!" but here he stays,
He sees the other's face.

The pupil objecteth.

"My friend, my friend, hadst thou but seen
The bulletin-board, I wist
Thou wouldst not now be in such haste
My power to resist.

His friend telleth
him fearful news as
to what has been
seen on the bulletin-
board.

"For there is writ a doleful tale,—
 In fact a many so,—
 Besides, your hundred quarters,
 The following awful blow.

"For there is writ this awful tale,—
 At it I wept asore,—
 That on this self-same afternoon
 From half-past two till four,

The science master
 holdeth an examina-
 tion that same after-
 noon.

"We all must write on Science dread!"
 At these words groanèd he,
 Full well he knew, he did not know
 Of CaCO_3 .

The pupil acknow-
 ledgeth his ignorance

The other one he would not stay,
 With one pace he's upstairs;
 The pupil then, he cries aloud,
 To pray he hardly dares.

His friend depart-
 eth.

That very day he homeward went,
 As one of sense forlorn;
 A sadder and a wiser boy
 He rose the following morn.

The pupil faileth to
 obtain the necessary
 percentage.

He writeth well who knoweth well
 Equations great and small
 For the wise man of science, why
 He knows and sets them all.

He acknowledgeth
 the following moral.

WRONG I.

EXCHANGES.

IN the Christmas issue of *The Eagle* we note a poem entitled "A Voyage up the St. Lawrence." It is a splendid description of a sail up the lower part of the river. The "Skits" were also very good.

The "Exchange" Department of the *Lux Columbiana* is fine. It has a quotation from the *Argosy* upon College Songs. It says: "There is no surer evidence of a healthy and loyal college spirit in a university than a good collection of individual and distinctive college songs. On the other hand, there is no quicker way of inspiring new men with the true college spirit and preserving unity and loyalty of college spirit among all classes than by the possession and use of such a collection."

We are glad to welcome *The Review* from Western Canada College. We wish it every success, and hope it will continue to exchange.

The *St. Margaret's Chronicle* has many good articles in it. A "Skit" Department would improve it greatly, as would a somewhat less gaudy cover. The illustrations are most interesting.

We welcome *The Acroama* to our Exchange Department. The editors are to be congratulated upon having such good material in their numbers each month.

The idea of allowing a page for the indexing of the advertisers, at the back of *The Queen's University Journal*, is an excellent one. The matter is fine. We always look forward to this monthly journal.

The *Blue and White* of Rothesay College is one of the best college papers we receive. Its paper is excellent, the different team and faculty pictures are splendid, the matter good, and altogether it is most tastefully gotten up. We congratulate Rothesay upon the excellence of their paper.

Perhaps the best all-round magazine we have on the exchange list is the *Moheganite*. Its cover is a work of art, its paper is excellent, the matter is most interesting, although there is not an over abundance of it. Their Exchange Department is the best we have seen, and the drawings are especially good. It is certainly a pleasure to receive and read such a paper. The only improvement we think could be made would be to have more illustrations, especially of the college life. The editors should certainly be proud of their paper.

The following are the exchanges so far received. We hope to report more at midsummer :

The Eagle, St. John's School, Montreal, Que.

Lux Columbiana, Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

The Review, Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.

The St. Margaret's Chronicle, St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Ont.

The Acroama, Miss Hake's School, Rochester, N.Y.

The Queen's University Journal, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

The Blue and White, Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.B.

The Moheganite, Mohegan Lake School, Mohegan, N.Y.

Definitions.

After dark—Chasing a negro.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.

A singular being—A bachelor.

A great hardship—An ironclad.

The best illustrated paper—A bank note.

How to find a girl out—Call when she isn't in.

The best place for meeting—A butcher's.

What's in a name?—Vowels and consonants.

Sleight of hand—Refusing a marriage proposal.

Strange behavior—A vessel hugging the coast.

Light work—The gas man's.

—*Exchange.*

Skits.

Sonnet on Approaching St. Andrew's in June.

(Written to show Wordsworth how easy it was.)

To southward lies the city, buried in mist,
Product of chimneys standing tall and slim;
Beyond, the bay; and then the island, kissed
By rippling wavelets. All from here looks dim,
The spires glitter in the smoky light,
The houses stand half hidden by the trees;
To eastward flows the Don with muddy might,
Its surface troubled by a passing breeze.
Above all swims the sun in ether blue,
White clouds float daintily across the sky;
In front, the college grim comes into view,
Seen thro' the trees. Now to it we draw nigh
For, from within its walls, with voice of brass
Rings out the bell that summons us to class.

The Lives of Edward I. and Edward II. in Five Cantos.

CANTO I.

Edward Secundus was not like his dad,
He was worse than his father
Or just twice as bad.
He did not love learning,
Was stupid and slow,
And when the Scotch chased him
They gave him no show.
He lost all of Scotland and it really was sad
To look at poor Eddie when he was mad.

CANTO II.

The barons and Eddie did not agree;
If you look in the history in a minute you'll see
Poor Edward had hard luck,
His wife ran away,
They beheaded his favorite,
Who turned his head gray;
And last, but not least, Edward was slain,
And Edward the Third continued to reign.

CANTO III.

Edward Primus was a king
Who dabbled into everything;
Affairs of law, church and state
He stuffed into his bulging pate.

CANTO IV.

Edward fought with Wallace brave,
At last he caught him, artful knave;
Hung him with a good stout rope,
Asked for blessings from the Pope.

CANTO V.

Edward Primus was a brick,
Against poor laws he made a kick;
Made good laws and order too,
When he died they cried Boo-boo.

N.B.—Guaranteed historically correct.

Debate, by James W. Bicknell, on Education, for Wednesday,
February 28th, 1906.

I have been asked by the fist form master to decide whether education sured be compolshy or not. I think it sured what kind of a word would we have if it wasn't educated. Perhaps it is better for some of the very lowest people, not to be too

much educated, but they sured have some. The jales would be full all the time, for men would steal and toall kinds of things they suren't do, they would be hardly be any other like that class and it woulde and the city would be in a very bad state, here is another example, it would just be like the olden times wen people couldn't write or read and the skools woundn't get any educated masters hardly, perhaps some would be educated, but here if your pereants wernt educated they wouldn't care if you were or not, and all you could do for your living, even the highest people would have to be street car conductors and motermen, and go arond selling paper when they should be in schol.

In McConkey's,
 Phœbe dear,
 Rushing madly,
 Has a fear.
 Cashier's desk
 Not in sight!
 Phœbe gazes
 In affright.
 Harold comes,
 Soothes him still,
 "Vinny" quietly
 Pays the bill.
 Phœbe finds
 Number sixty-four,
 Jumps in coat
 And out the door.

Dr. M.— to "Tiny" (in reference to a steam radiator).—
 "Let those radiators alone, McLachlin—you do not understand them; even I do not understand them."

A new "work" has just been written by Massey, entitled
 "From St. Kitts to Toronto via Georgetown."

Swan translates—"Cur non fuiste in schola heri?" Was
 not the dog in school yesterday?

Messenger.—“The nurse.” (Laughter.)

Mr. Cooper.—“Pedley, get away from the desk and my seat.”

Pedley (sotto voce).—“The seats of the mighty!”

Bruno McKay (at the theatre with a girl).—“You see when I go out at night I never get in till ten o'clock, and then I cannot study.” Nobody doubts that.

Shylock Bronson.—“Twenty-five cents! Well! How long?”

New Glasgow won the hockey championship of Nova Scotia, as we all know.

Moffat.—“Gee.”

Bronson had a turkey but nobody saw any of it. We guess he kept it like that last year's consolation cake.

Room 32 contains some excellent singers and musicians. Brace can sing—like a rooster at five in the morning.

McNicholl will be of great service to 5A in the summer term. He will be able to catch all over flies.

Malacarino, Mahlangeni!

McKenzie I. would be a great subject for a hypnotizer, because they would not have to put him to sleep.

Forgie.—“I cut some person pretty hard at the dance and they know it, too.”

It is rumored the cricket team is going to have a white bull dog as mascot. Puzzle, where is the bull dog?

Forgie.—“I'll get even with you, I'll cut your night gown into ribbons.”

There is a small person named Gill,
Who eats till he feels very ill.

And then he recovers,
Returns to his brothers,
And crams till he gets his next fill.

There is a young person called HAD,
Who is a musicianly lad.

He plays hockey real nice,
And looks cute on the ice.
But some say his skating is sad.

There is a long youth from Arnprior;
He couldn't be very much higher.
He holds "feeds" for the flat—
Only these keep us fat!
So of Jack and his grub we don't tire.

Winans is taking lessons in fancy work.

Mulholland didn't think Port Hope would win until after the match, and then he went around the school with that, "I told you so" air.

Hope to Mr. Bell: "Sir, will you go and see who is barking in the prayer hall."

Will the young lady who was seen to abscond with Doc. Wishart's Prefect Pill please return it, as she is known.

McMichael.—"Silverthorne, why don't you wear your gymnasium suit out in the gym?"

Silverthorne.—"I'm afraid of getting it dirty."

One of the Masters on the 2nd flat wishes that the keyholes were a little larger.

Massey was overheard to say to Lynde just before the College-McMaster game: "I'll bet you two bags of potatoes against a peck of onions that College wins."

Which bell is that, the warning or the breakfast?

It's just the same one ringing for the second time.

No it's not, there's a difference between them—a difference of ten minutes.

Winans to Bole.—“Whose boots are those?”

Bole.—“Well, judging by the length of the tongues, I think they must be Ike's.”

Down dropt the grub, the boys dropt down,
'Twas sad and made us sigh;
And we did speak only to ask
For a little piece of pie!

All in a cold and chilly room,
The measly sun, at morn,
Would wake us up; Alack a day!
Why were we even born?

Meal after meal, meal after meal,
We starved, nor toast nor bread;
As hungry as a bunch of goats,
We would that we were dead.

Water, water, never there,
And all the taps turned off;
Butter, butter, ever there,
To smell it makes you cough.

Mr. Beddow was back at the college for a good square meal.

Mr. Cooper (looking for Forgie).—“Where is our learned friend?”

Duncanson (having stepped on a gentleman's foot in a street car).—“Oh! I beg your pardon. Have you got a corn?”

Andrews (to Mr. Findlay).—“Is the 21st of March spring?”

McArthur.—“No, sir, the 23rd.”

Mr. Findlay.—“Yes, the 21st is spring.”

McArthur.—“Sir, the 23rd is spring, too.”

Forgie (complaining to the athletic committee).—“Don't you think my thirds should get 2nd team colors?”

The boy was the hero of the age,
Of history it's a page.
Soon the mud was past his knee
And he was buried—near S. A. C.

Massey.—“Don't you think it would be a jolly good thing to have a Greek play?”

McGillivray.—“By the holy!”

Moffat was sick the other day. Perhaps he hadn't his composition done.

Some of the more adventurous boys recently found it easier to get out of the school than to get back.

McGillivray (to an admiring crowd of Junior House boys—
“I never felt the kiss of love nor maiden's hand in mine.”

Ching (as he counted the ties across the railroad bridge).—
“She loves me, she doesn't. She loves me, she doesn't.”

There seems to be a strange bond of friendship existing between Mulholland and Bowman.

Massey says that if they take a picture of the Cadet corps in uniform, he'll resign.

Forge says that Mr. Pulford told him that the Ottawas defend the Stanley Cup for the honor of Ottawa.

Freddie Willmott rushed down stairs to the ball-room on the night of the 23rd with his first team sweater over his tuxedo. Let us be thankful that a number of 2nd Form boys who had entered the lemonade-drinking contest at the foot of the stairs succeeded in catching him and quickly tore the garment from his person. Thus the honor of the school was saved, and Freddie, the champion boy lifter of Beaumaris, will some day return to his favorite haunts.

MacIntosh.—“Give me something to look at.”

Housser.—“What do you want?”

MacIntosh.—“Anything but a looking-glass.”

The long and the short of it—Burton and Norris.

McHubberty.—“Oim takin' this medicine accordin' to the doctor's orders—wan tablet ivery hour—an' it is doin' me no good at all.”

O'Haggarty.—Then, beggora, double the dose! Take wan every two hours.”

Mr. Cooper.—“Do you see that question?”

Boy.—“No, sir, you're in the way.”

Mr. W.—“Holden, take an hour!”

Holden.—“No, sir, it's against my religion.”

Master.—“Burton, take an hour!”

Burton.—“Where will I take it to, sir?”

Dr. M.—“What is the Past Participle of Eaten?”

Parsons.—“Simpson's.”

Mr. M.—“Wheeler; wake up!”

Wheeler.—“I can't, sir!”

Page I, and Smith II, have graduated to the street arab class, and Phoebe Wrong has gone in for paper dolls.

Stark, translating in French class.—“Cherchez la femme! —look for a wife!”

Maclaren II, could not be called dazzling, even if he does have flashes of wonderful intelligence.

Dr. Meyer, explaining to boy.—“You want to make a statement about a pigeon and a bird, you say. A pigeon flyzz (flies), etc.”

Boy.—“But, sir, there are only pigeons and birds, and no flies.” Loud applause from the form.

Dr. Meyer (translating Hortibus).—“There is that little boy, in the sick-room, white-washed all over.”

Mr. Kirkwood (explaining in Latin class).—“We sometimes use *volo*-fly when we mean *flee*.” (Loud cheers).

Ross I.—“I am a leader for III B. now.”

Fraser II.—“That's nothing, I am the best leader in III. B.”

How many people's feet did you step on at the dance?

A man that bets is a better, and a man that doesn't bet is no better.

Mr. Sedgwick.—“I have done more fencing than you have.”

Mr. Corsan.—“Where, sir?”

Mr. Sedgwick.—“I fenced in the whole of our farm in two days.”

A Serge Suit for College Wear

In connection with woolens the name "Canadian" used to be a reproach. The high quality of Semi-ready "Blunoz" serge has made it a boast.

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At a recent board school examination for girls an essay on boys was set to be written, and this was one of the compositions, just as it was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet he can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue til they are spoke to, and they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew up girl is a widow and keeps house."

Though water doesn't run on the top flat, detention does.

Master.—How do you find the area of a parallelogram?

Smart Pupil.—Multiply the altitude by the height.

Some one said crows were a sure sign of spring. Have we not had one with us all winter?

Talk about the Principal putting a stop to "college spirits," but the top flat fellows would not object to a little "Adam's ale" now and then.

Since the locking of the doors and the nailing up of the windows, it has been suggested that convict stripes might be a more appropriate uniform for the Cadet Corps.

What's the matter with the corps uniforms?

Forgie (hearing about Wall Street).—"I say fellows where do they keep all the wheat."

The question, "How old was Ann?" cannot compare with the one, "Where is the water?"

Forgie to Graham.—"Its too bad they cannot put "my" third team picture in the review."

Gooderham to Ross I.—"Say, Ross, what time did Chase get to bed last night?"

Messenger.—"Mulholland is wanted, sir."

Master.—"Who wants him?"

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Midsummer
1906

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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1906

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



PAUL BROS
TORONTO

"REVIEW" EDITORIAL STAFF, 1905-06.

St. Andrew's College Review

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EDITORS: MOFFAT, MASSEY, WINANS, BROWN, BRONSON.

BUSINESS MANAGER: DRISCOLL. ASSISTANT MANAGER: TOVELL. ILLUSTRATIONS: MCLACHLAN

MIDSUMMER, 1906

Editorials.

The present issue of the REVIEW will see the VALEDICTORY. exodus of a goodly number of S. A. C. boys.

This inevitable break is alike hard on those who are leaving, and on those who remain to carry on their work in the school-room and on the campus. We shall miss them—good fellows every one, who have done their share in laying the foundation of our success as a college, and who, during a longer or shorter stay among us, have imbibed a spirit of loyalty and devotion to their school that will remain with them to the end. Each has filled a niche in the collegiate life that no one else ever can fill; his place remains his own always. Others will come on to take up his work, to occupy themselves in the same varied interests; but the individuality of each boy has left its mark on school life and history in a way that is distinctively unique.

Our matriculants are entering upon a new life—a wider sphere of action in many ways. The universities will claim from them, however, exactly the same thoroughness, the same loftiness of purpose, the same affection and loyalty that characterized their preparatory work. A boy who has been true to his school, who has given his best and taken its best, will inevitably bring honor to his university.

Some wonder at the use of the word "commencement" by our American cousins in referring to the conclusion of school work. In reality that work is a commencement in the truest sense. All that goes before is to some extent preparatory, and on leaving school the boy enters upon a life that belongs to his young manhood. It is, in fact, his commencement—he has commenced the world's work—a work that is going to bring him into contact with men of thought and action; a work in which he, too, may take a foremost part.

It is a serious step. One's whole future depends on what one makes of those few years at the university; one's whole future will be tinged by their success or failure.

Again, there are those who will enter at once into business. In them also rests the honor of the college; in them is vested the sacredness of its good name. As a college, we are not afraid to trust them with this heritage; from each one who is leaving us this summer we look for good, if not great, things, nor do we fear disappointment.

The good wishes of S. A. C. will follow in the steps of each of her sons. St. Andrew's is not giving them up—she is merely *lending* them to a life that needs strong, manly, pure-minded devotees. Her eye will follow their career; many a loving thought will go with them, nor need they seek to free themselves from those apron-strings that are but as a cable binding them to the anchor that can fail no man or boy—the trustful pride of his Alma Mater. The REVIEW wishes you the best of luck, boys.

The summer term is nearing its end. The THE SUMMER cricket crease and the tennis court each has its TERM. train of followers. The campus is dotted with ducks of an unfeathered variety, and, as an accessory to the inevitable exams, the sound of the grinding is low. Hopes and fears struggle for mastery in the unhappy bosom of those who, like the unwise virgins, have left their lamps untrimmed, and find themselves facing problems that

have never entered their philosophy. Vague premonitions of impending disaster rise before more than one luckless wight, who would fain burn his candle after lights are out, and who sets his unearthly alarm for the wee sma' hours.

But—mirabile dictu!—in a brief time this nightmare will be a thing of the past. Unpleasant memories will be lost in a contemplation of the surging lake waves, in the swish of the paddle as one glides along some tree-fringed river, in the swift skimming of Lethæan waters in one's favorite dinghy or much-prized launch. Who cares for exams and such bugbears when seated in the starlight around one's own camp-fire, the light canoe drawn high upon the shore, one's tent glimmering white amid the ghostly shadows? Who cares for the discordant rising-bell when snugly rolled in warm blankets, with the soft music of waves in one's ears, the fresh, sweet fragrance of the pines in one's lungs? Over two months of it! Two months in which to creep back to nature—to live close to her heart in camp, in woods, and by liquid-voiced streams! Let us make the best of them, storing up health, both bodily and mental, for the coming year.

The REVIEW wishes one and all a most happy and profitable vacation.

Of the many pleasant occurrences of the school DR. GOLDWIN year now drawing to a close, one of the most gratifying has been the interest displayed in our work by that grand old scholar, Professor Goldwin Smith. His kindly interest in, and his several visits to the college have been appreciated by masters and boys alike. Speaking for the boys, we venture to say that the special mark of his confidence, namely, the handsome bursary which he has placed at the disposal of the Principal, is appreciated not only in a spirit of gratitude, but also with a sense of responsibility. On their behalf we thank him for this gift, and for his kindly interest in the school; we bid him welcome to our halls, and wish him peace, comfort and strength in these his later days.

MR. AND MRS. PERCY J. ROBINSON are open to congratulations. A recent visit of the stork with a fine son and heir brought much happiness to our popular master and his charming wife. We hope soon to see the new arrival setting a good example to the classical laggards of S. A. C.

OWING to our going to press at so early a date, we must omit from this issue an account of our closing exercises. It is not amiss, however, to offer our congratulations and good wishes to those who are among this year's fortunate prize-winners.

THE Tuck Shop has been a boon to the day boys, and, shall we say, incidentally to the boarders. Mrs. Moebus has been most genial and considerate, and has already established herself as a firm friend of the school.

THE Editor-in-Chief wishes to thank each member of the REVIEW staff for their valuable help during the past year. The success of the REVIEW is due entirely to their interest and painstaking efforts. At much inconvenience to themselves, they have devoted both time and thought to any department consigned to their care, and the results have amply repaid their labors.

He wishes also to thank those outside of the staff who have contributed articles or stories to the REVIEW's columns. There is no dearth of literary talent in the school, and we hope to see an increasing interest in the success of the college paper.



JACK FRAZER.

THE CASE OF JOHN NEVAL.

I.

"**N**OW, how are we to capture him, Bob?" asked young Neval. "It will be a job and a half. My plans are to get every single farthing Tom owns. I am to set at it to-night, and you, Bob, are to accompany me to 'Whitehall' and wait till I run up to the flats that my brother is staying at. I will then go up to his room, make up some lie so that I may get him near 'Whitehall,' where you will be awaiting me, and then——," he paused, "we will have him at

our mercy. We will get him back here and will be able to keep him under this study for a certain length of time. Then, of course, I mean to get his money and claims, and I might do away with him for, as you know, he has cheated me of all my firm's claims, and even my bread, as one might say. I have stood it long enough." An hour or two after the two young men had lit cigars and were walking at a brisk pace along the Strand. It was a cool summer's evening. The streets were pretty well deserted when the two Nevals reached their destination. "Now then Bob, old man, you wait here while I go on to my brother's flats." "All right," said he. "Don't be long, for it is now one o'clock."

John reached the large flats, ran up the stone steps and rang the bell. His ring was immediately answered by the night watchman. He then hastened up the stairs noiselessly till he reached his brother's room. After knocking he waited, but there was no answer. He then concluded that his brother might be at his club, and would not return until morning. Young Neval tried the door but it was closed. Pulling his skeleton-key from his pocket he fitted it into the key-hole and pushed the door open. He entered the study, finding the lamp burning on the table, and to his great joy he discovered his brother's safe in the corner with the key in it. After locking himself carefully in, he went to the safe, pulled out his brother's bank note book and pocketed it. He then made his way to the door, and came face to face with Thomas.

"John!" exclaimed the astonished man, "what the d——I does this mean, sir? Are you trying to rob m——?" He was interrupted by his brother flying at his throat. There was a brief struggle, but John proved master. He got his adversary on the floor, snatched his revolver from his breast and murdered him with one stunning blow on the temple. He lost no time in hurrying to the nearest station, and got the midnight train for East-End London. When the train reached Washington Street Station he sprang from his carriage and made his way to the nearest inn.

II.

In the meanwhile Robert, who had been waiting at the corner of "Whitehall" for some time, made his way after his cousin. When he got to the flats he went up to Tom Neval's room and opened the door. At sight of his cousin's dead body he almost fainted. He went out, closing the door, and told the proprietor of the house; both made their way to the nearest police station.

That morning Robert Neval, James Harpeson (a detective) and a policeman started after the murderer. They gave a full description of the man, and learnt by the ticket agent that he had left by the midnight express. When they got all proof of his going to East-End, the small party took a train for Washington Street Station, and made all inquiries at the office. They found out that he had passed there about seven o'clock that morning. The detective and Flanders (the policeman) put up that night at the police station, while Robert lodged at the very same place where his cousin was staying. He walked into the office and looked through the register-book, but found nothing like the name of "Neval." The last name written was:

"Walter J. Renview, Esq.,

Cheapside, West,

London."

The thought flashed through his mind that his cousin might be under a false name. He asked the landlord for a room, and what this W. J. Renview looked like. The clerk told him that he was a man of about five feet four, clean shaven, grey tweed suit, black shoes, and a straw hat. "That's him all right," muttered Robert, "and I will have him before morning, by jove." He made his way to the room that he was given for the night, and was about to enter when a man caused him to look back. There was John Neval as plain as day. "John!" Robert cried, "and is it you—you wretch?" "Well," sneered his cousin, clenching his fists, "what brought you here? Come

into this room and you will follow my brother's example." He repeated these last words like a madman. After forcing Robert into the room he closed and locked the door, sprang upon him, and literally tore his eyes out. He then quickly pulled his revolver out, shot his cousin through the brain, sprang to the window and escaped.

III.

The report of the revolver brought the innkeeper up to the room. There he found Robert Neval lying across the floor with his eyes torn out and his head blown to pieces. The landlord ran downstairs and met Detective Harpeson and Flanders at the door. He took them upstairs and showed them the murdered man's body. Harpeson exclaimed: "This is dreadful; here this man has committed two murders. We must track the brutish coward up."

They made their way all through East London, seeking information.

They were going along Beverly Avenue, when, suddenly an old man with a long beard, dark eye-brows and very shabby clothes and high boots, came out of a dark lane. He carried a stout cudgel. Harpeson stepped up and looked him up and down. In a flash he raised his right arm and brought the cudgel down with terrific force on the detective's crown. Luckily his stiff hat saved him. As quickly as he had come, the man disappeared down a dark lane. "That's our man all right," gasped the astonished detective. "After him, boys!" shouted the policeman. "There he goes!" and at the same time some dark object darted from the shadows of a large building. But they were too late. This was the second time he gave them the slip.

IV.

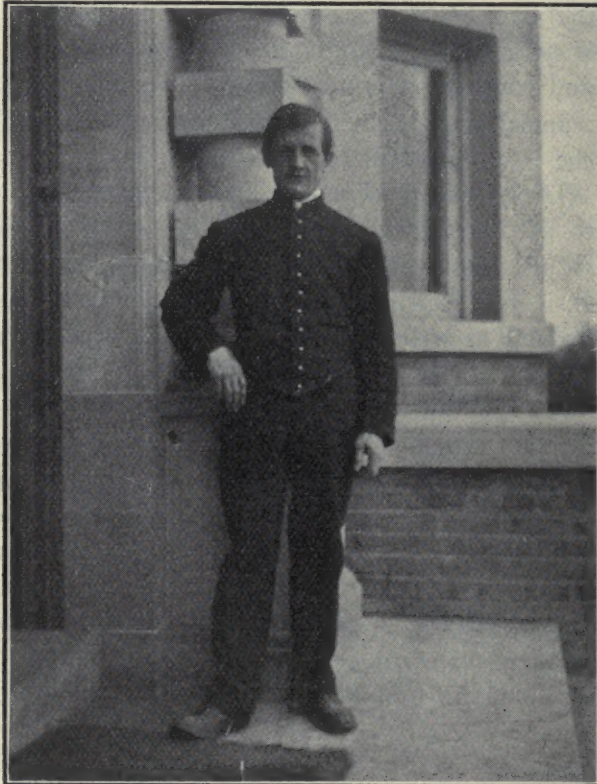
Now, reader, we must go back to the time when Neval murdered his cousin Robert. When he escaped by the window he quickly made his way to some second-hand pawn shop, where he exchanged his clothes for some old ones. Thus disguised

he set out in the hopes of escaping his pursuers. He suddenly came upon the two detectives. After escaping them he dashed off some side lane till he came into the East-End slums. He then went into some back deserted house, where he again changed his disguise. He then took a bus to Trafalgar Square, where he transferred to Whitechapel. He jumped off the bus and made his way through the slums to Highgate circus, crossed over to the Dominion Bank and drew five thousand pounds, signing the name of one of his cousins. He went across to a first-class tailor, where he bought an elaborate outfit. He caught the eight o'clock train for Plymouth, where a school chum lived. He entered a second-class coach with an old gentleman who was reading in the morning paper of the mysterious murders which "John Neval" had committed. Neval sat down beside the old man, and after the train had started the two began a conversation. "This John Neval, spoken of here, must be an unmatched scoundrel to kill his brother and cousin. It is an outrage! I should not like to come in contact with the villain, would you?" "No," hissed Neval, "he is not particularly wise to kill his brother and his cousin." They reached Plymouth about a quarter past twelve, in time to get some lunch at the station. John quickly made his way to his friend's house, where he was warmly greeted.

"Well, if you stay here and get caught in my house I will get into trouble as well as you, John, so be careful old man," said Richard." "Oh, I will be careful all right," laughed John Neval. It is lucky that your wife and children are over in Canada, or I would not be able to stay." "Oh, well, we are going up the Dartmouth River for a holiday, and you, Jack, are to go with us," he cried, slapping his comrade on the back. In the course of a month the two young men had come back to Plymouth, after a fine time of fishing, shooting, and canoeing up the river. Everything went well for a year, when John Neval ran out of money. One morning he took leave of Dick, after thanking him for his kindness in shielding a condemned man.

When Neval reached London he went to the bank and at once drew another five thousand pounds. He was turning away from the cashier's wicket when who should he run into but Harpeson! The detective recognized him and sprang upon him. But Neval dodged and made for the door. A stout gentleman shoved out his foot and tripped him, sending him sprawling into a policeman's arms. "At last! At last!" shouted the overjoyed detective. He was immediately handcuffed and carried off a prisoner. He was tried next day, and led to the gallows. As he was near the Tower he made one desperate dash for liberty. He dashed along the Thames embankment; no one seemed able to stop him. On the following morning his body was found lying under an old bridge with a knife in his heart. A little farther on a policeman lay dead, shot through the neck.

JACK FRAZER.



"CHAS."



A. B. MOFFATT

Winner of President's Gold Medal, 1905.

A MAN AT SAN FRANCISCO.

HE awoke suddenly and with an uneasy feeling. Once more he seemed in a small schooner, tossing on the floor of the broad Pacific. Ornaments and books were slipping from formerly horizontal tables. Was he drunk or delirious? The floor heaved at an angle of forty-five degrees; he suddenly knew that he was in the midst of a horrible, incomprehensible something.

He stumbled out of bed and crawled across the cracking floor, instinctively gathering up his clothes. Half falling downstairs, he plunged through the already open door, coming into a babel of sound. Shrieks of terror mingled with crashes from falling chimneys. The street was already jammed with a heaving, struggling mass of humanity. All lights out, chaos reigned in the night-shirted throng.

Suddenly the expected happened. Houses around melted away in dust and debris. The mob, mad with fear, pressed wildly along the street towards the comparative safety of an open park. He stumbled over the body of a woman, dead of sheer terror during those awful minutes. All manhood gone, he pushed, fought like a wild beast.

They swept into the park, crowded already. Mechanically he put on what clothes he had. To him it seemed but an awful dream, and try as he would, he felt certain of waking at last. Mechanically he put on his clothes and looked around him. Many heads had turned gray that night.

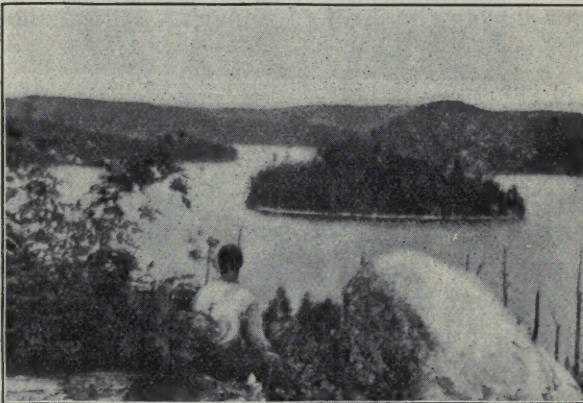
Dawn was beginning to brighten on the ruined city, but with it came a more lurid light. The horror of fire was adding itself to other terrors. And as he saw the many glowing spots he knew that every man must help. Many were already hastening away to the struggle, having regained some of their lost courage.

He turned down a side street cumbered with fallen walls. From a black avenue came a roar, and a fire-engine burst into the scene. As he saw it the nightmare passed away, to become

grim reality. He followed the glaring monster to a flaming skyscraper. The firemen ran out their snake-like hose with cool precision. Then came that awful cry of despair, that never afterwards left his ears: "The water will not come!"

Of the days that followed he had but small recollection. He knew that he fought wildly, exulting as a brave man in his strength, with desperate courage attacking the flames. Tired and famished his comrades and he faced the fire. Driven from post to post, their dynamite exhausted, with ready daring they proved that manhood had not died in this degenerate age. What men could do they did. At last, as their strength was ebbing, the wind changed. With new life they strove against the enemy. And finally, to an attentive and admiring world, the wires announced that the fire was conquered! Then utter collapse seized him fast. He lay helpless; while from its ruins San Francisco rose anew.

E. MURRAY WRONG.



THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY.

IN the southern part of Indiana, bordering on the Ohio River, is a wonderful system of subterraneous passages, which are practically the winding endings to the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Overlooking the yellow, sluggish waters of the river, planted solidly upon a well-wooded hill, frowned the Wentworth Homestead. For nearly a century the square stone building had stood sentinel over the broad corn fields and verdant meadows of the vast estate—four generations had first seen the light of day in the large, airy rooms upstairs, and four generations had closed their eyes for the last time in the same large, comfortable four-posters.

Early in the seventies, Nathan Wentworth had been gathered to his fathers, and laid to rest in the family burial ground in the little town of Evansville. He had always been considered eccentric; he was openly regarded as a miser, and his peculiarities were the talk of the country side. These oddities reached a climax when he quarrelled with his only son, Jack, over some trivial, boyish offence, and at the age of eighteen ordered him from the paternal roof. Three years later the unforgiving father breathed his last, and Jack Wentworth returned as master of Wentworth House. After the reading of the will he was found to be possessed only of the house and grounds; there was no trace of the vast wealth which had been credited to the miserly Nathan, a great part of which had undoubtedly existed. No bank held any traces of the accumulations of years; the house and out-buildings were ransacked in vain; old trunks were overhauled, old boxes explored, old closets looked into for the first time in half a century, but Nathan Wentworth, unable to take his wealth with him, had carried his secret to the grave, leaving his heirs to gnash their teeth in vain regret while they endeavored to eke out a living from the farm itself. Ill luck seemed to dog the steps of the new possessor. Investments turned out badly, gradually he was forced to part with different sections of his land, until at the end of ten years but

a few acres remained of one of the largest estates in the county. Jack Wentworth married, but his wife died a few years later, leaving two sons who formed the one absorbing interest in their father's lonely life. He sacrificed everything for them, and as they grew older his great love only accentuated the misery he experienced at being unable to give them the advantages he himself had enjoyed. However, they grew into fine, manly little fellows, whose daring and prowess won for them the admiration of all their chums, and placed them high in the list of social favorites.

When eight and eleven, respectively, the great want of their life occurred. Harry Meredith, a cousin from Boston, came west to spend his vacation on the Wentworth farm. His parents were wealthy, he himself had everything conducive to a boy's happiness, and the presents which he brought his Hoosier cousins afforded them unbounded delight. Two splendid Winchesters, an entire hunting outfit, a camera, numberless books of adventure and peril, left nothing to be desired in the hearts of Jim and Ned Wentworth, whose boyish possessions had been meagre in quantity and quality.

To young Meredith the western life, the freedom from restraint, and the good comradeship of his cousins afforded the best time of his life. They roamed through the woods, bathed daily in the river, explored the creek to its source; they had hunting expeditions through the neighboring country, and shot many an inquisitive woodchuck; they caught and tamed four young gray squirrels, which frequently accompanied them in their travels, snugly sleeping in capacious pockets. But the real excitement began when the enthusiastic little easterner discovered an entrance to the cave by the river bank. It was almost hidden by a wealth of Indian corn, whose tasseled plumes nodded in the August sunshine. The cousins had known of it before, but the cave was forbidden ground, and they had never explored beyond the entrance. "There couldn't be any harm—see, it's quite light and high, too!" The three stood peering into the cave as Harry excitedly tried to persuade his cousins to enter. "I'll go

in just a little way to see what it's like; you fellows wait outside."

No sooner said than done. The boy entered the cool passageway through the grass-fringed entrance. It was quite lofty, of a dark-gray stone, and from the main cave a number of small avenues led into the dim, mysterious distance. From the roof hung fantastic designs, seemingly carved in the soft stone; weird, grotesque goblins, strange animals, and birds of impossible formation.

The boy was delighted. A wild spirit of adventure led him about the ample cave, down slippery passages and into damp, musty caverns. Little light penetrated into the dark recesses; a rat scurried across the sandy floor and disappeared into some hidden retreat; a small white owl flew with a screech of alarm almost into the intruder's face, then fluttered along the ground and into a dark passage. Harry followed in hot pursuit, stooping his curly head as he entered the dim, vaulted cave. Huddled in a distant corner was the frightened owlet; getting down on his knees he slid towards the wide-eyed bird; he had almost touched it, when it suddenly slipped over a projecting ledge of rock. The boy lurched forward, lost his balance, and with a cry disappeared into the blackness—there was a loud splashing, and he found himself immersed in a dark pool of slimy water. He sank, but almost immediately rose, and with the instinct of self-preservation struck out bravely. It was pitchy dark, the water was thick, and his heavy clothes seemed to drag him down. He called loudly for help as he swam about, but the strange echoes frightened him more than the prospect of drowning. For several minutes he swam aimlessly about hunting for some landing place. At last he reached a ledge of rock, but it was so covered with slime that his fingers secured no hold, and with a groan of despair he slipped back into the murky water. Some ill-smelling animal almost rubbed against his face, and sent an eddy of foul water scudding into his mouth. In panic the boy screamed aloud for help, but only the echoes of his own frightened tones broke the tomb-like silence. His strokes grew feebler, his breath came in short gasps, and more than once he swallowed

slimy mouthfuls of water. He was about to resign himself to his fate when his hand sharply struck a jagged projection of rock.

With the strength of despair, the exhausted boy seized upon the rough stone. It was free from slime, but the narrow ledge was so far out of the water, his clothes were such a dead weight, that only after much difficulty did he succeed in raising himself to a place of safety. Panting with fright, and shivering with cold, he lay gasping upon the narrow ledge. Strange sounds broke the stillness, and betrayed the presence of animal life. He had no room to raise his head, and must needs lie in the same cramped position. The boys would follow him as soon as they could get help, of that he felt certain; but the time seemed interminable. He grew colder and his teeth chattered noisily; he reached out to ascertain the extent of the rocky shelf. On all sides he could feel the cold stone, but suddenly his hand recoiled as his fingers closed on something that clanked loudly when he withdrew his hand. It was not rock, it was nothing alive, and as his courage revived Harry again stretched out his hand to feel the object that lay just near him.

It was a large wooden box, with heavy clanking handles that rattled loudly in the awful stillness. The corners were bound with the same cold metal, and similar bands were placed at intervals along the mouldy wood.

Notwithstanding his unhappy condition, the boy's curiosity was aroused, and he found himself wondering how the box came to be there, and then what it might contain. It could scarcely be treasure—that sort of thing happened only in books, and he was a practical, unromantic Boston school-boy. He felt sleepy, strangely drowsy; his arms and legs ached; his brain seemed to be whirling around in a mad race. Strange lights danced before his eyes, and strange musical sounds rang in his ears. He grew indifferent to his surroundings, and no longer listened painfully for approaching sounds. He wondered whither the white owl had gone; he wondered what strange, clammy creature was swimming in the reeking water just under his place of refuge. He drew the foul air into his aching lungs, and

then his brain ceased to whirl. All sounds died away; he forgot the cold and the misery and the pain; his wide-staring eyes did not see the bright lantern swinging from his uncle's hand at the entrance of the cave.

"He'll get over it all right—it is the result of exposure and the foul air of the cave. Yes, traces of pneumonia," The doctor drew on his gloves, and Harry watched him leave the room with only a dim sense of his presence. It all seemed like a dream—his bed was so soft, the nurse's hands were cool as she felt his burning cheeks, or gently passed her fingers over his hot forehead. All he cared was to lie there in the stillness, conscious only of bodily comfort, and dimly realizing that some dreadful experience lay behind him like a hideous nightmare.

After four weeks' of raging fever, weeks fraught with dreadful visions of endless caves, peopled with uncanny, grinning forms that danced constantly before him, jumping on his chest, watching him with cold expressions of inquiry and wonder, or driving sharp needles into his breast—after four weeks he awoke again in a world of realities, to find his mother with him, and to learn from his grateful uncle of the finding of an old coffer hidden in the cave where he had rashly ventured.

Within the strong box lay the secret wealth of Nathan Wentworth—a vast store of coins, some priceless family silver and many rare jewels, whose very existence had been quite unknown.

The Wentworth mystery was solved.

C. N. W.

A DISAPPEARANCE.

“WELL, Arthur,” father said, after the greetings had worn off, “you certainly do not look as if college life had disagreed with you.”

“No, father, on the whole I do not think it has. Len and I spent our time otherwise in school in a very profitable way.”

“By the way, who was this fellow Len, you spoke of so frequently in your letters home?”

“His name is Leonard MacLeod, and he came to college last fall. He and I became very intimate in a short time, but unfortunately he was put in a room with a youngster called Barlen, while I was in with young Dover. We tried to get together, but failed. However, that did not make a particle of difference in our friendship, and we stuck together all year, through thick and thin. There was only one shabby trick he ever played on me, but I told him I would fully return the compliment some day.”

“What did he do?”

“Well, it was the evening of March 30th, and study had just come to a close. I wandered up the corridor to Len’s room and sat on his bed and talked for about twenty minutes, then went to bed. Next morning, just as I was getting dressed, some youngster came rushing into my room and said:

“‘Say, Bristowe, we are going to play Hartford day after to-morrow after all.’

“‘How do you know?’ I said.

“‘Oh, I heard Langlor say so.’

“Of course I was delighted, and rushed right off to tell Len. I burst into his room and turned toward his bed. It was empty, and all his belongings were scattered over the floor.

“‘Where is MacLeod, Barlen?’

“‘I haven’t seen him,’ the youngster replied, as he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

“I thought he must have gone downstairs, so I hunted the school high and low for my friend, but without success; nor had anybody seen him that morning. School wore on, but MacLeod

did not appear. By tea-time the Head began to get a little nervous, and search parties were sent all over the neighborhood. I slipped away and went up to his room with young Barlen. We had another look around and found that his suit-case was gone, with some of his clothes as well. While I was searching his wardrobe I heard Barlen exclaim, and turning around, found he was hanging out of the window.

" 'What's the matter?' I said.

" In answer he just held up about two yards of the fire-escape rope. This incident caused great excitement, yet nothing more was discovered. I went to bed that night not only tired but very blue. Here it was the evening of March 31st, and we had to play Hartford on the first day of April, and MacLeod was gone. He was our best half, and without him we would surely lose. In this state of mind I lay awake for a long time, but finally got to sleep. I guess it must have been after midnight when I was wakened again by somebody shaking me.

" 'Who's that?' I said.

" 'It's me, Bristowe.'

" 'Well, who are you?' I said.

" 'Barlen; I've got a note for you which I think is from MacLeod.'

" I was out of bed in about three seconds and had struck a light. Sure enough, it was MacLeod's writing, and I quickly tore the note open. It read:

" 'Dear Old Bristle,—I am in an awful hole. Will you please get my suit that hangs in my wardrobe and meet me at the station as soon as possible.—Len.'

" 'Where did you get this note, kid?'

" 'I——'

" I was so excited that I did not wait for his reply. Noiselessly opening the door I slipped down the corridor to the room of my friend, and opening the door, I stood face to face with Mr. Leonard MacLeod.

" 'April fool, old man!' he said.

" Well, I could have been knocked down by a feather. I merely managed to gasp out:

" 'Where did you come from?'

" 'Sit down till I tell you my story.'

"I did as commanded.

"The night of the 30th, after you had left our room, I had gone to bed and was asleep. I was awakened again by a rapping on the window. Getting out of bed, I went to the window and threw it up and looked out.

"Is that you, Len?" sounded from below.

"Yes," I said. "Who is that?"

"Norman Livingstone. Your mother is very sick and wants to see you."

"You remember last term, when I took him through the school? Well, he knew where my room was. I got into my clothes and, putting the fire-escape rope out of the window, went down. At the station I sent back a message, but that blockhead of a caretaker forgot to speak about it. Mother took a turn for the better, so I came back by the first train I could get, which landed me here about an hour ago. When I came into the room I woke Barlen up, and he told me all about the fuss I had kicked up, and seeing it was the 1st of April I thought it would be a good chance to fool you. So I sent the youngster into you with that note."

"All this time Len had been undressing, and just finished his narrative as he got into bed.

"All right," I said, as I left. "My chance will come soon!"

CRAWFORD.



FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN.

Athletics.

FIRST CRICKET TEAM.

THE cricket season of '06 was opened for St. Andrew's on Saturday, May 5th, by a practice game with Grace Church on the college grounds. It was the first time for the new wicket to be used, and it proved very satisfactory. The game resulted in a win for S. A. C., who tallied 77 to 35 by Grace Church. The playing was very good for an initial game.

A week later S. A. C. went down to defeat at the hands of St. Simon's Cricket Club on the college grounds. Score: St. Simon's 99; S. A. C. 49.

The following Saturday, College were again defeated on their own grounds by St. Alban's Cricket Club, who scored 54 to S. A. C.'s 35.

On the 24th of May, College was defeated by her old boys. It was an all-day match, commencing at 11.30. Capt. Keith won the toss, and elected to bat. After seven wickets had fallen for twenty-seven runs the game was adjourned. Play started again about 2.30 o'clock. The batting steadied after lunch, and the Old Boys succeeded in getting 71 before their tenth wicket fell. After a few minutes spent in taking refreshments, the Present Boys went to bat, but were all put out in short order for fifty. Wallace's bowling seemed to daze them.

The Old Boys again went to bat, but after the third wicket fell, stumps were drawn, leaving the score in the first innings as final: Old Boys 71, Present Boys 50.

Two days later the team journeyed to Mimico to play their annual all-day match there. The weather was very hot, and there were thunder-clouds all around. However, no rain fell until just before the game was called. It did not amount to much, and after a short delay the game started. Capt. Ferguson won the toss, and S.A.C. went to bat. The batting was rather poor until Mr. Beddow and Blackstock got in together.

They succeeded in knocking out 56 between them. After that the batting was good, and 96 were scored before the tenth wicket fell. The innings was interrupted several times by rain, and after the sixth wicket down lunch was adjourned for. Mimico went to bat, but the rain interfered, and the game was adjourned for an hour. After that the innings was continued. The fielding was very good, and S.A.C. succeeded in retiring nine men for 96 runs, thus tying the score. However, after several maiden overs the tenth man made good, and the score was brought up to 108 before the last wicket fell. Final score: Mimico 108, S.A.C. 96.

On Tuesday, May 29th, Varsity first eleven turned the trick on S.A.C. to the amount of 81 runs and 3 wickets to 61 runs made by St. Andrew's. Varsity outclassed our boys in all points of the game.

The annual game with Trinity College was played at Trinity on May 31st. The result was a win for S.A.C. Score: S.A.C. 49 and 5 wickets, Trinity 41.

The first of the school games took place on Saturday, June 2nd, on the College grounds, against Trinity College School. T.C.S. won the toss, and went to bat. They began hitting up a big score, and had 50 runs for 5 wickets down. Then things changed, and they were all put out for 60. The game was then adjourned for lunch, and recommenced about 2.30 o'clock. St. Andrew's went to bat, but did not stay in long, as they were all put out for 45. T.C.S. again went to bat, and were all put out for 38. The fielding during this innings was very good, as not a single extra was allowed. St. Andrew's again batted, and got 37 for 4 wickets down. After that the team seemed to go to pieces, and the remainder were put out for a total score of 44. The total score for both innings was: T.C.S. 98, S.A.C. 89.

On Wednesday, June 6th, S.A.C. played their second school game, this time against Bishop Ridley College. The team left the Union Station on the 9.10 train for St. Catharines. Everyone was in good spirits, and looked forward hopefully to the result of the game. We arrived in St. Catharines about 11.20, and were met by several husky Ridley fellows, who very kindly volunteered to carry our suit cases to the college.

Immediately upon arriving at the college the team prepared


themselves for the fray, and play was called about 11.30. Capt. Fergusson again won the toss, and elected to bat. Soon the runs were being piled up in fine style. The game was adjourned for lunch some time after the second wicket had fallen, the score then being 59. After lunch the game was again continued, and before the last wicket fell 115 runs had been tallied for S.A.C., of which Warden made 30 and Tovell 36. B.R.C. then went to bat; but their first 3 wickets fell for 8 runs. After that they steadied up a little more, but only got 43 runs that innings. St. Andrew's again went to bat. This time, however, their first 3 wickets fell for 4 runs. Blackstock and Macpherson steadied things up, however, and 71 were tallied for that innings, of which Blackstock made 22.

Ridley again went to bat, but only had 15 minutes to play. During that time 3 wickets were taken for 12 runs. Stumps were drawn at 7 o'clock.

The team took the 8.10 train back to Toronto. At Hamilton, where the train stopped for three minutes, Moffatt endeavored to see the town, and nearly got left. He succeeded in catching the last car, however, and hung on the back steps for a while. The door was locked, but a charitable passenger noticed his plight and let him in. A very tired, but very happy, party arrived at the college late, and were received by Mrs. Macdonald, who led us off to the dining-room, where some good things awaited us. The thanks of the team are due Mr. James for his kindness in accompanying them and in acting as umpire.

A. E. DUNCANSON.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

 HE St. Andrew's eleven played U.C.C. in the annual match on Saturday, June 9th, on the school grounds. The game was a good exhibition of Prep. School cricket, and the result was uncertain until the end, when it was finally awarded to the visitors.

St. Andrew's went to bat first, and owing to good bowling the 10 wickets went down for 18 runs.


In U.C.C.'s first innings they scored 33 runs, of which 11 were made by MacArthur, who reached the top score for Upper Canada. Macpherson bowled in splendid form in this innings, taking 7 wickets for 13 runs. Swan also made a good average.

The wicket was in bad condition in the morning, but was vastly improved later on. In their second innings School batted very well against hard bowling. Tovell, with 33 runs, the highest score of the day, and Warden, with 19, made a long stand. Swan made a total of 14 in good style. When the score had reached 5 wickets for 87 runs, it was decided to declare the innings closed.

When U.C.C. had made a score of 7 wickets for 26 runs in the second innings, for some reason the visiting eleven were not permitted to play until the agreed time, and thus Upper Canada won the match.

C. V. M.

SECOND CRICKET TEAM.

 HE second team this year have had rather poor luck in their matches, but the team is by no means a weak one, and is thoroughly keen on the game. They have had two matches with Upper Canada, losing both, the second one, however, by only two runs. They played one match with St. Alban's and lost, but feel confident of turning the tables on their opponents in the return match. They have yet to play Aura Lee, the Masters, and the return match with St. Alban's School, and

will probably play a couple of other games besides. Much credit is due the captain, who has worked hard and energetically for his team. It is to be hoped that in future the seconds will be looked upon as the stock from which the future first team players are to come.

The following is the team: Housser (captain), Wishart (manager), Duncan, Carver II., Forgie, Chestnut I., Miller, Crawford, Bole, Maclaren, Cutler. Wood I., Hope, Smith II., and Ramsay have also taken part in some games.

WISHART.

THIRD CRICKET TEAM.



THE Junior House eleven has been a great success this year. A number from this team played on the Lower School eleven also.

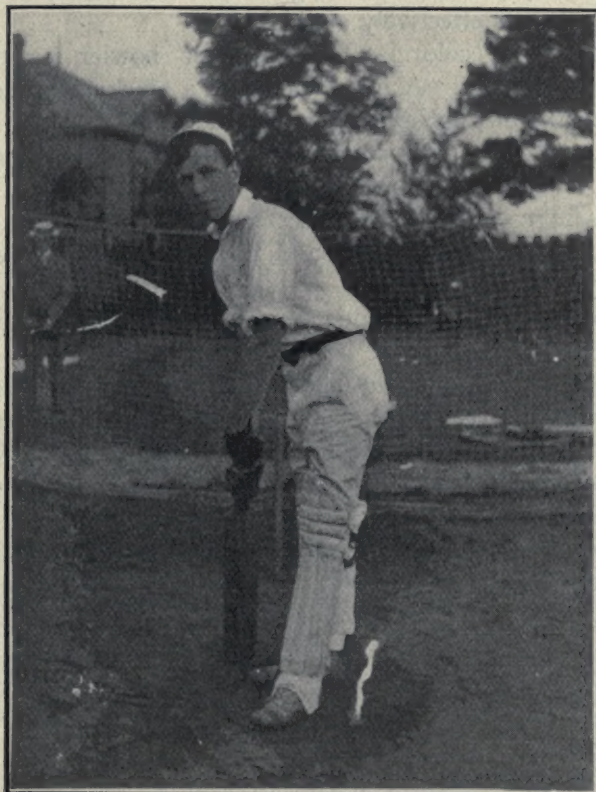
The Junior House played Kirkhouse's team on May 21st, winning by 5 runs. On May 30th the Junior House played the Hillside, and were beaten by 30 runs. The Lower School eleven played the Upper Canada Preps., and were beaten by 24 runs. A return game was played at U.C.C., which again resulted in our defeat.

Fergusson has done good bowling for the Lower School, and Patterson for the Junior House. Thompson's batting has been excellent, also that of Davison, Grant and MacKenzie.

There is the making of some good cricketers in these junior teams, and the first eleven can look forward to some fine recruits.

Grant IV. has captained both the Junior and Lower School teams, while Davison I. has made an efficient manager.





FERGUSSON I., CAPTAIN.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST CRICKET TEAM.

✓ **F**ERGUSSON I. (old color).—Captain of this year's eleven. A sound and steady batsman, and an absolutely safe field. Plays cover-point finely.

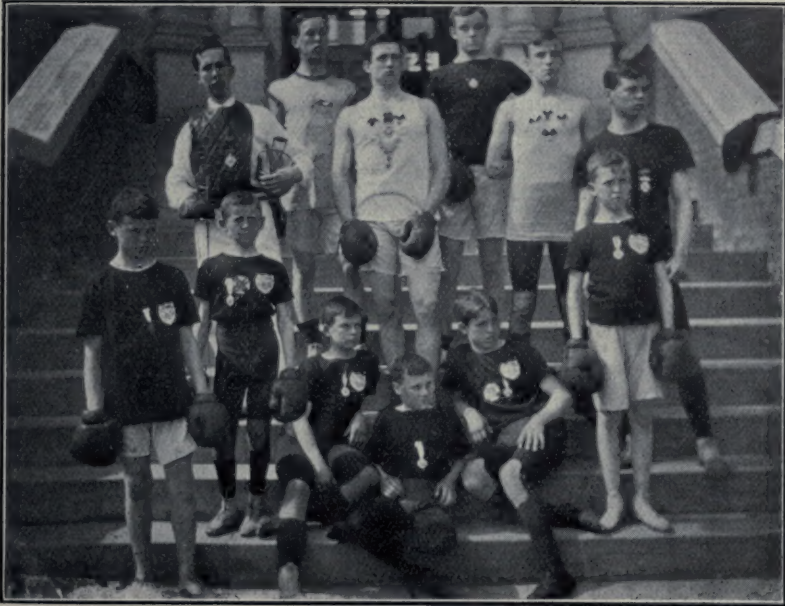
✓ **TOVELL** (old color).—A very capable player in every department of the game. This season has added to his other accomplishments that of keeping wicket.

✓ **MACPHERSON** (old color).—A good, all-round cricketer. Bats right hand, bowls left, occasionally getting in a very fine ball going with his arm.

- ✓ WARDEN (old color).—A good bat, with plenty of punishing power. Bowls effectively at times.
- ✓ SWAN (old color.)—The steadiest bowler on the team, always dangerous. A fine fielder and a plucky batsman. A bit weak on the off, but extra good on the leg.
- ✓ BLACKSTOCK (old color).—A hard-hitting bat and a ready bowler. A greatly improved field.
- ✓ GRAHAM.—One of the new men. Has proved to be a consistent run getter. Bats left hand, bowls right, with a very taking delivery.
- ✓ MOFFATT.—A left-hander and a brilliant field, especially in the country.
- ✓ NORRIS.—A good out-fielder and a young batsman of promise, who hits very hard on the leg side. Needs better defence.
- ✓ CROSSEN.—A left-hand bat, of the slugger type. Great hitting power, but deficient in defence. A fine, active field. Lacks experience, however.
- ✓ GRANT.—The smallest man on the team. An all-round cricketer of great promise.



PREFECTS, 1905-06.



THE ISTHMIAN CLUB.

THE Isthmian Club formed by the efforts of our Gym. Instructor, Mr. Chapman, had a most successful year. At a meeting held last January, consisting of boys interested in boxing, wrestling and fencing, the club was formed and the following officers were elected:

Hon. President, Mr. D. Bruce Macdonald; President, Mr. James; Vice-President, Mr. Chapman; Secretary, L. Crossen; Committee, Gill, Winans, MacDonald, Fergusson I., Duncanson.

The name "Isthmian" was decided upon as being the most appropriate, for it is the place where the old Greeks held their wrestling and boxing tournaments. To be a member of this club a boy had to be up to a certain standard in any one of the three arts. There was a great interest taken in it, and there are now about forty on the membership roll.

During the winter term the club held small entertainments in which exhibitions of boxing, wrestling and fencing were given.

The first annual boxing, wrestling and fencing championships of St. Andrew's College were held under the auspices of the Isthmian Club. The following are the results of the finals for the different championships:

Boxing.—The juniors were to have three two-minute rounds, with one minute between each round. The seniors were to have three three-minute rounds and one minute between.

Lower School Championship—Auld II. *vs.* J. Fraser. Won by Auld II.

Bantam-weight—Rutter *vs.* De Laplante II. Won by Rutter in third round on points and good form.

Feather-weight—Bath *vs.* Oliver. Won by Bath in third round.

Light-weight—Hope *vs.* Wishart. Won by Hope in second round.

Welter-weight—Fergusson *vs.* Philips. Won by Fergusson in second round.

Heavy-weight—Crossen *vs.* Carver I. Won by Crossen in fourth round.

Wrestling.—Best two out of three falls.

Lower School—Auld II. *vs.* Anderson. Won by Anderson.

Bantam-weight—Munro *vs.* Strother. Won by Strother in twenty minutes.

Feather-weight—Ross *vs.* Holden. Won by Holden. First fall, 45 sec.; second fall, 15 sec.

Light-weight—Gill *vs.* Chase. Won by Gill on two falls.

Welter-weight—Johnson *vs.* Carver II. Won by Johnson.

Heavy-weight—Crossen *vs.* Bole. Won by Bole.

Fencing.—For total number of points in five minutes.

Gill *vs.* Duncanson.

Duncanson *vs.* Massey.

Gill *vs.* Massey.

Massey won by 2, with a total of 10 points.

The officials were: Time-keeper, Mr. C. A. Ward, B.A. Judges of Boxing, Prof. Williams, of University of Toronto; Mr. Chas. Powis, Fencing and Boxing Master, Highfield School; Jas. W. James, B.A., and Mr. Grant Cooper, B.A. Referee of Fencing, Mr. Chas. Powis. Referee of Boxing and Wrestling, E. A. Chapman, Gym. Director. Instructor, E. A. Chapman, Gym. Director.

L. CROSSEN.



THE ANNUAL GAMES.

THE sixth annual field day was held on May 17th at Rosedale. Despite the uncertain appearance of the sky in the morning the afternoon turned out bright and warm. The attendance was a record one, and though the track was rather slow, owing to the rain, good time was made. Crossen won the Senior Championship with 33 points; Edmunds the Boarder's Championship with 15. The contest for the Junior Championship was very close, Ross I. winning out by 19 points as against 18 made by Grant I. The following are the list of events:

TUESDAY, MAY 15TH.

Half Mile*—1st, Burton; 2nd, Knox; 3rd Findlay. Time, 2 min. 17 sec.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1st, Swan; 2nd McKenzie; 3rd, Bronson. Distance, 97 yds. 2 ft.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1st, Norris II.; 2nd, Carlyle; 3rd, Ross II. Distance 69 yds.

Kicking Football—1st, Brown; 2nd, Fraser. Distance, 116 ft.

High Jump (Senior)*—1st, Parsons I.; 2nd, Crossen; 3rd, De Laplante I. Height, 4 ft. 9 in.

High Jump (Junior)*—1st, Ross; 2nd, Grant I.; 3rd Smith IV. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)*—1st, Crossen; 2nd, Edmonds; 3rd De Laplante I. Distance, 9 ft. 2 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)*—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Norris II.; 3rd, Grant I. Distance, 8 ft.

Running Broad Jump (Senior)*—1st, Crossen; 2nd, Lee I.; 3rd, Edmonds. Distance, 17 ft. 2 in.

Running Broad Jump (Junior)*—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Grant I.; 3rd, Davidson I. Distance, 15 ft.

Putting Shot (16 lbs.)*—1st, Crossen; 2nd, Lee I.; 3rd, Fraser I. Distance, 34 ft. 5 in.

THURSDAY, MAY 17TH.

220 Yards Dash (under 17)—1st Edmunds; 2nd, Skinner; 3rd, Findlay. Time, 25 sec.

50 Yards Dash (Preparatory)—1st, Cassels; 2nd, Young; 3rd, Rolph. Time, 7 sec.

100 Yard Dash (Senior)*—1st, Crossen; 2nd, Bronson; 3rd, Edmunds. Time 10 3-5 sec.

100 Yard Dash (under 13)—1st, Smith IV.; 2nd, Lewis; 3rd, Bicknell. Time, 12 3-8 sec.

Sack Race—1st, Macdonald II.; 2nd, Carlyle; 3rd, Corbould I.

Three-Legged Race—1st, Parsons and Ramsay; 2nd, Bronson and Bole.

220 Yards Dash (Senior)*—1st Edmunds; 2nd, Bronson; 3rd, Moffatt. Time, 25 sec.

100 Yards Dash (Junior)*—1st, Grant I.; 2nd, Ross I.; 3rd, Smith IV. Time, 12 min. 2 sec.

440 Yards Dash (Senior)*—1st, Gill; 2nd, Findlay. Time, 58 4-5 sec.

220 Yards Dash (Junior)*—1st, Grant I.; 2nd, Norris II.; 3rd, Ross I.; Time, 29 2-5 sec.

Obstacle Race—1st, Boyd; 2nd, Gooch II.; 3rd, Corbould.

Hurdle Race (Senior)*—1st, Crossen; 2nd, Brown; 3rd, Parsons I.; Time, 17 sec.

Hurdle Race (Junior)*—1st, Gooch; 2nd, MacKenzie; 3rd, Grant I. Time, 19 2-5 sec.

Throwing the Hammer*—1st, Crossen; 2nd, De Laplante I.; 3rd, Lee I. Distance, 73 ft. 3 in.

One Mile*—1st, Knox; 2nd, Findlay; 3rd, Gill. Time, 5 min. 13 4-5 sec.

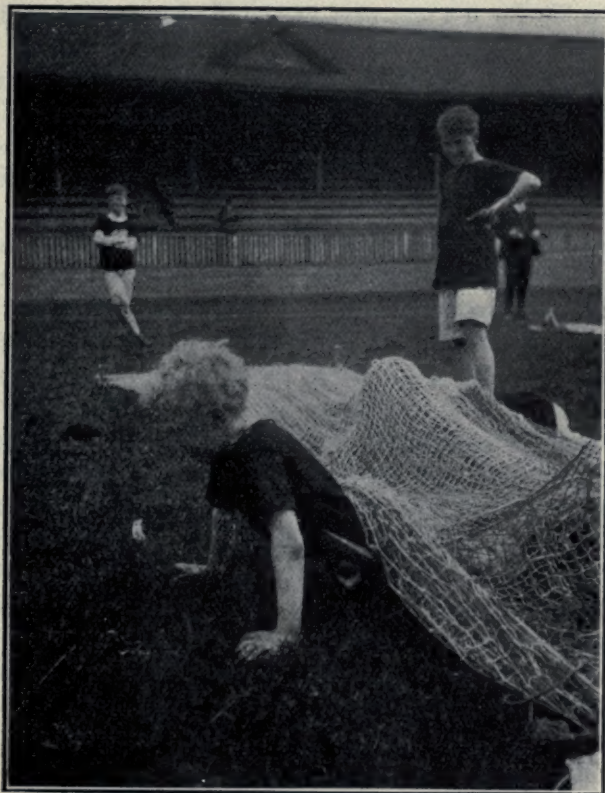
Relay Race—Forms III. a, III. b, IV. a, IV. b, V. and VI.—1st, Form IV.; 2nd, Form III. a.

Consolation Race (Junior and Senior)—1st, Wheeler; 2nd, Duncanson.

Only races marked with an asterisk count for Championship. All single events count for the Boarders' Championship.

The following were the officers of the day:

Referee, H. B. Housser; Starter, A. E. Chapman; Time-keeper, Dr. Barton; Measurers, H. W. Allen and A. M. Douglas; Clerk of the Course, W. J. Lea; Judges, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fleming and Mr. Bell.



Miscellany.

A LETTER FROM THE PHYSICAL DIRECTOR.

AS the physical examination of the boys for the school year is over, a word to the boys is, perhaps, advisable.

The examination in September and May substantiated the fact that the routine life of the college, with the regular hours for rising, eating, retiring, study and recreation, is the greatest factor in assisting Nature to build up the body in the way it should grow. Perhaps the outdoor life permitted at St. Andrew's in an atmosphere high and wholesome, is responsible for a great part of the improvement noted during examination.

In the September examination I noticed at once the tan marks on the majority of the boys, bespeaking a summer of swimming, sailing, canoeing and rowing. These are all excellent exercises, excellent because they are taken in the open air, and taken with the enthusiasm of pure recreation.

However, I noticed, also, and questioning elicited the truth, that many of the boys showed a tendency toward "leanness" and exhausted vitality, due to too much swimming. Swimming was indulged in just before and after meals and all the time between meals. In other words the whole day was spent in the water.

Swimming, as I said before, is an excellent exercise, calling for all-round development of the muscles. Every boy should learn to swim, and where convenient should go into the water every day. But the sport is more exhausting than the average boy would be inclined to think, and I wish to warn you before beginning your vacation to be more careful regarding swimming.

If you like a "dip" before breakfast, take a "dip," but not a swim of any distance. If you like a "distance" swim before breakfast, eat a couple of crackers before you start.

A couple of times a day is enough for the strongest boy, and once a day would be better for the majority.

It would seem almost unwise for me to lay down rules of physical training for you during your vacation. It is summer, you are away from school and you would like to get as far away as possible from "rules." But by using a little thought and care, you can have just as much fun, and come back to college in the autumn in better shape physically and mentally.

I would therefore suggest that the first thing every morning you eat a cracker or two, then for four or five minutes go through some of the exercises of the "dumb bell drill," as given you by the gymnasium director, Mr. Chapman, especially those exercises which bring the shoulders well back. This offsets the effects of canoeing and other sports which, in developing the chest tend to draw the shoulders forward. It also puts the heart and lungs in a proper position to be strengthened by these outdoor exercises. After the exercise take a dip and a rub down. After each meal sit down for a few minutes before you start any "doings." In regard to the various pastimes would advise that you "mix" them up to some extent. Tennis and swimming are perhaps the most exhausting sports, therefore it would be well to mix them in with canoeing, rowing, golf, climbing, tramping and other sports.

The secret of getting the most out of your vacation will be to get all the recreation you want and all the exercise you need.

My experience with boys in preparatory colleges is that they indulge too much in smoking. The reason I speak about it is this: Many of the boys, knowing that their father and other well-informed men smoke, naturally believe that this is a guarantee of the harmlessness of tobacco. Now, boys, if you consult the examination charts you will at once notice that many of the boys have grown two and three inches in the ten months. Also some have gained from twenty to thirty pounds in weight. Do you not see how Nature is putting forth her best efforts (and at your age they are the best efforts Nature ever does put forth) to build you up into your best possible physique. And yet you would retard her efforts by using tobacco. That tobacco does retard development in the growing boy cannot be questioned.

Now, if you desire to be like some men you know, who smoke to be sociable and so forth, you should wait until you are out of boy's estate, and have received the best that Nature

can give you in height, width and depth of chest, width of shoulders, and strength of heart and lungs.


In regard to the physical work for next year, more time and attention will be given to the systematizing of the gymnasium work and sports. Aside from the regular gymnasium work, every boy will be encouraged to take up at least one line of athletics, for physiological reasons.

In the gymnasium proper, the regular routine work will be pushed, and in addition to the indoor games, regular monthly athletic and gymnastic contests will be held in the various grades.

I hope that each fellow will get the most out of his vacation, and return to college in September prepared for a year of all-round work.

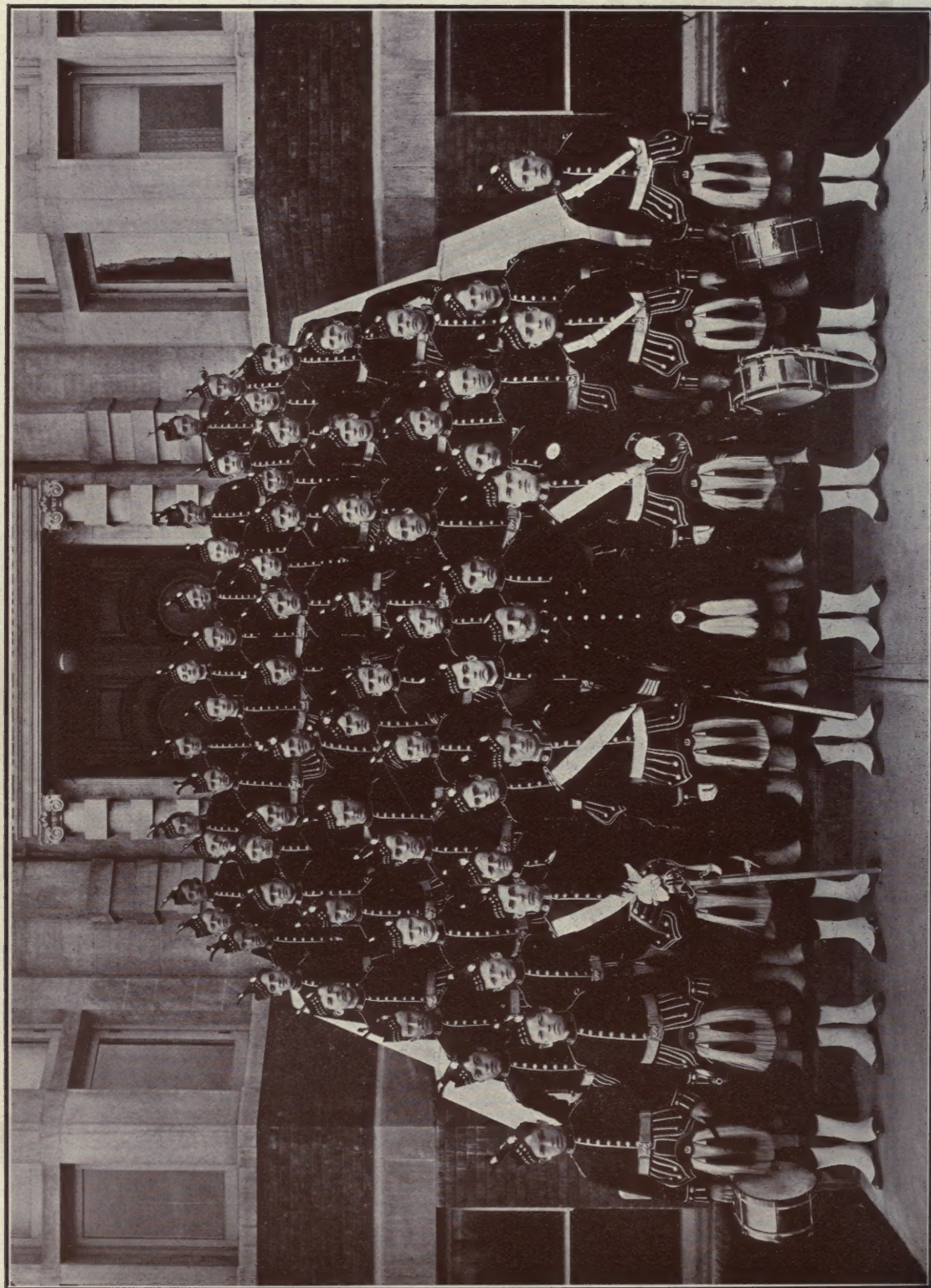
JAS. W. BARTON, M.D.

THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES.

 AN account of the success of the Sunday evening services before Easter, the Principal arranged for a new series to be given during the summer term. A neat schedule of these services was printed and copies sent to friends of the College, with the result that we have had a few visitors every Sunday evening. A change from last term was the reading of the first lesson by one of the prefects.

The first of this series of special addresses was given on May 6th by Rev. Robert Laird, who spoke on "Companions." "Few things," he said, "have so much influence on our lives, for good or bad, as the friendships we form and the people we associate with." Mr. Laird's striking personality and his virile manner of addressing made his remarks strike home.

On May 13th we had a strong address from Dr. McTavish, who used as his text the College motto, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." With this as a basis he drew a picture of a perfect character, one in which mental alertness, religious conviction and moral courage, together with perseverance, are united. He closed his address by the exhortation, "Quit you like men, be strong."



CADET CORPS, 1905-06.

On May 27th we enjoyed a splendid sermon from Rev. Canon Cody. His subject was "Moral Courage," and he took as his text, John 11. 7: "Let us go again into Judea." In speaking of this splendid example of courage on the part of Christ, he dwelt upon the lack of men nowadays who have the courage of their convictions.

The fourth special address was given on June 3rd by Rev. Dr. Tovell, who gave a straight talk to the boys on physical, moral and mental development.

The remaining services, to be given by Rev. J. O. Miller and the Principal, are being looked forward to with pleasure and expectation. All appreciate greatly the kindness of the ministers who have spoken to us, in leaving their own congregations to speak to us in a way that has been both profitable and pleasant.

WISHART.

THE CADET CORPS.

WITH the roll of drums, the flash of arms and the swinging of the kilts, the Cadet Company—prophesied from time immemorial—has made its formal bow to the world in general.

The idea was long scoffed at. But with military precision the corps progressed until at the appearance of the uniforms the last "knocker" ceased to "knock," and the company was a real thing.

It is true they have called our sporrans chatelaines; they have spoken of our plaids as steamer rugs, and, disgraceful to relate, they have even accused us of having on false rotundity under the spats. Yet the Gaelic garb is still serene, and here to stay.

The company has been very fortunate in having a most efficient drill instructor, Sergt. A. R. Hatt, of the Gordon Highlanders. Sergt. Hatt is a soldier with a great deal of experience, and has smelt powder in India and South Africa. He has been very painstaking and interested in the drills, and any success the corps may have attained is largely owing to his services.

The first public appearance of the company was in Queen's

Park on April 24th, when the Cadets of Toronto were reviewed by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. The manoeuvres consisted of a royal salute, an inspection by His Royal Highness and staff, and a march past. The officers present were greatly pleased with the appearance of the corps.

On the 14th of May the Cadets were inspected by Col. Denison, and a favorable report was sent to the General Officer Commanding.

On the evening of Friday, the 18th, the company took part for the first time in one of the regimental drills of the 48th Highlanders, and was very cordially welcomed by Col. Robertson and the officers and men of the regiment.

On the following Sunday the Cadets paraded with the Highlanders to service at St. Andrew's Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Crawford Brown, and music was furnished by the regimental band.

On Victoria Day the 48th Highlanders and the St. Andrew's Cadets were entertained at Government House, at the invitation of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark. The ceremony of "trooping the colour" was performed. It was a splendid affair, and the brilliant uniforms in a setting of green, with the old grey house in the background, made a picturesque scene. The ceremony itself was very impressive and full of stately military airs, and was stirring enough to excite a feeling of rampant militarism in the heart of the most peaceful citizen. After the manoeuvres were over His Honor made a speech of welcome to the regiment, which was responded to by the Colonel. Refreshments were then served in marquees placed on the lawn.

This occasion closed the season for the Cadet Corps. As an initial year it could not have been better, and we have had a very fair glimpse into military life. It is to be hoped that next year more time will be given to shooting, and that the Gordon tartan will achieve fame at the ranges as well as on the parade ground.

The officers and non-commissioned officers for 1905-6 were Capt. Cooper, Lieuts. Massey and Driscoll, Color-Sergt. Wood and Sergts. Crossen, Gill and Duncanson.

C. V. M.

A CADET'S TALE.

A HUMBLE college cadet, I,
A private, and one who obeys
His captain on the drilling days
With dull and unobservant eye.

I am named fool, or even worse;
Yes, once my red-haired sergeant had
The cheek to swear; 'twas very bad;
His words were to the point, and terse.

Through wintry dull and springtime shine
We drilled, and, drilling, how we worked!
And, though my share I never shirked,
When things went wrong the fault was mine.

Or so they said, with many cries,
And if when standing in the ranks
I played my customary pranks,
They told me things, with words unwise.

But one fine day, when in our kilts
We amble out onto parade,
Though very crooked is the plaid,
The knocker fades away and wilts.

With roll of drums and flash of arms
And dust got up in clouds, the pen
Cannot describe our joy. Ah! then
We long for one of war's alarms.

As sparrows glitt'ring far and near,
We swing adown the college drive.
On war we feel that we could thrive;
Of bullets we would have no fear.

Prince Arthur thought, in one proud hour
As lined up silently we stood,
While burned our military blood,
Of all the corps, we were the flower.

One Friday night we had a drill,
At first 'twas great, but later, when
The City Hall clock rang out ten,
By that time we'd quite had our fill.

'Twas very hot one Thursday morn.
To troop the colour we were out.
Our throats sustained an utter drought;
The heat was hardly to be borne.


At last we rush toward the tent,
The promised lemonade to find.
Alas! the fates were still unkind—
Hot coffee was the one drink sent.

I will not speak of church parade;
The thought of it doth give me pain,
But seven turned out through the rain;
Their memory will never fade.

At last my story is quite through,
And, comrades, please remember this:
That, though my tale speaks not of bliss,
In every detail it is true.

E. MURRAY WRONG.

TRANSLATIONS.

 HE following are translations from the works of Jean Paul Richter:

No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.

If you are unable to refute an argument, you find fault with the way in which it is put.

*Jealousy constitutes the sole difference between love and friendship. Friendship has therefore one pleasure, and love one pain, the more.

It is of little avail that fortune makes us rich, if our desires make us poor again.

The timid fear before danger, the cowardly in the midst of it, and the courageous after it is over.

It is as hard to prove anything to women as to lawyers.

Scars grow with the body; so do stings of conscience.

Necessity is the mother of the arts; but also the grandmother of vices.

Where man is, infinity begins.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier when loved ones help to bear it.

Man is like horse-radish: the more it is grated the more it bites. The satirist is sadder than the jester, for the same reason that the ourang-outang is more melancholy than the monkey—because he is nobler.


He who no longer aspires to be more than a man will be less than a man.

A being in whom the thought of immortality can arise cannot be mortal.

He who sacrifices health to knowledge will find that he has in most cases sacrificed knowledge, too.

The courtesy with which I receive a stranger, and the civility I show him, form the background on which he paints my portrait.

EXCHANGES.

E are glad to welcome for the first time to our Exchange Department *The Dalhousie Gazette*. Its articles are all most interesting and its exchange column is excellent. We sincerely hope it continues to exchange.

The Magnet is also one of our new exchanges. Its editors are certainly to be congratulated.

We have also received for the first time *The McMaster Monthly*. We welcome it, and hope from now on to be able to record it each month upon the exchange files of this college paper.

The appearance, etc., of the *Moheganite* is excellent, but it lacks greatly in amount of matter and illustration. In the last number, however, this fault is remedied by the addition of several fine cuts.

There are two papers from which we have not received exchanges since Easter, viz., *The Review*, Western Canada College, and *The Aeroama*, Miss Hawke's School, Rochester. We miss these papers, and hope they will again exchange with us.

Among the other exchanges are: *The Blue and White*, Rothesay College, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Queen's University Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *Lux Columbiana*, Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Eagle*, St. John's School, Montreal, Que.; *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Ont.; *Acta Ridliana*, Ridley College, St. Catharines.

We wish to thank all those who have exchanged with us, and hope that each and every one, along with many others, may be found on our exchange list the coming year.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG.

" A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare—
The odour of forest pine.

" A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide thro' the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

" From out of the gloom sails the silvery moon
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love."

Skits.

Wrong will not be approached in regard to his Rhodes scholarship relations. However, it is generally thought that "Phœbe" will accept the opportunity, as it will allow him to get English ideas about the Tariff Reduction.

MacGillivray intends to drop several subjects that he is now taking, as his course at S.P.S. next year will include only amateur photography. Specializing is not, as a rule, considered a good thing. There is a bright future ahead of Mac, however, and he may some day have a studio of his own on York Street.

There has not been an incident in college life for years and years to be more regretted than the fact that indoor baseball should rob cricket of "Ching" McArthur, one of the grandest bats in the history of S.A.C. cricket.

My! Just to think how the time flies! A few more years and "Tiny" McLachlan may be teaching the gentle art of needlecraft in some girls' school.

The first cricket team, after hearing that one of the prep. schools was trying to kidnap Macpherson, took the extra precaution of having two private detectives keep constant watch over "Bill" so nothing would happen to him.

Any boy wishing to procure a photograph of Duncanson or Duff before leaving S.A.C. may do so by applying at the office. There are several different positions, and it may be stated that the demand is so large that three have already been sold.

A week or two ago "Cucumber" Mulholland made the announcement that any boy in the college wishing to take a picture of him in Highland costume could do so for the small price of twenty-five cents. Evidently trade was not very brisk, for we see that he is now willing to be taken for a two-cent stamp.

The Literary Society have decided, after much deliberation, to present Massey with a leather medal for the bravery and nerve he displayed at the different public appearances of the Cadet Corps.

Massey has bet Mahlengeni three weeks' pocket money that he can drink more lemonade at the garden party than can our friend from sunny Africa.

Not that anything disparaging should be said about cricket, however, the game has gone a little too far in the school when "Doc" Wishart sacrifices from ten to fifteen minutes three times a week playing it.

It was war to the knife when McLachlan and Massey started their campaign to see which would get in the cricket team picture as scorer.

How is it that Wrong so heartily endorses plaid trousers for the Cadet Corps? Aren't kilts all right, "Phœbe"?

The enthusiasm ran so high after the Cadets' march past the Prince that Lieut. Massey was surrounded by a mob, consisting of about seventy-five girls, which was determined to Hobsonize our Vincent.

A number of the boys who are graduating this June are going around from room to room picking up little mementoes here and there, just so they will remember the old place.

It does not necessarily follow that the cadet who was around trying to borrow bath towels before the parade was the boy with the largest chest. Does it, Vinny?

"There is nothing new under the sun," Tovell was heard to say after carefully examining the bureau in his room.

Gill, on street-car, to Ike: "Isn't it funny that everyone you see on the car seems to be going somewhere?"

No doubt but it will be a surprise to many to learn that it took only two bottles of "Seven Sutherland Sisters" to produce Lynd's dainty sideburns.

It is reported that Bronson has consented to write a number of articles for the sporting department of the Ladies' Home Journal, entitled "How I rose from the lowest rank to the position of the most popular boy in S.A.C." A word to the wise is sufficient, boys; so please do your best to hinder Harry from ruining his thus far truthful career.

First Junior House Boy: "What did Bronson give you that three cents for?"

Second Junior House Boy: "Oh, that was because I write Skits for the REVIEW about him."

Miller: "Sir, it has the masculine gender in the book."

"Mr. W—: "Well, you see, Miller, they *always* put the masculine gender *sometimes*."

Leask: "I know six ways to make pies, and three ways to cook steak."

Carver: "Go down and show the cook."

Elderly lady at prize-giving, as Wrong II., McLaren II., and MacPherson II., go forward to receive prizes: "My! Those Secundus boys must be a clever lot. There are three of them up there at one time!"

Mr. Cooper: "Wood, take an hour for eating candy."

Wood II.: "Sir, I'll give you a piece if you'll take it off."

McFarlane to Newman, who is pulling his hair: "Quit your bull-doing."

Many people have remarked on the fact that Tovell is never happy unless he is in Massey's company. Doubtless there is a method in his madness.

Mr. Cooper gave a question about a man selling water in *milk*.

"Housser: "Do they do that here, sir?"

McNeil: "You're not a boarder!"

Fraser II. to the master, in study: "May I take a bath, sir?"

Master: "Not before your usual time."

Fraser, pleadingly: "Sir, I haven't had a bath for three weeks."

Chorus: "Let him go, sir!"

Mr. B—: "What is the feminine of monk?"

Denovan: "Monkey, sir!"

It is rumored that George Chase has a job of scene lifter with Richard Mansfield.

Ching says that every time McNeil calls him a "toothless old hag," he intends to take ten cents off the debt he owes him.

Lately there has been a marked feeling of uneasiness in the camp of "the chosen."

Ching, grasping a young sparrow by the throat: "Say uncle, gol darn ye."

Duncanson is very enthusiastic over the effects of Herpicide on dandruff. In fact, he has so interested a few of the boys in the matter that they take it as a matter of habit now. His Herpicide, too.

"Yes," said Winans, with a self-pleased smile, "I have saved all my money for five weeks," and before the admiring eyes of some boys from the Junior House he proudly held out sixty-three cents.

Forgie has led a large crowd of camp followers (unsuccessfully) during the past year.

Mr. Cooper, in giving an arithmetic question: "If I had my life insured for \$1,000 at 2 per cent, how much would I get if I died?"

Prep. Infant: "What time is it, sir?"

Mr. W—n: "Quarter past ten."

P. I. (doubtfully): "Please, sir, I am just fifteen minutes past!"

Crossen informed a few friends the other day that Ike would make the half line next year if he gained fifteen more pounds. Just think of the prospects of a team with a half line composed of Crossen, Graham and—Goggin!

Hope: "Sir, may I have leave to get a book from my room?"

Mr. Segwick: "Yes, at the usual rate of two quarters; no discount to students."

Why is Reynold's hair like the Siamese twins? Because it can't be parted.

Mr. B—to Gibson (who is staring at him): "Look at your book, Gibson, and don't stare into a vacancy."

Trixy Gunn and Annie Duff have bought Cooke's tourist stop-over tickets.

Vincent Massey, "The Officers' Mess."

During the hot weather Mr. Cooper's open-work gown will come in handy.

Mr. S—to Hope, as the latter came through the door: "Don't make that door squeak so."

Hope: "It's a musical door, sir!"

Mr. S—: "Of course; we must have such things to amuse babies of your kind."

Winans desires to inform the school once and for all that he has only one fifty-pound weight tied to his feet when he hangs on the parallel bars. He believes that a gradual stretching of the cartilages is better than a sudden alteration.

"Ching" McArthur, America's favorite contortionist, will be seen at Hanlan's Point this summer.

Stewart's imported English suit is certainly uncommon, and doubtless a great number of people would like to know the address of the tailor, but, well—"Canada for the Canadians."

Burk's birthday was the other day and he got a cake, but who saw it?

It is easily seen that the price of eggs has gone down to almost nothing. We have them for breakfast sometimes.

Fraser II. to Mr. Sedgwick: "May I get a book?"

Mr. Sedgwick: "If you take an hour."

Fraser II.: "I thought it was only a half-hour?"

Mr. Sedgwick: "It will be an hour and a half if you chew the rag. Do you want to get the book or not?"

Fraser II. (angrily): "No!"

Mr. C—: "I'll give an hour to the next fellow that ties knots in my gown!"

Ross I. to Fraser II.: "I've got a great face for pie."

Fraser II.: "You mean you've got a pie for a face."

Echoes from 27: "I'm the only star that glitters on Broadway."

Mr. F—g: "Hale, put your feet in, and if there isn't room under the seat, leave them in the prayer hall."

Mr. C—: "Tra la la la la, tra la la la la!" etc. etc., etc. etc!

Found: (1) At the door of Room 27, on the night of the 24th, a yellow pail, evidently belonging to a master; owner may have same by applying to the finders. (2) One brass cuff link, on the night of the 28th of May, among the debris in Room 16, bearing initials "G.C."; owner may have same by applying at the above room.

Some of the boys were thinking of putting on the platform some night "The Merchant of Venice." The masters think it would help the boys greatly in matriculation. The cast of characters so far is: Antonio, "Trixy" Gunn; Bassanio, McLachlin; Gratiano, McNicoll; Portia, Leask; Narissa, Graham; Young Gobbo, Chase; Old Gobbo, McArthur; Shylock, Stuart; Jessica, Tovel; Duke of Venice, Massey; assisted by the little jumping rabbit, Carver I.

Sir Henry Irving died just in time to escape being "Chased" out of his position at the head of his profession.

Mr. W——e (coming into Room 27): "Any charge for that, Chase?"

Just like Chase! (Shea's).

Duff (to Evans): "Where's your blazer, Evans?"

Evans: "Oh, Ching wont' let me wear it after tea."

It is reported that the gramophone had a nightmare.

Sands (on Saturday afternoon): "Cras, I can't loen pooetrie!"

Carver I. (in his sleep after his trip to Niagara): "Where was I yesterday? Um! Eh!"

Mr. W——d: "Take an hour, Coatsworth."

At that time the unfortunate was enjoying the balmy breezes of Jamaica.

Prefect (calling evening roll): "Stuart I."

General chorus: "Adsum!"

We notice there is less draft on the flat since Kydd left.

Hale (dressing for church): "A stiff shirt on me.
Well ——!!!"

Cutler (taking a bath): "Gee, fellows! I feel like doing
Gym work."

Why didn't they have a fat man's race for the benefit of one
of the inmates of Room 17?

Somebody (to "Pickles"): "Why don't you get your room
papered while you're getting it molded, 'Pickles'?"

"Pickles": "Oh, I can take the molding home, but I can't
take the paper."

Winans and "Doc" Wishart have commenced lending money
at two per cent. per day. No wonder they can buy their own
car fare now.

Ching (rushing up the aisle of the Majestic Theatre): "Take
that pistol away from that man's ear, or I set Forgie on you."

The doors are locked, the windows nailed,
The fire escapes they are too high;
But ah! at last we have not failed—
The dining-room windows are the pie.

The nice green rubber-plant which decorated one of the
dining-room tables has taken yellow fever owing to too much
nourishment.

Our butter which we put away for dinner has been disap-
pearing lately. Detective Forgie is on the track, and we hope
soon to have the guilty party.

Mr. White (to Hale): "Have you been throwing water on the second flat, boys?"

Hale: "No, sir. I just turned the pitcher upside down, and gravity did the rest. I could not help it, sir!"

Two inmates of Room 30 have decided to celebrate the closing of school in a most appropriate manner, much to the relief of their neighbors, as the warm weather is approaching.

It is reported that Sothern is about to retire from behind the footlights and yield the palm to a promising young actor who has been holding free rehearsals on the top flat.

When volunteers are called for to form the S.A.C. fire brigade a prominent second flat master will undoubtedly be found in the ranks, as he has already distinguished himself in that line.

The eastern end of the top flat is certainly not lacking in vocalists.

One of a group of boys: "We were the losers when 'Daffy' left."

Group, in chorus: "He has a sweater, tie, pair socks, etc., of mine."

Mr. Cooper's gown has caused such a lot of excitement in the school that scientists came to see it, and pronounced it one of the wonders of the world, ranking ninth with Quaker puffed rice.

Mr. W.: "Is that a candy you have in your mouth?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

Mr. W.: "Put it in the basket."

Boy: "Sir, it's going there as quickly as it can."

A Serge Suit for College Wear

In connection with woolens the name "Canadian" used to be a reproach. The high quality of Semi-ready "Blunoz" serge has made it a boast.

There is nothing made in Canada that can touch it in quality, and only the best that crosses the ocean can.

Only one mill in Canada is capable of producing such a serge as bears the Semi-ready trade mark of "Blunoz," and we control its output.

From the yarn to the finished piece we carefully guard its quality, so you can depend on every yard to give the best service and always look well.

"Blunoz" serge can be had only in Semi-ready tailored garments.

We would like to show you a Semi-ready "Blunoz" suit.

Semi-ready Tailoring

22 King Street West, Toronto

The doctors pronounce it harmless.—Chase.

A certain very diminutive St. Andrew's boy was the escort of a very pretty girl on the occasion of the Whitby Conversat.

Charlie Ward, '04, was there, and, feeling a fatherly interest in all St. Andrew's boys, begged to be introduced.

It was here that the embryo Rockefeller scented a great opportunity.

"Well," he said, "if I introduce you will you take off my detention?"

Ward tried to compromise, but the youngster was firm. So at last the bargain was made. Truly, the youth with the pretty sister has discovered the royal road to learning.—*Acta Victoriana*.

Nobody works like Haywood;

He's a perfect dear—

Studies three hours each night

So's to pass each year.

He never reaches first, though;

He comes second or third.

He has the merriest "Ha! ha!"

You ever heard.

First Boy: "Say, do you want to see an earthquake?"

Second Boy: "Sure."

First Boy: "All right, then; nobody learn their geometry for to-morrow."

Dr. M.: "Now, finish zis piece to zee end."

Mr. F—n—l—y: "I'm teaching Vla to read now."

Master: "Wouldn't you like to see yourself laugh?"

Haywood: "No, sir, I wouldn't."

A Young Man's Store



YOUNG MEN set the fashions. If it were left to their fathers, style in men's dress would come to a stand-still.

Recognizing the young man as chief factor, the Men's Store has exercised special effort to please him. We pride ourselves upon the perfection to which we have brought our ready-to-wear clothing. Difficult, indeed, to choose between our ready-to-wear clothes and the average tailor-made garments. In clothing alone, the Men's Store will save you many a dollar and give you unbounded satisfaction.

In Furnishings, too, we carry a full economically priced stock of all that a particular young man needs. You can buy anything here, from collars to hosiery, from underwear to an overcoat, from a hat to a pair of boots. We can make you a suit of clothes to your order equal to that of the most exclusive tailors, and we'll charge you the Simpson prices, which saves you all extravagance.

Do drop in and see our summer suits of English tweeds and worsteds. They will convince you.

MEN'S STORE, RICHMOND STREET WING.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON
TORONTO

COMPANY
LIMITED

Master: "In 1840." (Laughter.)

First Boy: "Say, lend me a quarter, will you?"

Second Boy: "Sure; you can have them all."

Things that cannot be bought:

A sheet for the bed of a river.

A lock for the trunk of an elephant.

A blanket for the cradle of the deep.

A button for a coat of paint.

A razor to shave the face of the earth.

A dog to replace the bark of a tree.

A book on "How the Water-works."

•—*Ex.*

Do kittens that have been mauled and teased in their infancy
become Maltese cats? We "paws" for a reply.—*Ex.*

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Revue

Xmas
1906

IMMEDIATE PAYMENT

Promptness in meeting claims has been for many years a point to which the Confederation Life Association has given special attention.

It is the invariable rule to pay all claims

IMMEDIATELY

on approval of proofs of death, thus placing ready money in the hands of the beneficiary at the time when it is often most needed.

Since organization the Company has paid over

\$10,000,000.00

to policyholders, and for every \$100 received the Company has paid, or holds for the benefit of policyholders,

\$103.94

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President.

W. C. MACDONALD,
Secretary and Actuary.

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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1906

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IRWIN
WRONG
HOUSER
BURNS
EBERTS

Business Manager:—GILL

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER

St. Andrew's College Review

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BUSINESS MANAGER: GILL. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: MCNEIL, MCKENZIE.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: WRONG.

CHRISTMAS, 1906

Editorials.

The REVIEW extends to all readers good wishes GREETINGS. for a Merry Christmas and a New Year blessed in the truest sense of the word.

It is hard to realize that we are celebrating our second Christmas in the new College. Time indeed flies, especially when one's hours are as fully occupied as in school life. The daily round of duties, the various interests of recreation, fill every moment to the brim, and one completes each cycle of hours with a feeling that there is still much left undone.

It is painfully true that at no epoch in our life are we at a standstill. We are going forward or we are going backward; there is no pause in the onrush of that current which each second bears us on towards the end.

Realizing this fact, there is a pleasant contemplation in glancing back over our first residential year in the present location. It is certain that we have not been at a standstill; it is equally certain that we have not gone backward. There is but one conclusion, and one that brings satisfaction not only to those

of the present régime, but also to all Old Boys who have the interest of S. A. C. at heart.

“Are we in it? Well, we should smile,
We've been in it for quite a while.
Who's in? We're in—
College!”

Yes, we are in it, and we mean to stay in it! We don't wish to toot our own horn—others are doing that for us—but, while avoiding self-complacency, we cannot help being pleased at the success which has attended each new step in the history of St. Andrew's. Long may it last!

COLLEGE SONGS. The call for college songs was met by quite a deluge of poetic effusions. A careful selection resulted in the choice of a goodly number, which were printed on slips for distribution. Many of the calls are catchy in theme; they are set to familiar tunes, which seem to lose none of their pristine dignity or beauty in their adaptation to college needs. “Fighting for Andy” is already dear to the hearts of S. A. C. boys, and will probably thrill succeeding generations as it has many classes of Eli's sons at grand old Yale.

Good, catchy songs will always be welcome, and are sure to meet with favor. We can't have too many, especially when they are the outcome of loyal devotion to the College and her ideals. Keep it up boys—the more the merrier!

OBITUARY. It is with profound regret, keen, yet somewhat softened by time, that the REVIEW recalls the death of two college boys.

During the summer vacation one and all were inexpressibly shocked to hear of the demise of Frank Elmore Harris, which

took place under peculiarly sad circumstances at his summer home in Muskoka.

Of a singularly bright disposition, Frank had many friends in College. His ready smile and genial greeting bore constant testimony to that "merry heart which doeth good" to all who come within its cheery radiance. Mentally he was bright and progressive; few boys have such a future before them as lay in the path of Frank Harris. Blessed with every advantage, from a worldly standpoint, and with a character of rare spiritual grace, he stood on the threshold of strong, young manhood. Then came the tragic and unlooked for end, which robbed his home of a cherished member and the world of one whose influence would undoubtedly have been on the side of right.

Shortly after the reopening of College, Elmer Bowman was stricken with appendicitis, and after a short struggle passed peacefully away. Of a retiring disposition he made a few loyal friends, who were well able to appreciate his character in the enjoyment of constant fellowship. The handsome floral offering and a contribution in money to the Sick Children's Hospital, made on behalf of the school, are silent yet tangible evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his close friends as well as by those who had not the good fortune to know him more intimately.

These two promising young men have left us for broader fields of activity, for a future brightened by the Wider Vision; they have, indeed,

"Gone into that school
Where they no longer need our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

Wide-opened in friendly hospitality, our new
THE COLLEGE gates now adorn the entrance to the College
GATES. enclosure. The graceful iron-work is the gift
of Mr. A. M. Campbell, while the substantial
red-brick pillars are the handsome evidence of Mr. Chester D.

Massey's generosity. After the winter season a suitable fence will be added. At present, be it confessed, the structure has somewhat the appearance of a bung-hole without the barrel.

There is much character in a gate. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." There is a delightful sense of privacy and seclusion in a neat fence and well-hung gate. What is more indicative of disorder and chaos than dilapidated portals hanging on broken hinges, banging with each gust of wind, or propped dismally against unsteady posts? What better bespeaks the inward calm of hidden retreats than a strong, well-built entrance open to the coming of friends, closed to all that is hostile or harmful—gates such as one sees in English homes, behind whose iron traceries lie trim gardens, quaint flower-beds, and stately sweeps of velvet lawn! First impressions count for much, and a contemplation by visitors of our new gates will surely impress them with a foretaste of the good things which exist behind and beyond the pleasing entrance to S. A. C.

ILLUSTRA- We are unfortunate in not having some snap-shots
TIONS. of the various games played during the Rugby
season. A fate strange and sad pursued our
photographic artists, as the day of each important
game was dark and unfavorable. Our pictures of the teams
are, however, happy mementos of a successful epoch in the
School's athletic history.

OUR CON- We are fortunate and proud in having first among
TRIBUTORS. our contributions an article by Professor Goldwin
Smith. Notwithstanding the many demands upon
his time, this courtly gentleman and distinguished
writer has honored us with an article from his facile pen. "The
Lamp of Impartiality" is of interest to us not only because it

is written by so eminent a scholar as Mr. Goldwin Smith, but also because we have, as a college, rejoiced in the interest and patronage of one whose talents and attainments have made him so widely known. At the formal opening of St. Andrew's all were charmed by the wise and gracious words of one who is so well fitted to give counsel and encouragement, one whose broad sympathy brings him into touch with young and old. That we may soon again have the pleasure of seeing and hearing Mr. Goldwin Smith is the hope of every St. Andrew's boy.



THE LAMP OF IMPARTIALITY.

THE novelist must look upon humanity without partiality or prejudice. His sympathy, like that of the historian, must be unbounded, and untainted by sect or party. He must see everywhere the good that is mixed with evil, the evil that is mixed with good. And this he will not do, unless his heart is right. It is in Scott's historical novels that his impartiality is most severely tried and is most apparent; though it is apparent in all his works. Shakespeare was a pure dramatist; nothing but art found a home in that lofty, smooth, idealistic brow. He stands apart not only from the political and religious passions but from the interests of his time, seeming hardly to have any historical surroundings, but to shine like a planet suspended by itself in the sky. So it is with that female Shakespeare in miniature, Miss Austen. But Scott took the most intense interest in the political struggles of his time. He was a fiery partisan, a Tory in arms against the French Revolution. In his account of the coronation of George IV. a passionate worship of monarchy breaks forth, which, if we did not know his noble nature, we might call slavish. He sacrificed ease, and at last life, to his seignorial aspirations. On one occasion he was carried beyond the bounds of propriety by his opposition to the Whig chief. The Cavalier was his political ancestor, the Covenanter the ancestor of his political enemy. The idols which the Covenanting iconoclast broke were his. He would have fought against the first revolution under Montrose, and against the second under Dundee. Yet he is perfectly, serenely just to the opposite party. Not only is he just, he is sympathetic. He brings out their worth, their valor, such grandeur of character as they have, with all the power of his art, making no distinction in this respect between friend and foe. If they have a ridiculous side he uses it for the purposes of his art, but genially, playfully, without malice. If there was a laugh left in the Covenanters, they would have laughed at their own portraits as painted by Scott. Such a novelist is a most effective preacher of liberality and charity; he brings our hearts nearer to the Impartial Father of us all.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE SONG OF THE BLAZER.



H, the prairie sun is setting, and its glow is silhouetting
All the sky-line of the ranges, pencilled clear against
the west;

And the range is hushed and quiet save when now and
then a coyote

Is calling to his comrades to awaken from their rest.

But 'tis not the stillness only that reminds me I am lonely,
From the seeding in the springtime to the harvest in the fall;
For before me hangs a blazer and it tells me college days are
Fled away forever to the land of no recall.

And the song the blazer sings me and the memories it brings me,
Are away beyond the powers of a western farmer's pen,
As it whispers to remind me of the school-days left behind me,
Till I seem to hear the voices of the fellows once again.

I can hear the prayer-bell jangle, and across the old quadrangle
Comes the ringing voice of Halliday, who won the quarter-
mile;

With the brogue of Tim O'Brien, who is getting quite a lion
Since he gallantly defended a Zareba on the Nile.

There is Jones, who thought his mission was to be a great physi-
cian,

And to drive about his practice in the smartest kind of
brougham;

And dear old fatty Porter, who became our finest quarter,
Till he crossed the last of goal-lines in the land beyond
Khartoum.

Once again my heart is swelling, as I hear the fellows yelling,
And my arm is round Trevellyan, shoving next me in the
scrum;

Whilst away across the drill-yard I can hear old Sergeant Hill-
yard

And the tramp of the cadet corps swinging round behind the
drum.

Dear old Blazer! You are dusty, and your stripes are dim and rusty,

Yet you have been gay and gallant, by river, field and tent;
And the joy with which I won you, and the homage I have done
you,

Are only just a portion of the life you represent.

So 'tis thus I sit me dreaming, while the shanty fire is gleaming,
And my eyes look into many eyes, the bravest and the best;
Till my weary eyelids slacken, and the glowing embers blacken,
And the stars begin to tremble o'er my shanty in the west.

[The above lines are from an old number of the *Boy's Own Paper*. They were thoughtfully contributed by an Old Boy, and are most acceptable.]

WHERE HAPPINESS WAS FOUND.

HAVE you ever heard of Professor Fuchen, who lives in the north-eastern part of South-Western Longinquus? It was his great-great-grandfather who, some centuries ago, made a mixture, the formula of which reads something like this:

Merriment	4 drachms.
Charity	2 parts.
Essence of Contentment ..	12 ounces.
Wisdom	6 grains.
Dilute Brightness	12 ounces.
Cheerfulness	3 drachms.

This he called "Happiness," and scattered it all over the world.

Now, Professor Fuchen was very proud of his grandfather's deed and, being a queer old fellow, made up his mind to go on an expedition to see where this preparation was most used. So one day he set out alone in a balloon, because he expected to find the place he was seeking somewhere in the skies. Up! up! up! he went, and still up higher, for he had the very latest im-

provements in his balloon. He went straight up for three days and three nights, and by that time he was up so high that the air was too light to take even his balloon any higher, so it remained motionless for another day. The Professor fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke found the wind had drifted the balloon many miles along the sky and left it beside a huge cloud on which was situated a factory. The Professor read on the sign-board over the door:

BRANCH G.**Western Hemisphere Wind Co.**

Without hesitating he tied the balloon to a rugged projection of the cloud and walked up to the factory. A great humming noise was going on inside, and the Professor would have walked in had he not been met by a man with one huge eye, no nose, and a very little mouth, who refused to let him enter; so he was obliged to stay out. But the queer man offered to fill his balloon with lighter air, so that he could sail higher. The Professor gladly accepted the offer, and in the course of an hour was again going up! up! up! and this continued for three more days and nights—at least the Professor judged it to be about that length of time, as there is no night far up in the sky. At any rate, the balloon would go no higher, so seeing queer animals and stars crawling around, the Professor tied the balloon to a sunbeam and got out.

What a strange place this was! Such funny, queer-looking animals! and oh! what a lot of stars, some very small and some many times bigger than he himself. What seemed strangest, though, were the hundreds of little one-eyed men who ran about in a great hurry with cloths, keeping the stars polished. So busy were they that few noticed the Professor, and they paid little attention to him, but they looked at him out of their big eye and smiled with their little mouth. The Professor hardly knew how to take this, but he smiled too.

At last one condescended to come up and talk to him, and a very interesting fellow the Professor found him to be. "You

see," he explained, "every time a good deed is done on earth a star is made here, and we are kept busy making the lights so shine before men that they may do good deeds also." "What do you use for polish?" asked the Professor. "A compound of sunshine and moonbeams," was the answer. "Fine stuff; have you ever tried it?" The Professor was obliged to confess that he never had. The little fellow then said he must be getting to work, and the Professor walked on, mystified. He had not gone very far before he came across a funny looking round thing, something like a big turtle, only it was broken right across the middle, and the two pieces were tied together by a piece of string. The Professor was about to pick it up when it wriggled away, saying, "Don't touch me; I'm a broken promise," and beyond that it would say nothing, in spite of the Professor's questions. So he went on and came across oh! such a lot of other broken promises, and all said the same words. Another strange thing with horns and six legs said it was a bad intention, just waiting for someone to carry it out, and asked the Professor if he wouldn't. There were also hundreds of little worm-like things that said they were untruths, but would not talk much. There were very many other things, some that would talk and some that would not; at any rate, Professor Fuchen came to the conclusion that the world was a pretty bad place. However, many little bright flies were floating around, and these, he was told, were hopes.

The Professor had no more time to spare here, as he was quickly running out of food. He had come to the conclusion that the world was a far bigger and stranger and more wonderful place than he had thought it was before. So he made his way to his balloon somewhat disappointed that he had not found the place where people were the happiest. He was discouraged, it is true, but jumped into his balloon a much wiser man. "I shall go back to earth and see things I can understand," he muttered. But he was mistaken; the balloon would go neither up nor down. When he opened the valve the light air outside refused to let the air in the balloon escape. Instantly all kinds of horrid pictures ran through the Professor's mind. Was he to die up in the clouds all alone! Would he never see earth again! Just then, however, a breeze gave the balloon a lurch,

and a little air came out. It started its descent, but oh! so slowly, nor did the Professor have any control over it. Sometimes it rose, but on the whole it was gradually going down. The stock of food grew smaller, and the Professor ate only enough to keep him alive. Still the balloon floated around just where it pleased, and this continued for two weeks. Finally the stock of food and water was entirely diminished, and land was not yet in sight. However, as the balloon came lower the Professor was able to let out more air. Another day passed. He thought he saw land, but a high wind prevented him from coming very low. Next day he could plainly see the roofs of houses, and to his delight he was coming down, but the wind was blowing fiercely and the descent was very gradual. At last the Professor saw his chance. On the highlands of the city where he had been hovering over was a large red building, the roof of which was white with snow. The balloon was making straight for it, only some two hundred yards above. The Professor waited until within a few yards, then threw out his grappling hook just as a gust of wind caught the balloon to raise it up. The result was fine. The hook caught securely on the chimney and stopped the balloon with a jerk. Now Professor Fuchen gradually pulled it down until he at last stood firmly on the roof.

The inmates of the building, who were some young men and a great many boys of all sizes, all of whom had been eye-witnesses of the Professor's descent, were on hand to help him off the roof and give him a warm welcome into their college.

It was Christmas Day. Bells were ringing, birds were singing—the very air one breathed told the story of Christmas. Everyone was happy, especially in the college, and why should it not be so? This great day comes but once a year and brings joy and happiness to all, especially to those who have done well in the past term.

Our friend, Professor Fuchen, had a Christmas dinner at the college that made up for the two days he had gone without food. He then made his way home (not by balloon), a happy man. He had found what he first set out to find.

EDWIN A. BURNS.

THE TWO EXTREMES.

It was always the case in any school, they were to be found anywhere. The two extremes: one fellow crazy over sports, perhaps to the neglect of study, and the other a book-worm, who dreams of exams. and scholarships, frequently to the neglect of bodily exercise.

Durham School was no exception to this rule, as was seen in Jackson and Scott. The former was a slim fellow with a large head, who very seldom did anything but study, whereas Scott was a chunky chap, who was by no means studiously inclined, and who had his work before him to scramble out of the lower fourth. He was all sport.

Jackson had carried all before him in the school-work; there was not a prize offered or a scholarship that he had not nipped up easily, without any apparent trouble. Scott didn't bother his head over scholarships and such like. He had made every team in the school sports, and now, being captain for next year's foot-ball team, was worrying his head to put out the best team the school had ever owned. This was the height of his ambition.

Two or three times the school had managed to drag Jackson out on the soccer field, and there they made him exhibit his foot-ball qualities. It certainly was a sight for sore eyes to see him try to avoid the ball, and Jackson, knowing that Scott was at the bottom of such an affair, grew to hate him. Yet for all his hate, Scott was a big-hearted fellow, perhaps with less sense than he ought to have had, still he had no intention of doing anything that would in any way prejudice Jackson against him.

One day Baddington met Scott on the field and said:

"Say, old man, when we go to the swimming pool this aft. what do you say to bringing Jackson along. Nobody has ever seen him swim, and there may be some fun."

"Do as you like. I don't care, but I won't have anything to do with it," replied Scott.

So it was settled. The other fellows dragged him away from his books and finally managed to get him headed toward the pool, which was an arm of the lake. Here he gingerly stood

watching his companions as they dived with almost noiseless plunges, which spoke of long practice. It was not with a look of envy that he regarded the fellows, but rather with a wish that he had been in and out again.

Just at this point Scott did a foolish thing. Creeping slowly up behind Jackson he lifted him in his brawny arms and swung him out into the pool. There was a shriek, a splash, and bubbles; then up came a pair of hands grabbing at empty air. Seeing this, Scott was in the water in an instant. He pulled Jackson out, sitting him on the bank, and then between splutters of rage the half-drowned boy poured every available mean and low-down name on Scott's head, until the latter, unable to stand it any longer, burst out with, "Jackson, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't stand here and listen to you curse me like that!" With that he took a mighty plunge into the pool as if to drown the curses that had been piled so unmercifully on his head.

The climax came when Scott for the first time in his life began to study, not for the love of it, but because he had made a promise to his mother that he would do all in his power to try for the Hewston prize in History. He worked for all that was in him, and finally, when results came out, the order was, Scott first, 92, Jackson second, 76.

The latter had been over-confident, and as he had crushed all opposition in times gone by, he thought it could be done again without trouble. Here he made a great mistake, and his rage knew no bounds. To be beaten by that "chunk-headed idiot" was more than he could stand; his fury was intense.

On the other hand, though Scott was glad for his mother's sake that he had won, he did not try to lord it over Jackson. He knew how that individual felt.

On the morrow, May 24th, Scott, having nothing else to do, wandered down to the lake to hire a dinghy, but there wasn't one left, so he strolled along the shore and lay down not far from a dilapidated wharf. Suddenly he noticed three persons in a dinghy coming toward the wharf. Two were women and the other a man. A little girl was holding the sheet, and they were moving along at a glorious rate. As they neared the landing a heavy squall struck them, and Scott heard a shrill voice exclaim,

"Let out your sheet!" But, being confused and excited, the girl hung on all the tighter, and over they went.

Scott jumped to his feet and tore down the beach to the wharf. On drawing near he beheld Jackson struggling to free himself from the main sheet, which had become entangled around him and which held him above water. In a moment Scott was in the water, and seeing a little head come to the surface he caught and pulled the girl into shore. Then, standing on the landing, he tried to locate the other person, but could not. At that moment Jackson yelled, "She's under the sheet! Save her, for heaven's sake!" He then tore madly at the rope that held him. It did not need a second thought, for Scott with a plunge and a few mighty strokes, was beside the sail. A long breath, a dive, and he found her, already unconscious. It was then but the matter of a few moments, and all were landed.

Scott would not listen to Jackson's profuse thanks, and from that day the boys, though opposite in temperament, have been the closest of friends.

CRAWFORD II.



A BEAR STORY IN CAMP.

WE were a party of four campers on Lake Chemong, one of the most picturesque of the Kawartha chain, near Peterborough, Canada. It was our first night under canvas, and the swish of waves upon the rocky shore, the fresh, invigorating scent of the pines, and the distant cry of a loon, seemed more than restful after the din and bustle of the city.

Our two canoes were drawn upon the shore, and our tent gleamed white amid the shadows of the trees. The glow of a huge camp-fire formed a ruddy circle, at the edge of which the ghostly birch trees, the oaks and elms, stood out vividly.

Jack Leigh lay upon his back gazing at the stars; Ned Hamilton puffed peacefully at his seasoned brier; Donald Whitney, best of fellows, the moving spirit of our Bohemian enterprise, sat thoughtfully regarding the ever-changing flames. His open shirt revealed the brown throat and broad chest; his strong hands were clasped about his knees, and the firelight played fitfully upon his features. Everyone, men, women and children, loved Whitney. Earnest, manly, full of daring, he was a perfect example of mental and physical strength, while his keen sense of humor was ever a sure cure for the blue devils.

I was studying the cut of Whitney's fore-arm, in admiration of its muscular strength, when, for the first time, I noticed a long scar that stood out plainly against the brown skin. Feeling somewhat reticent, I forebore questioning him, for scars have frequently painful memories attached. As I sat looking he caught my eye.

"You are wondering about *that*?" he said, pointing to the smooth, blue-tinged line.

Shifting his position he drew up the sleeve of his shirt, disclosing two other scars, smaller but more irregular than the main one. We gathered closer about him and, filling our pipes, prepared for his story. Whitney's tales were usually well worth hearing.

"Summer before last," he began, "just as I finished at

McGill, my cousin, Barry Jones, was ordered west on account of ill-health. You all know Barry, so you may imagine this prescription didn't cause him to lose any sleep over the possible disadvantages of a prolonged sojourn in British Columbia. The confinement of a dingy law office held few charms for Barry, and he is enough of the savage to enjoy the freedom of an outdoor life. The prospect of some good shooting outbalanced all fears as to his physical condition.

'It was decided that I should go with him, and as Fred Stevens was in a mining office in Revelstoke we hit upon that as our terminus. Fred engaged a small cabin for us, about five miles from town, and on our arrival at Revelstoke we drove in a buckboard out to our 'diggings.'

"August passed rather uneventfully, some small shooting, but of course no big game. Early in September, when the days were growing cooler and the leaves began to turn we were one afternoon sitting in the sun having an after-dinner pipe, when suddenly the small boy who brought us milk from a neighboring ranch dashed through a hedge of hazel bushes, and, all out of breath, managed to gasp that a full-grown grizzly had passed within a hundred yards of the house and disappeared into the woods. Getting our rifles and ammunition from the cabin we followed our young guide in some excitement. The prospect of a bear-hunt was inspiring.

"We found Ephraim's tracks at the edge of a stream, plainly traced in the soft soil, which led into the pine growth. We easily followed his trail, until it was lost at the edge of a deep, rocky crevasse that ran for nearly two miles due north and south. In some places this ravine was fully seventy feet deep, though in no place wider than twenty.

"The newly-fallen leaves and dry soil threw us completely off the grizzly's track. After a council of war it was decided that Barry and the boy should remain on the east side while I skirted the edge of the ravine on the other.

"We soon lost sight of each other, and nearly an hour had passed when I heard Barry's rifle, fired twice in rapid succession. He was evidently not far distant, for in response to my halloo his call sounded faintly from the woods.

"I determined to get to the other side of the miniature

canyon as quickly as possible. Seeing a fallen pine, which formed a bridge across the chasm, I made for it at top speed. It was a decidedly risky passage, but I was determined to try it. Having made everything secure, I got down on all fours and started to crawl along the smooth trunk, pushing aside the branches as they obstructed my way. Below me was a sheer fall of about sixty feet, and the slender bridge shook at every advance I made.

"I had reached the middle of the pine when a loud crashing of branches on the bank ahead of me caused me to almost lose my balance. A moment later and the wounded grizzly—a three-year-old—burst from cover and made for my unsteady bridge.

"Retreat was impossible, and I thought it was all up with me. As the huge brute lumbered clumsily onto the log it shook so violently that I nearly left the scene of action in a hasty descent. The bear paused for a moment before advancing. I could see the blood oozing from a wound above his shoulder. His eyes were like balls of fire; the brute was in agony, and he was mad all through. It was a clear case of touch-and-go, and I thought my hour had come, sure.

"I gave a hasty call in case Barry might be near, and then, steadying myself as gingerly as possible, I reached for my rifle. The grizzly hadn't sighted me as yet, but he sniffed the air suspiciously, and then uttered a sudden cry of pain. He was a magnificent fellow, and under different circumstances I'd have admired and pitied him.

"But my own safety was mighty urgent just then, so I wasted no time in a hasty preparation for defence. I had slung my rifle on my shoulder before starting across, and it was pretty hard to keep my balance long enough to get it into my hands. This done, I breathed more freely, and got ready for a hasty shot. The condition was rather too exciting to be prolonged.

"At this moment my *vis-a-vis* spotted my crouching body. Forgetful of his pain he lurched suddenly forward. His unexpected charge and the shaking of our scanty foothold rattled me completely. I tottered and only saved myself at the expense of my rifle, which went spinning through the air and landed with a faint crash upon the rocks below.

"It was all up with me then, I thought. I didn't care much what happened, and as men sometimes do in the face of great danger, became utterly indifferent to the outcome of the whole business. I even forgot that I had a hunting-knife in my belt. Meanwhile the grizzly was slowly advancing. I could see his greyish-brown head through the slender branches. At each step the log shook as if ready to plunge into the depths. Then his eyes met mine and for a moment we crouched face to face. I could feel his breath and smell the strange odor of his heavy coat.

"In a flash I remembered my knife. Drawing it from the leather sheath, I took firm hold of a stout branch, braced myself as firmly as possible, and waited. Barry called but I dared not answer. The bear lurched forward. I struck wildly, blindly, at his shaggy head. He swerved to one side; my hand was wet with his blood; the knife slipped from my grasp and remained imbedded in his neck. One quick step, and his bulky form seemed towering above me. His white fangs snarled. In a flash he seized the sleeve of my upraised arm, and with one great paw tore the flesh from my forearm. As his claws ripped down my arm the pain was so intense that I grew suddenly faint. I felt my hold upon the pliant branches loosening. The world seemed topsy-turvy, spinning around at a terrific rate. And then, just before everything grew dark, I saw Barry standing with aimed Winchester at the brink of the precipice.

"When I recovered consciousness I was lying on the bank with Barry and the boy bending over me."

"And what of the grizzly?" asked Leigh.

"He was 'down and out' on the rocks below. That's all." Whitney fetched a prodigious yawn and stretched his powerful arms. "Come on, you fellows, let's turn in!" said he.

CAMERON WILSON, in *Field and Stream*.



THE FIRST TEAM, 1906

Athletics.

'06 FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

THE prospects for a championship football team at the opening of this season were by no means bright, as Crossen was the only old color to be found among the candidates for the '06 team. Macdonald, last year's full-back, was not available until the last game owing to parental objections. However, many of last year's second team and third team turned out and soon showed that they were of first team calibre. After three weeks' hard work under the supervision of Coach Herb Allan, Captain Crossen announced that St. Andrew's was ready to give Trinity College School the game of her life. The team that represented S. A. C. had many new faces on it. On the back division were to be found four new men, of which number three were first men. Captain Crossen, who played end last year, moved back to centre half, from which position he could general the team to a much greater advantage. Bollard, who is no means a novice at the game, caught a place as full back, while Winstanley, who has played on the Missoula, Montana, High School team, played right half. Hastings I. of Winnipeg, completed the back field at left half. Eberts, who played scrimmage, is the only other new boy in the school who caught a place. Crawford, Duncanson, Hope, Gill, Fraser, Carver, and Burton, old second team colors, McNeil, of last year's thirds, and Morrison of last year's fourths, made up a wing line which was second to none in the "Big Four" this year. Although the team was light, average weight being 145 pounds, it was very fast, and in this way made up for the loss of the advantages that a heavy line gives.

No games were played with teams other than Ridley, Trinity and Upper Canada this year. In the past it has been the opinion of all that the team could be in better shape by playing several practice games before their important matches. However, that theory will be an exploded one from now on as far as S. A. C.

football is concerned, for it has been proved by this year's showing that the team can perfect itself to as great a degree by having stiff practices and hard workouts against the seconds as it can by going up against heavy teams. The team in the past has paid too much for its whistle when it has gone up against a heavier team for the little bit of experience that is obtained, and probably sustained the loss of one or two of its likeliest candidates. One reason why the team has always had to take this chance is because it has never had a permanent coach until this year. Other years the team has had to line up against McMaster University, or some other equally heavy team, in order to locate its deficiencies. This year, however, it was different, for Herb Allan, who coached the team throughout the season, always had his eye open for any vulnerable spot or weak condition, and no sooner would he detect it than he had some remedy for it. Too much credit cannot be reflected on Coach Allan for the manner in which he has handled the team. Never before in the history of St. Andrew's College has the first team worked together as well as did the one of 1906; nor was there ever a time before when the signals were so well mastered or the team so well regulated as this year. Football throughout the entire school reached a higher standard this year than heretofore, and a question as to the success of the school in this line of sport need never be raised while Herb Allan has any connection with it.

As to the victories and defeats the crimson and white has experienced this year very little need be said in this part of the REVIEW. Ridley beat S. A. C. out for the championship of the Canadian Preparatory Schools when she won at St. Catharines by a score of 23—9. The relative strength of Ridley and S. A. C. may be determined by the REVIEW readers when the following facts are considered. St. Andrew's scored more points than Ridley at St. Catharines in the last half when the wind was blowing straight across the field and favoring neither team. That is, with conditions equal to both sides S. A. C. outplayed Ridley. And then Ridley defeated U. C. C. by 8 points, while S. A. C. defeated U. C. C. by more than twice that number, or by 17 points.

The T. C. S. game had one redeeming quality, if not more. It did not keep the spectators in too great suspense as to the final

outcome. It was rumored that T. C. S.'s '06 team had better material on it than on any team from Port Hope in many a moon. Our 46—6 score would surely make one believe then that the boys from the east were not in the pink of condition when they met us.

The greatest victory of the year came on Nov. 9th, when U. C. C. was humbled by the large score of 23—6. A full account of the game is given elsewhere in the REVIEW, and it will suffice here to say that J—O—Y spelt St. Andrew's on the night of Nov. 9th.

WINANS.

T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.

THE first opportunity we had to find out how good or how poor our team was came on October 13th, when the "Firsts" travelled to Port Hope to play Trinity College School. The game resulted in a decisive victory for St. Andrew's, the score being 46—6. There was but a slight breeze blowing, and so the half-backs did not have much trouble judging punts as was the case later in the season. The 46 points obtained by the Saints were made by all the various ways mentioned in the rule-book. Captain Crossen used his entire scoring repertoire and then started over again. It was a rouge, drop-over, touch down, dead line, touch-in-goal, safety-touch, and *vice versa*. The rolling billows of Lake Ontario seemingly had some strange effect on the wearers of the crimson and white, for they would score whenever the spirit moved them. Smith I., of the second team, played right outside wing in Crawford's place, as the latter was not able to go. The train left Toronto about nine o'clock, arriving at Port Hope a little before lunch time. After lunch the time was spent in reading the bulletin boards and examining the school until two o'clock, when they prepared for the game. At two-thirty Referee Barr blew his whistle, and the game was on.

St. Andrew's had the kick, as T. C. S. won the toss and the choice of ends. Gill fake-kicked to Duncanson, who made a nice run through left middle which netted a gain of ten yards.

S. A. C. were nervous and fumbled on the first down, losing the ball to T. C. S. However, the fumble cost us nothing, for Trinity was offside on her first down. Crossen, from the free kick that was given, booted the ball to the T. C. S. twenty-five yard line. Wheeler ran the ball back to his own forty-five yard line before being stopped by Morrison. T. C. S. gave College the ball again on an offside and Winstanley made a good run for ten yard gain. Crossen from the second down kicked a deadline. T. C. S. made a fake quarter-way drop and advanced the ball to her forty yard line, where she failed to gain ten yards on three downs. MacNeil made a substantial gain on a quarter-back run around right end. On the third down S. A. C. kicked and Meredith tried to run the ball back, but failed. T. C. S. were again offside and Crossen kicked. As T. C. S. muffed the ball Carver fell on it. Point number two was added a moment later when S. A. C. kicked another dead line. Winstanley received Wheeler's quarter-way drop and ran it back to T. C. S. twenty yard line, but lost the ball on interference play. Cambell, the T. C. S. quarter, made a five yard run. On an exchange of punts Trinity lost twenty yards owing to a fumble; however, they managed to keep possession of the ball. T. C. S. saw that they were gaining very little on their line plunges or end runs, so Wheeler kicked on his first down. To show that S. A. C. could kick as well as run and buck, kicking tactics were introduced. Crossen kicked and Carver followed up and fell on the ball, making an easy 35 yard gain. College lost the ball on a fumble, but regained it almost immediately, when Wheeler kicked into touch. On a wing buck Burton made a gain through left middle and outside. Crossen kicked to T. C. S. five yard line, and Hay returned to quarter way. S. A. C. tried a buck on her first down, but gained very little. Morrison was laid out for three minutes owing to a kick in the mouth. From the second down Crossen kicked a drop over goal. T. C. S. kicked off and Winstanley received and ran the ball back five yards. On first down Crossen kicked for a big gain. Carver, who was down quickly, stole the ball, but was tackled on Trinity thirty yard line. As the Saints were now within striking distance Crossen tried another drop-over and was successful. T. C. S. kicked off to Hastings, who passed to Crossen. The latter broke

away and ran sixty yards before being tackled. This was the longest run of the day. Duncanson led a wing buck for a ten yard gain. On a third down Hastings kicked and Wheeler lost the ball in endeavor to run it back. St. Andrew's were off-side and Bollard caught the free-kick which Port Hope had. By a series of short runs and bucks College worked the ball to T. C. S. forty yard line and then kicked on first down. Port Hope failed to make three yards. Three bucks, led respectively by Bollard, Winstanley and Crossen, netted a touch-down, which was converted by Winstanley. T. C. S. kicked off to Hastings, who was tackled before he could get away. T. C. S. got the ball on account of an offside on the S. A. C. ten yard line. From there T. C. S. bucked over for their first and last try. The try was converted by Meredith. There was no more scoring done in this half.

Cambell made ten yards from the fake kick-off at the beginning of the second half. T. C. S. kicked over the S. A. C. line, but Crossen saved a rouge by a nice run. A kick by Winstanley and a run by Morrison put the ball on T. C. S. twenty-five yard line in S. A. C.'s possession. Gill got under a kick, and S. A. C., in her endeavor to buck the ball over for a try, scored a touch-in-goal. Crossen shortly after this kicked from the fifteen yard line and Hay was forced to rouge. T. C. S. lost ball on-downs. Duncanson gained ten yards on a buck. Winstanley made a pretty left end run for a touch down, but he failed to convert it. From the T. C. S. kick-off Gill secured the ball, and after a pretty run duplicated Winstanley's previous performance. Soon after this Crossen added another drop over goal to the list of tallies. "Dutch" Bollard thought he would like to have a look-in at the scoring himself; so he went over for a touch down. This try was converted by Winstanley. Not three minutes after this five more points were scored, when Winstanley was bucked over for another try, which he converted. As S. A. C. had now scored forty-five points they considered the game well in hand and ended their scoring by kicking one more deadline.

The teams lined up:

S. A. C.—Full, Bollard; halves, Hastings I., Crossen (capt.), Winstanley; quarter, MacNeil; scrimmage, Eberts, Gill, Hope;

outside wings, Smith I., Carver; middle, Duncanson, Morrison; inside, Fraser, Burton.

T. C. S.—Full, Hay; halves, Meredith, Wheeler and Wheeler III.; quarter, Cambell; scrimmage, Ambery, Langmuir, Worthington; outside wings, Reid I., Drummond; middle wings, Taylor, Rogers; inside, Wilkes, Coady.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

In the second half, S. A. C. scored at the rate of a point a minute.

Captain Crossen kicked four drops over goal.

The consideration shown to the feelings of the T. C. S. team could be described as "very little, if any."

The boys say the reason why it occurred was because T. C. S. have a great tuck shop.

WINANS.



S. A. C. vs. B. R. C.

ST ANDREW'S experienced her first and only defeat of the season when she met Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines on the 27th of October. The score was 23—9, but does not indicate the relative strengths or merits of the two teams. There was no comparison between the lines. Cassels, who was touted to be rather a wonder at bucking, was unable to pierce the crimson line for an inch. However, it may be said that it was through no fault of his, but owing to the stone-wall defence put up by the crimson and white line that Ridley's bucks did not result in gains. Whenever Ridley were desirous of making a gain, they generally tried to accomplish it by the half-back route, and it was just here that the orange and black occasionally had it on the Saints. The only cause given by the team that they were not decided winners is that the elements played them an underhand trick. In the first half the wind blew a perfect gale up the field towards the upper school. As Ridley won the toss she had the advantage of this high wind, and throughout the first half continued to kick. An intermission of eight minutes was given the teams between the halves, and when play was resumed in the second half it was seen that the wind had veered around and was now blowing straight across the field. This seemed pretty tough luck, but it did not discourage Captain Crossen and his team, as was proved, for they went at it harder than ever, and outscored Ridley when the conditions were equal to both teams. The game was preceded by a heavy rain, which rendered the field very slippery. Owing to the late arrival of Referee Hendrie the game was not called until after four o'clock. The detailed account is as follows:

Ridley won the toss, and elected to kick with the aforementioned wind at their backs. S. A. C. got the kick-off and tried a criss-cross, with very little gain. A wing buck around Houston netted three yards, while the next two downs were not sufficient to constitute the required ten yards. The spectators did not have to wait long to see what Ridley's intentions were, for on their first down Maxwell I. kicked the ball to the S. A. C. five yard line. Hastings I. muffed the ball in his eagerness to run it back, and Ridley had the ball only fifteen yards out from our line. A touch-down for Ridley looked certain. A triple buck was tried,

but Carver saved the situation when he stole the ball and got away for a ten yard run. St. Andrew's was offside on her first down, and as Ridley then had the ball on the S. A. C. fifteen yard line, it was an easy matter to kick a touch-in-goal. On S. A. C.'s quarter-way drop kick, which followed, Crossen kicked to his own forty-five yard line. From here Ridley scored her second point, when Maxwell I. kicked to Bollard, who was tackled before he could run the ball out from behind his own line. S. A. C. worked the ball to her half-way line, where they lost it on an offside play. Once again Ridley kicked, and a deadline was the result. When Lee I. received the S. A. C. quarter-way drop kick he ran it back instead of trying to return it. As Ridley were keeping the ball in front of the goal posts, it was easily seen that they were trying for a drop over. S. A. C. held the rushes of the orange and black on her twenty yard line, and on Ridley's last down Maxwell I. sent the ball square over the bar for a very pretty drop kick. From half-way a fake criss-cross was used, and Bollard made a run to the B. R. C. ten yard line; but lost the ball when tackled. Ridley kicked on first down. Winstanley was tackled before he could run the ball back very far. On S. A. C.'s first down Morrison was tried for a wing buck, and made five yards. Crossen, on the second down, encircled the right end for a good thirty yard gain. The kick that the Saints attempted on the third down was not much of a success, as it was almost impossible to punt against the wind that was blowing. Maxwell II. and Lee I. both kicked deadlines, and Maxwell I. went over for a try, which was converted. Winstanley and Crossen both advanced the ball for substantial gains. The whistle blew for half-time, with the score 17—0.

Far from being discouraged, and, in fact, rather confident that with the wind at their backs they could easily score more than seventeen points, the Saints went to the dressing-room. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for when they again stepped out on the field, after being absent for only eight minutes, they discovered the wind had changed and was blowing straight across the field. This, of course, put fresh spirits into Ridley, for all they had to do now was to keep on the defensive and prevent the Saints from scoring. But with this sudden turn of affairs S. A. C. almost lost heart, and they did not realize it until after Ridley had gone over for a touch-down. This try, which was scored within three minutes after the second half had started,

aroused the young Scotchmen, who went after Ridley hammer and tongs. They made a procession of bucks down the field right over the touch-line, and a slight idea of the impetus of those bucks may be imagined when it is stated that on not a single third down was kicking resorted to. Crossen led the buck that crossed the line, and Winstanley converted the try. But as Ridley had found kicking such a splendid score-getter in the first half, she at this period again resorted to it, with the result that a rouge was scored. This was Ridley's last point, and they were lucky to get it. Not so for S. A. C., however, for they scored three deadlines in quick succession. The whistle blew for time, witnessing the Saints playing a wonderfully plucky losing game. Behind the line the wearers of the crimson and white were probably outclassed. However, the S. A. C. line was vastly superior to that of Ridley.

The teams lined up as follows:

Ridley—Full, Lee II.; halves, Lee I., Maxwell I., Maxwell II.; quarter, Christie; scrimmage, Fowler, Baylitts, Scanderett; outside, Houston, Johnston; middle, Risley, Merrill; inside, Cassels, Torre.

St. Andrew's—Full, Bollard; halves, Hastings, Crossen (captain), Winstanley; quarter, MacNeil; scrimmage, Gill, Hemming, Eberts; outside, Carver, Crawford; middle, Duncanson, Morrison; inside, Fraser I., Burton.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

"Pete" Morrison claims that he made his man say "Corby" several times during the game.

"Phink" Crawford didn't think the referee was looking, but he got five minutes just the same.

Flemming replaced Hope in scrimmage and played a strong, steady game.

Ridley had nearly a full team of old colors back. And so had that advantage over the other schools.

Mr. Griffith has turned another champion team out of Ridley, and is to be congratulated.

It was the first time that Ridley had ever beaten St. Andrew's at St. Catharines. So perhaps it was for encouragement. Who knows?

1906 wound up the football career at Ridley of Maxwell I., who played so well throughout the season. WINANS.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

WELL, were you at the presentation that took place at Rosedale field on November 9th, when U. C. C. met S. A. C. in their annual game? What presentation?

Why, the presenting of a lemon by Captain Crossen to Captain Gilmour. The boys in blue expected a cream-puff, but were handed the aforesaid little yellow fruit by the Saints. Yes, it came as a surprise to many. But surprises will happen in the best of regulated prep. schools, and "old college" is not the exception to the rule. Incredulous as it may seem to the wise ones, who handed out blue and white football dope done up in half-pound packages before the game, the score was 23—6. Certainly 23! That was the number of points scored, and as that figure signifies S. A. C.'s wishes in regard to U. C. C.'s actions, it was deemed wisest not to score any more, but let those two digits go down in traditional football history. No, we do not think it was a case to be considered by the Humane Society at all. However, as the school-house on the hill is much more democratic than Trinity College School (?) no effort was made to score 46 points, as that would have made the result 46—6, and would have greatly impaired the dignity of a grand old democracy. Still, let that be as it may.

St. Andrew's were the first to appear on the field. At 3.40 sharp they stepped onto the gridiron, and were followed a few minutes later by Upper Canada. Both teams were greeted by prolonged cheers, which surely must have keyed their determination to do or die up a notch. S. A. C. won the toss and elected to defend the eastern line, at the same time giving U. C. C. the kick. Barwick kicked off along the line to Willison I., whose gain amounted to very little. The second down was the starting of a revelation, which showed that U. C. C. could not plunge through the S. A. C. line for substantial gains. Realizing this, U. C. C. kicked on her third down. Crossen made his mark, and kicked to McCullough, who was tackled by Crawford, not getting a chance to run the ball back. A right end run of U. C. C.'s was stopped by Morrison. Willison I. tried a run around the same end, but Carver this time broke up the play. U. C. C., not being able to gain on runs or bucks, resorted to kicking. Crossen

caught nicely and returned. Mulqueen failed to gain around left end. U. C. C. were offside, and Crossen kicked the ball from Upper Canada's twenty-five yard line. DeGrouchy, who was behind the line, muffed the catch, and Duncanson fell on the ball for a touch-down. Although Winstanley failed to convert it, the S. A. C. section of the stand was one grand uproar. Carver stopped McCullough around left end. U. C. C. kicked to Bollard on second down, and "Dutch" ran the ball back five yards. Crossen smashed through the U. C. C. line for a three yard gain. U. C. C. made their first score from an offside, when they kicked the ball, and Bollard was forced to rouge. Upper Canada advanced the ball to S. A. C.'s forty-five yard line in running back the quarter-way drop Hastings kicked. Gilmour and DeGrouchy made U. C. C. first gains when they went through right middle and around right end respectively. U. C. C. kicked on her last down. The kicked ball was fumbled by Bollard, and immediately it was gathered in by Hebden. This try was not converted. Just about this time Hastings received a painful knee wrench, which forced him to retire. Macdonald I. went in at full, while Bollard moved up to the half line. A fumble by Upper Canada gave S. A. C. the ball, and it remained in her possession until the end of the first quarter. When the whistle blew for the end of the first period the Saints had the ball on U. C. C.'s one yard line, and a touch-down was certain. The score was then 5—6 in favor of U. C. C.

Gill started the second quarter by kicking along the line to Fraser, who passed to Duncanson. On the first down Winstanley carried the ball five yards down the field via right end. Carver lost the ball on an attempted run. A free kick was given S. A. C. on U. C. C.'s forty yard line. Barwick was tackled before he was able to run the ball back. Burton played well at inside wing, and stopped run after run coming at him. On account of not gaining yards, U. C. C. lost the ball on her own twenty-five yard line. Crossen tried for a drop over goal, but scored a touch-in-goal instead. Several punts were exchanged, S. A. C. having the advantage. The ball was now on the U. C. C. twenty yard line. A few good end runs put Crossen within striking distance, and he led a buck over for S. A. C.'s second touch-down. Winstanley failed to convert it. Gill followed up well under all kicks, with the result that U. C. C. men could not send the punts back.

Kicking was tried by S. A. C., and the second quarter ended with the ball in U. C. C.'s possession on her own fifteen yard.

The second half started when U. C. C. worked Gilmour for a short run. On their second down U. C. C. tried a kick, which was blocked. Morrison dribbled the ball ten yards, and Winstanley fell on it. Crossen kicked, and Barwick was tackled on his own ten yard line. U. C. C. were offside, and S. A. C. got a free kick-off, of which Crossen scored a deadline. From quarter-way McNeil and Crawford made good gains, which advanced the ball to U. C. C.'s thirty yard line. U. C. C. at this period of the game got two free kicks, but seemed unable to gain on them like S. A. C. did. Bollard ran their last kick back fifteen yards. Crossen kicked a second deadline, and in order to keep the excitement up, soon kicked another touch-in-goal. Finding the kicking game working to such advantage, Bollard kicked, and Crawford forced Barwick to rouge. DeGrouchy's attempts at line plunging brought no gain for U. C. C., and St. Andrew's had the ball when three-quarter time was called.

Very little of the play in the last quarter can be recorded, owing to the fact that nearly the whole of this period was played in darkness. The score at the beginning of this quarter was 15—6 and 23—6 at the end. The eight points that the Saints scored in this quarter were made by a converted try and two deadlines.

When the whistle blew for full time, joy unconfined reigned supreme. The team was carried off the field and everybody wearing crimson and white felt extremely happy. It was a fitting way to end the football season at the new school. Coach Allan had a great deal to do with it, and it served him right when his team won. If such an efficient coach is available next year, 1907 prospects look from here to be very rosy.

The teams:

U. C. C.—Hebden (Hemmock), back; Mulqueen, McCullough, DeGrouchy, halves; Barwick, quarter; Young, Patterson, Brown, scrimmage; Morris, W. A. Willison, W. T. Willison, Sanders, Clarkson, Gilmour (captain), wings.

St. Andrew's.—Bollard, back; Hastings (Macdonald), Crossen, Winstanley, halves; McNeil, quarter; Hope, Gill, Eberts, scrimmage; Fraser, Burton, Duncanson, Morrison, Crawford, Carver, wings.

Referee, W. A. Hewitt; umpire, Benson.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

The *Star* stated that faster or better football was never seen.

Let us hope that next year there will be the same tale to tell. Floreat! St. Andrew!

Crimson and white seem to be the popular colors with the ladies. What's the answer, girls?

"Midge" MacNeil, the abbreviated quarter of S. A. C., passed well throughout the game.

The *Evening Telegram* said, "The obscurity of U. C. C. came before that of the light."

All newspapers, commenting on the game, acknowledge the superiority of S. A. C. in kicking, tackling, and in the other departments also.

The rooting of both colleges was much better than ever before, and was an object lesson to the luke-warm Varsity supporters.

The *News* at the first of the season said that U. C. C. was after the championship. Too bad that the *News* did not wait until the end of the season, and they could have then said that U. C. C. was very much "after" it.

The game made a great hit with some of the oldest converts of the snap-back rules, and will no doubt have some effect on next year's style of senior play.

After the game Miss Logan received the players in the trophy room, where she poured tea. The smiling face and gracious manner of our matron did much to enliven the scene.

Several times Crossen hurdled right over the U. C. C. line on to Barwick and once got the ball on U. C. C.'s two yard line in this way.

Mr. Hewitt proved to be a splendid referee, and his decisions were popular with both teams.

WINANS.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM.

BOLLARD (Dutch).—Full back; one of the finds of the season. Though very light, was one of the best running dodgers the College has ever had. A sure tackle, but little weak in catching and kicking. An exceptionally good man to follow up "on side." His ability to do this was shown in the Ridley match.

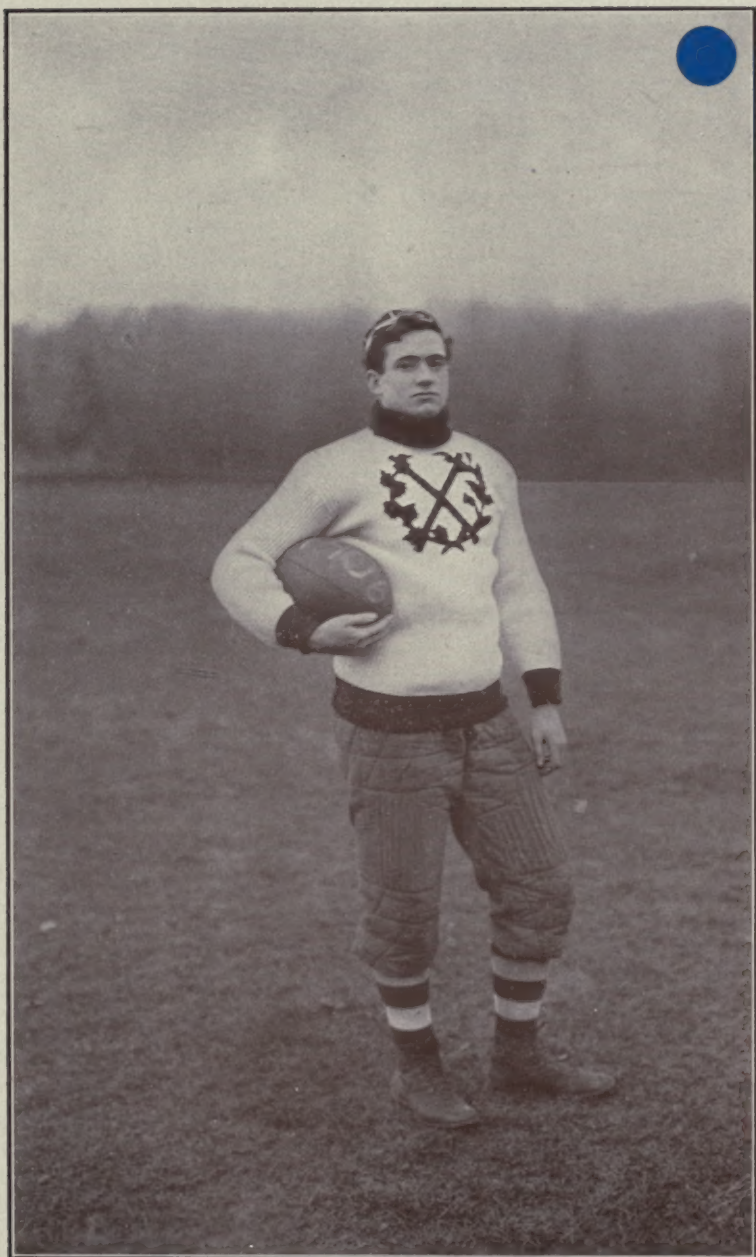
WINSTANLEY (Montana Bill).—Right half; learned his football at the Missoula High School, Montana. Was rather handicapped at the first of the season by the change in style of football of the two countries. A fair punt, sure catch, and of great strength to the team on account of his ability to buck the line, place, kick and tackle.

HASTINGS (Apple Blossom).—Left half; hails from Winnipeg. His first year at the game. Although not a spectacular player, he held his place on the team by his bucking and running game. A good tackle, but rather weak in catching and kicking. In the U. C. C. match he unfortunately wrenched his knee shortly after the start and was forced to retire.

MCNEIL (Bunt).—Quarter; a graduate from last year's thirds, where he played middle wing, but this year was tried out at quarter, which proved to be one of the best moves of the season. A good left-handed pass, good bucker, quick to get the ball out, and in fact everything that a good quarter needs to be, but was rather handicapped with two sprained thumbs.

CRAWFORD (Fink).—Right outside wing; a graduate of last year's second team. Owing to parental objections, was unable to play the T. C. S. game, but finished out the season with a great deal of credit to himself. A fast runner, very hard and sure tackle, and a good man to carry the ball.

CARVER (Norm.).—Left outside wing; another graduate from last year's second team. A hard trainer, kept himself in the pink of condition throughout the entire season. His wonderful tackling in the U. C. C. match was the cause of much comment. Played his place to perfection, and his following up was one of the features of all the games.



CAPTAIN CROSSEN

DUNCANSON (Andy).—Right middle; was quarter on last year's second team, but was moved up on the wing this year, where he played a hard game throughout the season. Was an excellent man to carry the ball on wing bucks. Held his man well and made good holes in the opposing wing line; was also competent in stealing the ball and stopping bucks.

MORRISON (Say Corby).—Left middle wing. Had the honor of being promoted from last year's fourth team. Was the hardest worker on the team. Broke through and followed up like a fiend. Was always on the spot when needed. Fine in mass plays. Tackled well and was a reliable player to carry the ball.

BURTON (Shorty).—Right inside wing. Another player from last year's second team. A very aggressive man and good on the defensive. Was very often seen to dive over the scrimmage and spoil the opposing quarter's pass. Especially good to lead the wing triple buck, but was inclined to be a little slow on following up.

FRASER I. (Doodle).—Left inside wing. Returned to College after an absence of two years, when he was spare man for the Firsts. He was a very reliable man, exceptionally good on the defensive, and also at stealing the ball. Was always one of the first men down the field, but was handicapped by a sore knee during the season.

HOPE (Bottley).—Left scrimmage, off last year's second team. Good, hard, faithful worker. Turned out to practice with great regularity and played his place excellently. Owing to a "supposed" heart trouble he was not allowed to play in the Ridley match, but assumed his duties the following week. Used his weight to great advantage in the scrim. and mass plays.

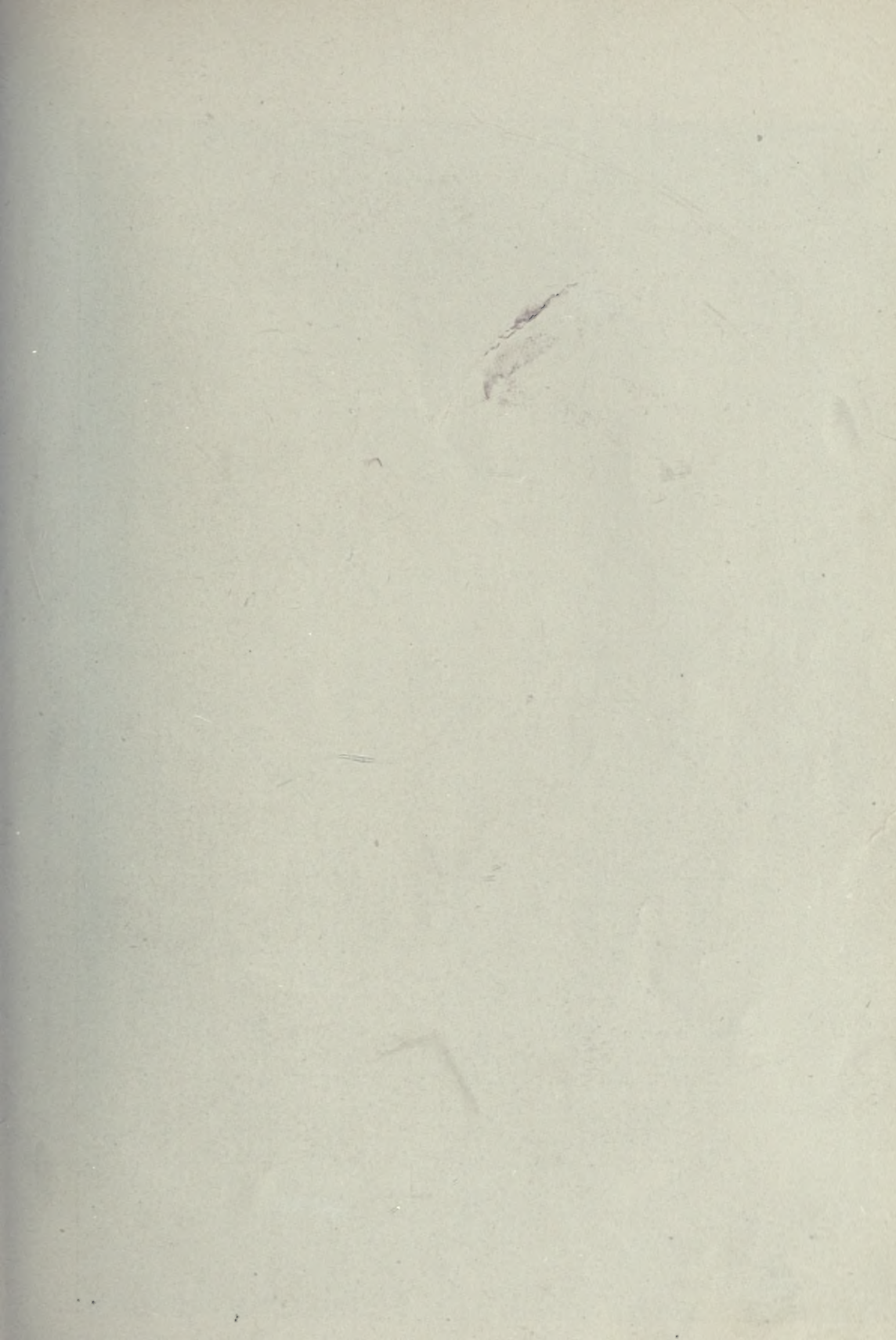
EBERTS (Fat).—Right scrimmage. Played on last year's U. C. C. thirds. Was one of the best outside scrimmage men College has ever had. Trained hard and played very consistently in all the matches. He knew his position and played it well, being of great assistance to the inside wing as well as the centre scrimmage man.

GILL (Father).—Centre scrimmage. Again another off last year's second team. He heeled the ball out quickly and well.

His following up under kicks was brilliant throughout the season, especially in the U. C. C. and T. C. S. games. When the opponents had the ball he was of great use on the wing line

CROSSEN (Feather).—Centre half; fourth year on the team; was moved this year from outside wing to centre half, which certainly proved to be a wise change, as he is a very speedy runner, particularly hard to bring down on account of his high step and weight; an excellent kick, both punt and drop; a great line bucker and a hard tackle. His runs of sixty and forty yards in the U. C. C. and Ridley games being features of both games, while his drop kicking in the T. C. S. game, when he kicked three drop kicks from the field, was the feature of the game. As captain he proved himself to be a very heady general, kept a very cool head and used the best play for every down. His hard work on behalf of his team earned for himself the confidence of every member.







THE SECOND TEAM, 1906

SAINT ANDREWS II. TEAM.

THE St. Andrew's College II. team of '06 has had the most successful season of any of St. Andrew's second teams, as they succeeded in winding up the season without the loss of a single game, winning four, losing none. This is the more creditable, having played just twice as many games as any of its predecessors. This is not the only reason for which the greatest credit should be given them, as they fulfilled to the letter their main duty in turning out regularly for practice against the firsts, thus doing their part in bettering and furthering the condition of that team.

Too much praise cannot be given Captain Winans for the way in which he handled his team, "The Pets," throughout the entire season, not only in the matches, but in everything else pertaining to the welfare of his team. Both during the practices and after he spared neither himself nor his men, in order to put them in shape. It is largely due to this that the team were such as they were. "The Pets" in these two points, excelled beyond a doubt any of the teams they were called upon to line up against.

Twelve of the fifteen colors awarded were new men on the Seconds. On the half line Grass and Ramsay were graduates from last year's Thirds, Hastings being a new boy from Montreal High School team. On the wing line Fleming was the only new boy, he being from Halifax Academy. Of the others, Norris was from last year's Thirds, Chase and Chestnut from the Fourths, Wood I. and Irwin having turned for the first time this year. In the scrimmage Fraser II. was from the Thirds, Hale and Miller being out for their first season. Winans, Smith and Macpherson were the three old colors.

Now for the games played!

The Seconds of '06 have the honor of playing and winning the first college football game on our own campus, by defeating Highfield I.'s, of Hamilton, the score being 17—5. The game was played under the Intercollegiate rules, and after the first few minutes a college victory was at no time in doubt. Dr. Macdonald officiated as referee, with a Highfield man doing the honors as umpire, both giving entire satisfaction. Needless to

say, the confidence instilled into our team by this victory helped materially in their following contests.

The next match, in which the Technical School Firsts were defeated by "The Pets," was played on the Rosedale grounds on Tuesday afternoon, October 30, but owing to the late arrival of the Technical team, the game was not called till after 4.30, thus allowing only twenty minute halves to be played. Although much heavier, S.A.C.'s opponents lacked the team play and condition which marked our players throughout the season. Owing to the excellent kicking of our backs, the following up and tackling of our wings, the visitors were taken into camp to the tune of 13—0, S. A. C. securing a whitewash. This is a particularly good showing, as the snap-back rules governed throughout the game, rules entirely new to the S. A. C. team. Technical School brought their own referee, while "Herb" Allan was umpire.

The next game played by "The Pets" was in two respects of particular interest. First, because it was the first time the Upper Canada Seconds and St. Andrew's Seconds had ever met upon the gridiron, and, secondly, the annual game between U. C. C. Firsts and S. A. C. Firsts was but two days distant. The game was played on Upper Canada's grounds, the teams lining up at 3.30. Almost from start to finish St. Andrew's had Upper Canada on the go, although at times S. A. C. were very hard pressed. While the work of St. Andrew's wings was better than in any of their previous games, the back division especially excelled itself in this game, Macpherson's kicking being exceptionally good. It was owing to his beautiful drop over goal, a touch-in-goal and deadline also scored by him that the Saints won their six points. In the second half Winans went over the U. C. C. line for a touch-down, but on account of offside interference the play was not allowed. The game ended with the score of 6—0 in S. A. C.'s favor. This result was entirely unexpected on the part of U. C. C., as they fully expected to win with ease, but although the boys wearing the blue and white played a plucky and hard game till the last blow of the whistle, yet they were unable to score against the crimson line. For Upper Canada College, Hemmeck and McCullough were the most conspicuous. Gill, of S. A. C., refereed, while Gil-mour, of U. C. C., umpired.

A return match upon St. Andrew's grounds was hoped for by many, but did not take place.

The final game of the season was the return game played between Highfield and St. Andrew's, in Hamilton, Saturday, November 10. The teams lined up at 11.30, "The Pets" having somewhat the heavier team. It had been agreed between the two captains to play the game, first half under Intercollegiate rules, second under snap. Accordingly the Seconds determined to run up a big score in the first half, if possible, as they thought in the snap game the wearers of the green and white could walk over them. They did as expected in the first half by scoring 19 to their opponents' 0, and, contrary to their expectations, they trimmed Highfield at their own game, scoring 6 to Highfield's 1, Winans scoring the touch, Macpherson kicking the touch-in-goal. During the whole game practically S. A. C. resorted to kicking, our halves being able to outpunt anything on Highfield's back division. Officials: Referee, Glassco. Umpire, Gill.

It might be noticed that the St. Andrew's Seconds during the season scored 60 points, as against their opponents' 6—certainly a good score for only four games.

With this material to draw from next year for the Firsts, St. Andrew's have certainly never had better prospects for a "Big Four" championship.

The line-up of the Second team for '06 was as follows:

Full back, Macpherson (manager); halves, Grass, Ramsay, Hastings II.; quarter, Winans (captain); scrumage, Hale, Fraser II., Miller; wings, Wood I., Chase, Fleming, Norris, Smith I., Irwin, Chestnut.

GILL.



THE THIRD TEAM.

THE third football team had a most successful season this year under the able captaincy of Findlay. They played five matches, of which two were won, two lost and one tied. This indicates that this year's team is one of the best thirds the college has ever had.

The season was commenced by a match with Harbord Collegiate II.'s on the college grounds. The match was close and exciting, but within five minutes of the end Harbord gained a touch-down, changing their prospects from defeat into victory. Chestnut (who at this time was a third team man) played the star game for College. The score was: Harbord 12, S. A. C. 11.

In the next match the team showed a marked difference in their play, defeating Parkdale II.'s on their own grounds by the decisive score of 27—0. Copping's kicking was a feature.

The next was the longlooked-forward-to U. C. C. match, but the team was doomed to disappointment, for although every man played a hard-fought game, they were defeated by the small margin of 10—7. Captain Findlay played the star game for College, while Gwynn's line-bucking was prominent for U. C. C.

Again the thirds turned the tables by defeating Harbord II. in the return match by a score of 14—8. This game, owing to Harbord not being able to secure any grounds, was played at the College. Here S. A. C. pulled out a victory after a hard-fought game, the half-time score being considerably against them. Clarke's following up and tackling is worthy of mention, while Dale starred for the losers.

The last and best game of the season was played on the College grounds, and resulted in a tie, the score being 16 all. This was perhaps one of the best exhibitions of junior Rugby that has been seen on the College grounds. The wings followed up and tackled well, and the halves kicked, ran and caught well. For S. A. C. no one on the team could be picked out, as every man played a splendid game.


The team lined up as follows: Full, Munro; halves, Copping, Fletcher, Beaty I. (manager); quarter, Beaty II.; scrimmage, McAvity, Crowe, Milligan; wings, Clarke I., Davidson I. Findlay (captain), Bell II., Macdonald, McCullough I. (Chestnut I.).

MILLIGAN.



THE THIRD TEAM, 1906

ALL STAR TEAM.

HE REVIEW's selection for the 1906 All Star team of the Big Four is as follows:

Full-back, De Grouchy, of U. C. C.
Right half, Winstanley, of S. A. C.
Centre half, Crossen, of S. A. C.
Left half (captain), Maxwell I., of B. R. C.
Quarter-back, Barwick, of U. C. C.
Centre scrummage, Gill, of S. A. C.
Right scrummage, Scanderett, of B. R. C.
Left scrummage, Langmuir, of T. C. S.
Outside (right), Crawford, of S. A. C.
Outside (left), Carver, of S. A. C.
Middle (right), Taylor, of T. C. S.
Middle (left), Gilmour, of U. C. C.
Inside (right), Cassels, of B. R. C.
Inside (left), Willison I., of U. C. C.

In picking this team no school feeling was allowed to enter in. It may seem rather strange that the team winning the championship should only have three men in the line-up. The reason of this is because U. C. C. and S. A. C. both had a better wing line than Ridley. As for Ridley's back field, very little can be said of it, as one man played nearly their whole game. Every man in Ridley's back field caught well, but beyond that very little can be said. No matter what man caught the ball, Maxwell I. would be beside him and would return the kick, so for this reason it would be difficult to make any statements in regard to the abilities of the other men behind the line. In the Ridley vs. T. C. S. game Lee I. ran the ball back well; but as consistent work and not "gunpowder" playing are requisite for THE REVIEW's paper team, the above players have been granted positions. In regard to the men filling the all-star places the following remarks just here would not be malpropos.

Full back—The catching, punting and running of De Grouchy entitles him to this position. He was the main strength

of the U. C. C. back field, and throughout the season played a hard, aggressive game.

Right Half—Winstanley was as sure a catch as anybody playing school football to-day in Canada. He was away fully a second sooner after catching the ball than the other half-backs in the "Big Four," and in running back punts this is very important. His kicking was not as good as Maxwell's or Crossen's, but he made up for that in the manner in which he could hit the line.

Centre Half—This important position would be ably filled by Crossen, who gained a great reputation for himself throughout the season just ended. There may be some half-backs in the other schools who are one per cent. better in some special department of the game, but where is there one who can play the all-round game that the captain of S. A. C. put up in 1906?

Left Half—On account of his experience behind the line Maxwell I. is the first and last in the mind when considering the captain of the paper team. His right to a place on the half line is undisputed, as his work on Ridley this year proved. He would be a good general for the Stars, as he is quick to detect the vulnerable places on the opponents' line, and never loses his head.

Quarter-back—Who has a better claim to the position of quarter than Hughie Barwick? The winds answer, "Who?" (this is poetic license, not humor). He could catch punts as well as anybody playing the game. His passing out was accurate; especially in the U. C. C. vs. B. R. C. game.

Centre Scrimmage—When awarding the three scrimmage positions the man who did nothing but get into scrimmage and fight did not get on. On the other hand, the man who played the best game after the ball was out now figures in the line-up. Gill heeled the ball out cleanly, but, most important, he followed down fast under all punts, and invariably got the man who was catching the ball. He is the only scrimmage man this year who made a touch-down. And, all things considered, he gets centre scrimmage in a walk.

Right Scrimmage—Scanderett, who played on the wing line in the B. R. C. vs. T. C. S., was shifted into the scrimmage when Risely got into his last year's position, and against S. A. C. and U. C. C. he played a hard, straight game, not resting on his oars from one scrimmage to another, but into the game all the time.

Left Scimmage—From all appearances, T. C. S. made a mistake in not playing Langmuir on the wing line instead of in scrimmage. When the opposing side had the ball Langmuir would play wide of the wing line, and in this way he was able to get into plays that he otherwise would not have been in.

Outside (Right)—It is not very difficult to choose the two outside wings. S. A. C. were fortunate enough to have two this year that so far eclipsed the nearest candidates as to leave no doubt in the mind of THE REVIEW as to who should get the positions. Crawford, of S. A. C. has been chosen as the right end man. Any run attempted around the right end by the opposing team generally came to a sudden ending. Crawford proved himself to be a splendid ground-gainer, and he often carried the ball from ten to fifteen yards at a run.

Outside (Left)—Another St. Andrew player got the other outside wing. This was Carver, who came in for so much newspaper praise. His work looked to the wise ones as if it had "senior company" branded all over it. His tackling was sure, and his following up was of the best order. The only other man who was at all likely or who could be considered is Houston, of Ridley, but Taylor, of Port Hope, circled Houston's end of the line several times in the T. C. S. game, and on the whole his work was not consistent enough to warrant him a place.

Middle (Right)—It may surprise some to see Captain Gilmour, of U. C. C., down to fill this position. Many things are taken into consideration when this selection is made. Although Gilmour is a good tackler, he is not good enough to beat Carver or Crawford out for the end positions; but then, on the other hand, he is a better tackler than any middle wing in the four schools. His weight, combined with his speed, entitles him to the place.

Middle (Left)—Taylor, of T. C. S., is awarded left middle wing. Undoubtedly one of the best wing men of the year, but greatly handicapped by the poor support he received. He was the greatest ground-gainer T. C. S. had, and would frequently get away for gains when playing against Ridley, S. A. C. and U. C. C. He was also a good tackle.

Inside (Right)—The strongest man on the Ridley line was Cassels. He was a better defensive player than offensive. All Ridley bucks were led by him, and he was into all plays, no

matter which side was in possession of the ball. His weight was valuable in giving protection to the quarter. Altogether he is a fine inside wing for all star team.

Inside (Left)—For this other inside wing there are several good men, but of them all Willison I., of U. C. C., seems to have it by a trifle over the best. Willison I. was held less on his runs with the ball than any other man on the U. C. C. line. He shone well in the S. A. C. game, and scored a try in the Ridley game by straight, hard bucks. Nor does his usefulness hold true only on the offensive, but also on the defensive. He was a hard man to get past, and would materially strengthen the XMAS REVIEW's All Stars.





RECORD OF LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL MATCHES.

ON a bright, sunny afternoon a challenge was sent forth to the captain of the "Tecumsehs" for the arrangement of a match. At three o'clock we lined up and played an excellent game on both sides. At half-time the score was 5—0 in favor of our opponents, and then the whistle blew. We started once more. We held them down finely. They made only three more rouges, which made them 8—0. It was, indeed, an excellent game by our side, because their weight and age were far ahead of us.

On another afternoon St. Thomas' Choir came up to play us. They were beaten badly by a score of 37—0.

Next we arranged a match with St. Alban's, and won by a score of 35—0 on our grounds.

Harbord V., seeing that we were worthy of a game, chal-

lenged us on our own grounds. We succeeded in sending them home with a score of 15—5 in our favor.

Later on the blue and white boys paid us a visit. They had a very light team, and were not able to hold us down. We ran right through them, although they played a plucky game. We scored 23 points in the first half. When McKnight, our left half, obtained possession of the ball, they were unable to stop him, and the crimson and white went like a flash of lightning across the field. The game ended in our favor by the score of 35—0.

A return match was played at St. Alban's, when they put on most of their first team fellows. We held them down well, and they only won by a score of 15—5.

PERSONNEL OF LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM.

BICKNELL— Makes a good captain and centre half; good rusher, fair in kicking and catching.

MONRO—Manager; right middle wing; nice wing; fine catch, kick and tackle; hardly ever misses ball; showed up well in return game with U. C. C. as centre half.

McKNIGHT—Left half; fine rusher, tackle, catch and kick, never a man passes him, fastest rusher and best player on team; showed up well in first game with U. C. C.

McCOLL—Nice right half; good kick, catch and tackle; fine rusher with light team.

ELLIOT II.—Full-back; fair catch, fine tackle, good rusher with light team.

HILLMAN—Nice outside wing; always brings down his man.

FOSTER—Fine outside wing; always brings his man down; tackles low and well.

KEMP—Good quarter, good catch, hardly ever loses his head.

YUILE—Centre scrim; good in scrummage, holds his wings and puts ball out well.

SUTHERLAND I.—Right scrim; holds his wings well; good in leading a wing buck.

HERTZBERG—Left scrim; holds wings well, but gets off-side frequently.

MORPHY—Inside right; holds wings well; fine tackle.

ABENDANA II.—Inside left; holds wings splendidly; nice tackle.

PATERSON I.—Centre left; holds wings nicely; fair tackle.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS.

HOCKEY prospects for this coming season are not as favorable as in past years. But, if all accounts are true, no doubt we can turn out a team that will not disgrace us.

Of last year's team there are just Macdonald and Crossen back, but with Macpherson, Kilgour and MacNeil of last year's second team, and the new material that has shown up, we feel confident that we can defend last year's honors quite favorably. We have Lowis, one of Brampton's star players; Bell, of last year's St. John's College team; Hastings II., who played spare for last year's championship Montreal High School team. The competition for goal will be very keen, as there are five candidates for the position. Humphrey, of the All Saints' team; Winans, of last year's Thirds; McAvity, of the Y. M. C. A. St. John team, are the most likely ones. Point, we have Bell, whom we have mentioned before, and Hale, of last year's Thirds. Cover-point, we have Macpherson, of last year's Seconds, and Crossen, captain of last year's Firsts. Rover, Macdonald, an old color, who played right wing on last year's Firsts, will no doubt play rover. Centre—We have Graham, Kilgour and Hastings II. This position will likely be strong. Right wing, Lowis, Carling, of whom mention has been made before. Left wing, MacNeil and Forgie.

We hope this year the rinks at the college will be better, and junior teams will have a better chance to learn the game than ever before.

MACNEIL.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS.

ON Friday, October 5th, through the energies of Mr. Chapman, a track team to represent St. Andrew's College in the Interscholastic Sports was formed, being the first year that college has entered a team in this meet. There was not a great deal of interest taken in it, as everybody was thinking more of football. Mr. Chapman got together the winners of the different events in our own meet of last spring, and tried to get them into condition to run in a week and a half, and it was through Mr. Chapman's untiring efforts that we made as good a showing as we did. Mr. Chapman picked the team, who elected Crossen as captain. He also was captain of the football team, and on this account was greatly handicapped, as well as others of the team. In the following one will see that it was due to the lack of training and not lack of ability that the team did not make a better showing.

The first event in which we had a representative was the 100 yards dash. Crossen carried the colors, and he won the first heat in the same time as the final heat. In the final heat he got away to a very poor start, which was not altogether his fault, but as it was he ran a splendid race, and finished third.

The 220 yard dash—Bollard ran a beautiful race for College until about twenty yards from the finish, where lack of condition beat him.

The 440 yard run—Gill got away to a splendid start, leading until fifty yards from finish, when he died away and was beaten.

Half mile run—Burton represented College. He ran in perfect form, easily outclassing his opponents in this respect, but, as usual, condition told, and he was beaten out.

One mile run—We found ourselves up against one of the best mile runners in Toronto, but Knox, who was upholding our colors, ran a magnificent race. His form was perfect, and his running splendid, but he was beaten out in the last few yards by a small margin.


Shot put (16 lbs.)—In this event the hopes of the College centred on Crossen, who won second, only being beaten by four inches for first. His form was pretty, and was greatly admired by all.

High jump—Burton, although sick, went into this event, and did exceedingly well, jumping in his own peculiar way, and no doubt he would make an excellent jumper if in the hands of a coach. He got second.

The hurdles (120)—Crossen carried our colors to a splendid victory, winning our only first of the day, and breaking the Interscholastic record for this event by three-fifths of a second. This race was the most exciting of the day. Crossen, after getting away to a very poor start, gained his ground in three hurdles and caught the leading man, and they ran like a team over all but the last hurdle, in which Crossen took the lead by a leap, winning by about four feet.

Relay race—College was represented by Findlay, Bollard, McAvity and Grass. The team ran a very good race, and finished a good third. This event ended the day's sport in which St. Andrew's team showed fine grit and form. J. P. McNEIL.

BASKETBALL.

 THROUGHOUT Canada to-day basketball is fast gaining popularity, and it has already become the national winter game of the United States. For the first few years of its existence it was confined mostly to Y. M. C. A.'s, but now we find in addition all the prominent colleges, athletic clubs and schools in the country maintaining and supporting representative teams. The boys of S. A. C. who do not understand basketball would only need to witness a few games to appreciate what splendid sport it is. Some say that basketball is a rough game. Like all games, it can be made very rough, and it is claimed that there is no game being played to-day that offers more opportunity for rough and tricky playing. As a physical developer it has no superior. Every muscle in the body is brought into play. A boy must learn to think fast and move fast. It includes, in fact, all the desirable features that have made other games so valuable. Basketball belongs to the same class of games as hockey and football. It calls for exactly the same moral elements, the same spirit of self-subordination, and demands even more self-control.

The Athletic Association has gone to the expense of fitting up the gymnasium with all the apparatus required for playing the

game, and there is no reason why a great deal of sport might not be derived from basketball this winter. The fellows are fortunate in having the services of Mr. Chapman, a splendid coach, who understands the game perfectly, and who could before the winter season is over have a team that would be capable of upholding the good name the school has already attained in athletics. A schedule will soon be drawn up, and it is to be hoped that many exciting games will take place between the different flats and forms during the winter months. WINANS.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN, 1906.

THE Executive of the Athletic Association must assuredly have been inspired when, in choosing a date for the running-off of our annual cross-country, they fixed upon Monday, November 19th, as the day; for, despite the cold showers and gusty winds of the preceding week, it proved to be one of our perfect Canadian autumn days.

Accordingly, in response to the decree of the Executive, our fleet-footed gentry turned out in goodly numbers (thirty-three, to be exact) on Monday afternoon, lined up just beyond the college gates, and at 3.57 Mr. Chapman gave the word and they were off over the difficult course of five and a half miles. The course was identical with that of last year.

Just here, lest anyone should be laboring under the delusion that the aforementioned thirty-three were running for the fun of it, I will explain that the winning of the cross-country is rightly held one of the highest honors to be won in the college, and also that the later arrivals are not utterly disregarded.

The first to cross the tape at the finish wins his shield on the Wallace Cup, our cross-country trophy, and a handsome gold medal; the second, a silver medal, and the third a bronze. Those who finish behind these are somewhat consoled by becoming, for an exciting and strenuous five minutes, the most popular and certainly the most sought-after fellows in the school. To the uninitiated who desire an explanation of this seeming phenomena we would merely inform them that each form awards a cake to the first from its ranks over the tape. There are also a few cakes to the possession of which boarders only are eligible. We leave it to our readers' imagination as to the close and personal friend-

ship all feel for the fortunates who qualify for the aforesaid cakes.

But to return to the runners. It had been generally agreed that the race was between Knox, Fred. McDonald, Parsons and Findlay, and as the nearest stewards drifted in, their reports seemed to show this was the case. But it was all guesswork as to the probable winner until the cry arose, "They're coming," and two wearers of the red and white dashed into view. The momentous question of which out of the thirty-three would win had resolved itself into a struggle between Findlay and Knox. Both were sprinting their hardest, and were neck and neck right up to the last hundred yards, when Findlay managed to put on more steam, and crossed the line as winner, closely followed by Knox. Time, 32 minutes 48 seconds. Twenty seconds afterwards Grass crossed the tape for third place, and then the cake-winners began to pile over the line. Findlay's time, 32.48, was extremely good, being but a few seconds behind last year's record made by Gill over the same course.

Half an hour later Mr. MacDonald announced himself as ready to proceed with the awarding of the cakes. This important ceremony many hungry friends of the winners had been waiting with ill-concealed impatience, but their gleeful smiles came off when the Principal summoned all boys to the foot of the main stairs and told them to stay there till the last cake-winner had disappeared upstairs with his trophy and had had time to make such preparations as he should consider necessary for the raid which was sure to follow. However, this precaution did not augment the earthly existence of the cakes by many moments, and ten minutes after the first cake-winner disappeared upstairs there was not a vestige of a cake to be seen.

The medals for the winner, second and third will be awarded in the near future, and with that ceremony the cross-country run of 1906 will pass into history.

The Junior cross-country was run off Friday afternoon, November 30th, over a course about three miles in length. The first over the tape was Bicknell, who had easily outdistanced all his competitors; the second was Smith, and the third Sutherland II. Bicknell ran in great form, taking but 18 minutes for the whole course, and others, too, showed that College will not lack material for her future cross-country runs.

IRWIN.

Miscellany.

FRESHMAN IMPRESSIONS.

THE first sensation in the mind of the verdant Freshman as he enters College in all his simple-mindedness is one of absolute unimportance. He is a mere cog in the cruel machine of instruction. His existence is unnoticed save by a few, and no one cares whether he lives or not. But this pathetic feeling wears off gradually—the Freshman is spoken to by great men, such as seniors; he carefully subscribes for *'Varsity*, joins the "Union," enrolls with the professors, and ostentatiously writes '10 after his name! He is now a real University man, and nothing in heaven or earth can move him—except exams.

There is a very wide gulf fixed between prep. school life and college life. The school boy at *'Varsity* soon discovers that he has forever left "detention" in the dim past, and cheerfully wastes the golden moments of his budding manhood in the convenient billiard-rooms of the Students' Union. He also learns to smoke cigarettes in the very face of authority without fear of the principal's cane. This freedom is bliss itself!—to saunter in to a lecture at your own sweet will; to forsake Latin prose for a trip down town, and to fearlessly say, "Not prepared, sir," to long-suffering instructors. It takes time and care to get out of prep. school ways. "Please, sir!" will come out unexpectedly, and it requires wonderful perseverance to keep from raising your hand and snapping your fingers. The professors are still called masters sometimes, and the lectures, periods; but these barbarisms die out, and school mannerisms are obliterated.

By far the most distinctive feature of the University, the most noticeable characteristic in the whole institution from the library to the tennis-courts, is the legion of women students, called in its incipient stages "Freshettes," or "Freshets." They are everywhere—omnipotent and in strong numbers. They always attend every possible lecture, and invariably have their work

well done, to the discomfiture of the—other students. There is one story well known to the Freshman now writing, of two fellows who set out for a certain German lecture. They arrived and found themselves the only masculine element in a class of thirty German-loving girls. The youths were naturally timid, and tossed a coin to know whether to follow valor or her better part. It came down tails, and they fled!

It is often quite hard for the uninitiated to find the proper lecture-rooms, and still harder to know what the lecture is about. One man, it is said, went boldly in to what he thought was second year Psychology, and after industriously taking notes for an hour, found that the lecture was on fourth year Constitutional Law.

The sub-Freshman who has dreams of students in academic gown and mortar-board, will be sadly disillusioned. The usual agitation for the gown occurred this year, with a magnificent result. Six nervous men appeared at nine o'clock in academic costume, and one by one the gowns disappeared, until things resumed their usual appearance. At present the faculty and the women are unfortunately the only supporters of the traditional attire.

The writer's impressions of the "hustle" are vague. With several other discreet Freshmen, he viewed this interesting affair from a dignified distance, and delivered as to the folly of rolling in the mud unnecessarily. The "rushes" this year were second only to football practice in the noble art of crippling and slaying the undergraduate body.

But with all the defects of University life in Toronto, the experience is quite worth while, with its strong, democratic teaching and "superb polishing process." And one thing quite evident is that men from St. Andrew's are as well equipped for scholarly and other attainments—even for the horrors of analytical geometry, as the graduates of any other school.

C. VINCENT MASSEY.

RUBAÍYÁT OF A SATURDAY MORNING DETENTION LIST.



WAKE! For although it still is early morn,
You must to school your way with feet forlorn
Take, to sit there and scribble line on line,
On such a day, alas! who would not mourn?

Arise! You should but now be on the wing,
In ten short minutes more the bell will ring,
Jump from your downy bunk. To-day you pay,
Because the day before you had your little fling.

Within that green-walled room, fast scratching lines,
Until your brow with perspiration shines.
The yellow sun streams in upon the walls.
Ah, sir, will you please let me draw the blinds?

A fountain pen, sitting on yonder seat,
At times a shuffling with your muddy feet,
And then there's more detention, so look out.
Alas; That page looks very far from neat.

Were it not folly, spider-like, to spin
The thread of present life away in sin?
What good did raising Cain e'er do to you?
If this goes on, by Christmas you'll be thin.

The master's finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on, but sometimes piety and wit
May lure the Principal to cancel half a line,
Or you, with tears, wash out a word of it.

Through the forbidden door and fenceless gate
I roamed, and railed against my hopeless fate.
Oh, why do I obey the masters here?
Why get detention if I once am late?

Oh, Jove! Could you and I with fate conspire,
Place the detention book within the fire,
Would not we fall upon our knees with joy?
For that would be the very heart's desire.

Soon when yourself with heavy foot shall pass
Without the gate for the last time, alas!

Ah! pity then the wretches yet to come,
Feel sorry for each poor but harmless ass.

E. M. W.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

- Sept. 11—Boarders should all be in.
Sept. 12—School commences.
Sept. 18—Football practices begin.
Sept. 20—Athletic Association elections.
Oct. 2—Elmer Bowman passes away.
Oct. 5—Interscholastic games take place.
Oct. 8—Crimson and white goal posts erected.
Oct. 10—S. A. C. II. defeat Highfield I., 17—5.
Oct. 13—S. A. C. I. defeat T. C. S., 46—6,
Oct. 17—School closes for Thanksgiving term.
Oct. 18—First football team goes for 18-mile walk.
Oct. 22—School reopens after Thanksgiving.
Oct. 27—S. A. C. defeated by Ridley I., 23—9.
Oct. 30—S. A. C. II. defeat Technical School, 13—0.
Nov. 8—S. A. C. II. defeat U. C. C. II., 7—0
Nov. 9—S. A. C. I. defeat U. C. C. I., 23—6,
Nov. 10—S. A. C. II. defeat Highfield, 24—1.
Nov. 19—Annual cross-country run. Findlay wins.
Nov. 30—Football pictures are taken, also Junior House
cross country takes place.
Dec. 1—Skating rinks behind school are completed.
Dec. 4—THE REVIEW goes to press.
Dec. 10—Annual football dinner takes place.
Dec. 18—THE REVIEW is given out.
Dec. 20—School closes for the Christmas recess.

W. W. W.

CADET CORPS.



HE official reorganization of the Cadet Corps took place early in October, when the election to fill the vacancies among the commissioned and non-commissioned officers was held.

There were five vacancies altogether, those of captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant and two sergeants. Mr. White was selected by Dr. Macdonald to fill the captaincy, and this selection was heartily approved of by all who knew Mr. White's executive ability.

Sergeant Gill was elected first lieutenant, Sergeant Duncanson second lieutenant, and Privates Burton and McPherson I. were elected to fill the vacant positions as sergeants.

Sergeant Hatt, attached to the 48th Highlanders, who drilled the corps last year, and who will do so again this, gave a short address on the advantages of a knowledge of military drill, which was received with hearty applause by those present.

The first drill was held as soon as the uniforms were given out. The drills at first consisted of marching, company and arm drill, but lately Sergeant Hatt has been giving skirmishing drill, which is very interesting.

The corps was unable to turn out to church with the 48th Highlanders on Sept. 24th, as no drills whatever had been held on account of football taking up all spare time. However, there will be plenty of more opportunities for the Cadets to make their appearance before the public in 1906-07.

The officers of the corps are endeavoring to bring the strength up to seventy-five all told, and they anticipate little difficulty in doing so.

A Cadet Corps dance will be held towards the end of January next. Tickets will be sold to friends of the College, and the money will go towards paying for the uniforms and new shell jackets, the purchase of which is contemplated.

The Cadets have full privilege to use the rifle butts at Long Branch, and the Armouries, and it is hoped that they will make good use of this opportunity, as good shooting is, of course, essential to a crack corps.

On the whole, the prospects this year for a splendid all-round

Cadet Corps at St. Andrew's College are first-class, and all join in wishing the corps the best of luck.

The following is a list of the officers: Captain, Mr. J. H. White; First Lieutenant, R. J. Gill; Second Lieutenant, A. E. Duncanson; Color-Sergeant, Wood I.; Sergeants, Hope, Burton, Macpherson.

A. E. DUNCANSON.

STORM ON MUSKOKA LAKES.

’ER land and lake there lies a stillness dread,
The calm that heralds an approaching storm.
The sun floats, hidden from the darkened earth
By banks of billowy grey, that ominous hang.
The water glitters with uncanny light,
As still as polished steel it brooding lies;
While now and then a distant mutter tells
Of that fierce tempest that will soon break out.
The stillness deepens, and all living things
Fly to their homes. A distant glow of life,
The mutterings draw nearer, while the pines
Shiver with fear at that yet unseen thing.
At last the storm is loosed. With mighty sweep,
And white and brilliant flash, the heavens split.
The crash of doom rings out upon its heels.
The winds awake from sleep, and battling rage.
The water leaps as with a whip ’twere struck,
And fiercer still the din, and brighter yet,
Till trees fall headlong to their rotting ruin,
And rain sweeps down with stinging drops of steel
Molten in heaven by lightning’s brightest flame.
Thus Nature struggles with her loosened might,
Till night subdues the tortured elements,
And calm descends on troubled earth once more.

E. M. W.

OLD BOYS' DOINGS.

The following is a list of St. Andrew's College Old Boys attending the University at present:


Arts—First year—G. Blackstock, H. A. Driscoll, H. DuVer-net, F. M. McPhedran, C. V. Massey, A. B. Moffatt, J. C. Tibb, H. M. Tovell. Second year—D. E. S. Wishart, I. W. Dickson. Third year—N. M. Keith, R. P. Saunders. Fourth year—W. H. Goldstein.

Medicine—First year—Mahlengeni. Second year—P. D. Spohn. Third year—G. H. Wallace.

School of Science—First year—A. E. Alison, E. R. Allen, V. S. Chestnut, H. A. Cooch, T. Fergusson, V. T. Goggin, A. E. Gooderham, Jr., W. W. Gunn, G. G. Thomson, E. P. B. Palmer. Second year—A. E. Nourse. Third year—E. L. Cousins, F. Chestnut.



EXCHANGES.

E welcome the *Calendar* from Central High School, Buffalo. It is bright and witty, and contains some excellent little poems.

Acta Victoriana is on the whole the best magazine that we have received. In poetry, articles and stories alike a sustained high tone is struck.

Acroama, the tastefully printed paper of Miss Hake's school, is a magazine of undoubted merit. We notice somewhat too personal a tone.

The Dalhousie Gazette contains some excellent matter. We think it would be greatly improved by the addition of some illustrations.

The *McMaster Monthly* must be very interesting to McMaster men, as there is nothing in it to amuse anyone else. Its cover, however, is good.

Acta Ridleiana and the *Western Canada College Review* are both interesting, the former especially. Its illustrations are extremely well done. E. M. W.

THE LAND OF BOY.

A wonderful land is the land of boy,
Where the hands on the clock mark the moments of joy,
Where the hills are sugar, the mountains are cake
And the rivers flow into an ice-cream lake;
Where candy grows on the forest trees
And the fairies dwell with their mysteries:
The land of boy—away, away
Through the happy valleys of Golden Day!

The land of boy is a dear delight,
Where the sun shines sweetly and soft and bright;
Where the air is filled with the robin's song
And the heart of venture beats bold and strong;
Where hope's grave star burns clear and fair
And the wine of the Summer is in the air:

The land of boy—away, away
The road winds down to the Golden Day!

There are tops and trinkets and marbles and books,
Penknives, putty, and fishing-hooks;
Printing presses and railroad trains,
Wheelbarrows, wagons, and driving reins;
Boats and whistles and hoops and skates,
Sledges and sponges and drawing slates;

The land of boy—away, away
Over the hills of the Child-at-Play!

The land of boy is a sunny place,
Where rosy cheeks and a smiling face,
Where romp and laughter and chatter and gleam
Go round and round till the meadows dream
And the stars come out and the golden West
Is red where the sun has gone to rest:

The land of boy—away, away
To the wand of fairy and elf and fay!

Merry games and the venture heart
In the land of boy are a living part;
Castle building and ships that sail
On the pirate main, and the paths of whale;
Hope and love and beauty and gleam—
All, all are a part of the boy-land dream:

To the land of boy I long to stray
Through the happy valleys of Golden Day!

—*The Baltimore Sun.*

Skits.

None of the term tests which occasionally take place one of the boys frequently spelled the word does "d-o-s-e." He was, however, kind enough to add a note that "dose" is *sometimes* spelt d-o-e-s.

When Crossen entered the sick-room he was heard to express a wish that his homework should be brought up to him each day. The wish, however, was not granted.

Lafferty, upon his arrival, before a throng of open-mouthed listeners, proclaimed the astonishing fact that he had performed an astounding feat by swimming around the "Calgary swimming tank" eight hundred times pushing his meals ahead of him on a board plank. This is not so remarkable, however, when we consider the size of the Calgary swimming tank.

Haywood, MacIntosh, Howe, Kapelle I. and Winchester have formed a club, which goes by the name of "The Chosen Few."

The sick-room's locked in,
The school is locked out,
And nobody knows
Just what it's about.

Crowe (to Mr. H——, who has just found a ginger ale bottle in study)—"Please, sir, you can get a cent for that over at the tuck shop."

Forgie (to nurse)—"Have you got anything that would quiet my nerves?"

Nurse—"Why, what is the matter?"

Forgie—"I just got word my grandfather wasn't very well."

Literary New Boy (to nurse)—"Aren't you the guardian angel that attends to the wants of the inner man?" Oh, slush!

Mr. R.—“Barton, take an hour and put that apple away.”

Barton—“Please, sir, I'm putting it away as fast as I can.”

Miss L. (to Mr. R., who is entering the sick-room)—“Have you got your written order?”

Graham has become quite a fusser lately.

Perodeau—“Too much fooling is a lot.”

Ebrets—“Sir, is a pence half a penny?”

Perodeau says his face is to rent.

Mr. R. (to Perodeau, at 11 p.m.)—“What are you reading?”

Perodeau—“The Canadian History of Newfoundland, sir.”

A current question: “Will Mr. Cooper's uniform fit Mr. White?”

Dunc is quite a heart-breaker, is he not? Yes.

Wright—“Crossen asked me to come back next year, as they would be hard up for a first team full-back.”

Forgie (after he has seen a girl at the King Edward)—“My, I am so nervous.”

Forgie (indignantly)—“I met Mr. McGowan on the street and he did not look at me.”

Findlay (in study)—“Sir, how much detention have I?”

Master—“Fifteen quarters, and take two more for asking me!”

Flemming (from back of room)—“Keep it up, Findlay. You will be a millionaire soon.”

Master (to Bell, in class)—“Have you no studies?”

Bell—“No, sir!”

Master (after a pause)—“Lazyness personified.”

Cries from Rooms 34, 33 and 25—"Parcheesi."
They have got it on the brain.

Mr. B. (to Burke)—"Burke, did you get the ink?"
Burke—"N—no, sir; the ink was out!" (Laughter.)
Burke—"Oh! oh! sir, I mean the bottle was out!"

De la Plante (to Mr. W.)—"Sir, isn't kitten plural of cat?"

The order in the Lower School dining-hall is unusually good at luncheon. A Copp and a Sheriff are always on hand.

Driscoll (to University College Registrar)—"What is the hardest course I can get for thirty-five dollars?"

Theo Moore—"I didn't see the Hippodrome the last time it was in Toronto, but I am going next time, you bet!"

Paterson I. (reading at table)—"The largest stake ever fought for was £4,500."

J. Frazer (quizzically)—"Sirloin steak?"

Mr. Bell—"Monro, what is the masculine of nun?"
Monro—"Drake, sir."

Junior House Boy (to Burton)—"Hello, Dickie! Come down out of that!"

Burton—"Hello, Kid! Where are you?"

Mr. N. (to Ross I.)—"Ross, stop that!"
Ross I.—"Sir, I wasn't doing anything. I just looked at him and he laughed."

Mr. N.—"I don't wonder!"

Master (to pupil)—"What date was the War of 1812?"

Davern (to Delaplante) II.—"Who won the match between U. C. C. and College?"

Delaplante—"Sixteen all."

Davern—"Who's favor?"

Tillman (to Mr. C.)—"Sir, why can't you get a lease for one hundred years in Queen's Park?"

Mr. C.—"Because ninety-nine reminds you of bargain day

Many parents have noticed a failing in their boys when they go home for the holidays. Too much salts, quinine and calomel.

Ike—"Guess I've sprained my finger."

Crossen—"Go down to the sick-room and get some calomel."

MacNeil—"Hastings looked rather gullish." . . . What did he mean?

It was only the kind intervention of the matron that prevented De la Plante from wearing his new-fangled sweater to church.

Sick-room Sentinel—"Who goes there?"

Mr. H. (to class)—"Did anybody see McKnight's book?"

McColl—"Sir, I saw a dog chewing something."

The bee it is a gentle thing,
But still it doth know how to sting,
And though their work I love to see,
I always leave the honey bee.

—Cornell Widow.

'Tis the men who are busy as B B B B B
That opportunity fleeting can C C C C C,
For with wide-open I I I I I,
They grow wondrously Y Y Y Y Y,
And spend their old age in great E E E E E.

—Exchange.

Crowe (seeing the carcass of a large turkey go by his door)—
"Alas! my poor brother."

Carling (to Anderson at Riverdale Park, seeing some horses with shaggy hair)—"Gee, look at the buffaloes."

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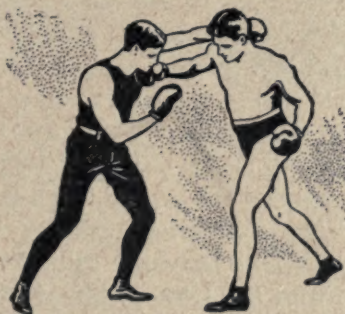
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Master (to Auld I.)—"Take a quarter for talking!"

Auld I.—"Sir, I wasn't talking."

Master—"Take two quarters. I saw your mouth open."

McColl—"Sir, he was just catching flies."

Burke (to Wood II., coming from church)—"Say, Rickey, don't call me Coozy on Sunday."

Master (to Shook, who is yawning)—"I would put my hand up, if I were you, and try to cover part of it."

Forgie (in his sleep)—"She is all right. I heard on pretty good authority that she had a crush on me."

Some one has been kind enough to give "Andy" a cake of soap to have a wash. It is up to the College to buy him a haircut.

During the water famine the table water was collected in rain barrels and then filtered through cheese cloth to keep out leaves and small sticks. It was commonly called "consomme."

Among the season's most popular novels is "How I won the sixth form Marathon," by F. Milligan.

Tahits.

Over the rim of the world,
Sunk in the dawn of the day,
There lie for you and me
The Isles of Far Away.

Haste we back to find them?
It needs but you to say!
Make sail and lay our course
For the Isles of Far Away!

Lagoon and shore and bending palm—
Why must it be nay?
Youth and Love are calling
From the Isles of Far Away!

—Lloyd Osborne, in *Appleton's Magazine* for October.



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 Il fume sa vieille pipe
 Au coin de la cheminee.
 Ma mere est blanchisseuse,
 Ma sœur fait le meme art,
 Chez nous tout le monde travaille
 Excepte mon vieillard,
 Et it est flaneur.

—Exchange.

Copp I., after being sent out to look for nurse, returned in about three minutes, saying he couldn't find her.

Mr. C.—“Where did you look for her?”

Copp—“Downstairs, sir; top flat, and sick-room—(in an undertone)—and read most of the papers.”

Mr. C. (in geography class)—“The first steamboat was built in Quebec, and she was called the Royal William.”

Auld I.—“Sir, she must have been a he, then.”

It is said that Taylor II. was actually here for roll call on Wednesday morning.

“Trixy” Gunn isn't half missed since Ponsford came.

Isn't it queer that on the 26th of November the new boys got the blacking, but when the water wagon went around the flat afterwards the old boys got soaked?

Yes, Horace Fraser was greatly missed by his roommates, but it isn't so bad now, as another promising B. C. breeze has sprung up in No. 3.

Where did Rogers get his roses?

Rogers is truly a vegetarian. He just loves Eaton roses.

This year the Stanley Cup is going to New Glasgow. Yes. No.



(REGISTERED)

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Our Calgary "sport" had only been in the city half an hour when clang went two cents on peanuts.

There's sure to be "somethin' doin'" in 16 when the breezes from Calgary and New Glasgow cross.

"Give her time!"

"You have a right to have been gated before already!"

It is reported that Laferty threatened to leave the school because the Principal would not let him wear a monacle.

Crossen (to the team in the Upper Canada match)—"Cheer up, fellows! We'll have to humor these children!"

"The Saints are on the bum!

The Saints are on the bum!

Heigho for Jericho,

The Saints are on the bum!"

Wonder who sang this to the *News* correspondent? Quite evident, eh? What state must poor U. C. C. have been in!

U. C. C. says, "Just wait till hockey." We waited last year, but we must have been disappointed!

Under the depressing influences of a losing game U. C. C. developed a remarkably strong imagination, going to the extent of thinking that they out-rooted the Saints.

The Monsieur Poitrinas of the year 2000 (as he discloses a battered-up megaphone in one of his excavations in the Rosedale grounds—"Il ya desânes qui pretendent que les Romains ne counaissaunt pas le football!")

"Stay thur!"

Football equations:

S. A. C. scrim + U. C. C. scrim = scrap.

S. A. C. kick + S. A. C. wings = 80 yards gained.

U. C. C. + ball = instantaneous connection with S. A. C.. wings.

Crossen + ball = touch-down.

23 = skidoo!

Canas (criticizing one of his roommate's efforts to decorate his corner.)—"Dansboom!"

Studies of Plant Life in Canada

By Catharine Parr Traill

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Agnes D. Chamberlin

Lovers of the wildflowers will be pleased to learn that a revised edition of Mrs. Traill's valuable work (long a prize for book collectors) has been issued. No expense has been spared to make this edition, in typography, illustration, and binding, worthy of the text. The author—one of the famous Strickland sisters, whose contributions to English literature were many and important—in this volume gave to the public the result of her observations and research during a long residence in Canada. Prof. Macoun and Dr. Fletcher, the "fathers of Canadian botany," describe the book as "a record of close observation, together with an intelligent consideration and accurate description of what was seen, helpful to those who are actively engaged in education, and attractive to all lovers of wildflowers from the large number of plants dealt with in an accurate but quaint and original manner." They further remark that "the value of the book is much enhanced by the large number of plates by Mrs. Chamberlin, the well-known artist of Canadian wildflowers." It is one of the books no Canadian library should be without.

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SPADINA CRESCENT

Findlay (reading from the grammar)—“The grammar class is taught by Miss H——.”

Chase and Carver (returning from the office on a certain occasion)—“The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places!”

Say, Phoebe, don't ask Mr. Reithmeyer every French expression Forgie tells you to.

The goat is said to have got hold of Hale's shirt.

“Slow as the water on the top flat.”

If you hear a knock at your door at 2 a.m., don't get scared; it's only Jerry Burke looking for snap photos for THE REVIEW contest.

Appropriate hymn verses for the various school units:

Cadet Corps—“To keep your armor bright attend with constant care.”

Isthmian Club—“Fight the good fight.”

Track team—“Run the straight race.”

“Recruits” in the sick-room—“Faint not, nor fear.”

Gated bunch—“A glorious band, the chosen few.”

Detention drill—“O happy band of pilgrims!”

College “officials” (Toothpick, Willie, Joe, Eliza, etc.)—
“A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid.”

Master (to one of the Beaty twins)—“Are you yourself or your brother?”

Wright—or—Forgie secundus.

The latest College delicacy: “Fricassee football covers and headgears.”

“Look into your book!”

In geography period:

Denovan—“Dufferin—Orangeville.”

Hertzburg—“Oh, sir, is that where oranges come from?”

Copping (to McLagan)—“Gosh! It's great to be crazy!”

Mr. C. (to Sands)—“Sands, where are your boots?”

Sands—“On my feet, sir!”

Copping (to master)—“Sir, won't you take off that hour? It's my birthday?”

Master—“Well, take another for a birthday present!”

A Young Man's Store



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Master—"Shook, take that expression off your face! You'd make a man nervous sitting in front of that."

Hastings II. (as a sparrow flew through the dining-room window)—"Crow, were you as daring as that in your childhood?"

Wright—"Well, if I shouldn't catch the III.'s, I've got the IV.'s pinched, anyway."

Shook—"I wonder if the tuck-lady will give me a nickel's worth of candy on my face."

Wright—"I think I have the Junior championship easy."

Martin—"I think I'll have to follow the fad and get a pair of glasses!"

"Vere is Fienly?"

Here's to our next year's football captain ——!
Ain't MacNeil a cute kid?

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The
Saint
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College
Review

Easter
1907

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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1907.

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EBERTS

Business Manager :—GILL

Asst. Managers :— { McNEIL
IRWIN

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: WINANS, WRONG, HOUSSEY, BURNS, EBERTS.

BUSINESS MANAGER: GILL. ASSISTANT MANAGERS McNEIL, IRWIN.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: WRONG.

EASTER, 1907

Editorials.

The winter season is over and it has been a long, EASTER. steady one. The hockey stick is laid aside, skates are banished to hidden retreats, and "The time of the singing of birds has come." The shop windows are full of those spry looking rabbits which, at this season, are reputed to relieve the useful hen of her arduous duties, and attend to that industry themselves. Gorgeously decorated eggs of wondrously un-henlike design and color flaunt themselves temptingly in the eyes of small boys eager to investigate their inner mysteries. Our mothers and sisters are contemplating their spring finery, and we are faced with the momentous and welcome fact that Easter has arrived. May the season bring much happiness to one and all!

The thanks of THE REVIEW are due to the OUR CON- Deputy Minister of Education, Dr. A. H. U. TRIBUTORS. Colquhoun, for his very interesting article, "Glimpses of the Past." We appreciate most deeply this gentleman's courteous response to our request for

something from his pen, and feel greatly honored in numbering him among our contributors and well-wishers.

The accompanying letter from the Reverend C. W. Gordon, known and loved by us as "Ralph Connor," is also most gratifying:

WINNIPEG, MAN., Feb. 4th, 1907.

My Dear Mr. Wilson,—

I wish to thank you for your note. Since writing you I have read with care and with very great interest the copy of *THE REVIEW* you kindly sent me. I drop this note to tell you that I thoroughly admire the whole tone of the journal, and congratulate the staff upon the very creditable appearance of the journal, and upon the literary excellence of its articles. It can do only good to the College. I wish you all success in your work.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES W. GORDON.

This tribute is particularly pleasing to those of us who have pored with interest over the delightful stories penned by "Ralph Connor." Dr. Gordon's books are essentially Canadian in tone and setting; they portray strong, manly men and sterling, pure-minded women; they possess touches of clean, wholesome sport, and have chapters that are wholly given over to the games so dear to the boy-heart, especially so to young Johnny Canuck with his inborn passion for hockey, football and all outdoor recreations. Without being in the least sentimental, "Ralph Connor's" books fairly teem with true sentiment; they breathe the fresh, clear atmosphere of Canadian life at its best—Canadian homes, Canadian woods, Canadian lumber-camps, and characters distinctively Canadian. We look back with loving, personal remembrance upon the pages of "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry," and "The Doctor," while we wonder what fresh treat this strong, kindly Man of the West has in store for his countless admirers.

THE REVIEW expresses its thanks for his thoughtful words of encouragement and praise.

Through the kindness of Abendana, we are able to publish some very interesting pictures of the recent terrible disaster at Kingston, Jamaica. They give one a faint idea of the havoc wrought not only by the quake, but by the fire which followed. Many Toronto people were closely affected by the calamity in the loss of relatives and friends, and as a college we were brought into very personal touch with the



sufferers. The Abendana brothers, residents of Port Antonio, were bereft of several near relatives, the house of one of whom is shown in an accompanying photograph. Our sympathy was with them during the period of anxiety which they endured before the arrival of any definite news regarding the welfare of their family, and we likewise extend our condolence in the sad loss sustained by them.

In the recent sermon delivered by the Archbishop of Toronto in the Assembly Hall of the College, vs. MAN- NISHNESS. His Grace drew a fine, clean-cut distinction between mannishness and manliness. Coming from this good and learned man, the words were of especial moment, for the Archbishop knows and reads the boy-mind and heart through and through. For many years he was engaged in scholastic work, and all through his career has been brought into very personal and close relations with boys and young men.

The boy who apes the man, copying habits and customs belonging to an age other than his own, not only fails in his desire to appear as a man, but is supremely ridiculous in the sight of those he imitates so badly. The strong, pure-minded *boyish* boy is too busily engaged in the interests and pursuits of his kind to care for the things outside of that sphere. He looks forward to the time when he shall have arrived at manhood, but he has no unholy desire to hasten that time by unlawful means, or to enter too soon a heritage that sooner or later will be his by every right. He sees that men do certain things that he does not; but he realizes that they do so by right of age and experience. Accordingly he has no desire to imitate them; he is content in his own little sphere of well-employed boyhood. Unconsciously he has become possessed of the very trait for which he was not even striving; it has come to him unsought though not undesired; he has achieved true *manliness*.

Another boy finds time moving too slowly for his advanced ideas. He finds the period of boyhood limited and circumscribed. Accordingly he forestalls Nature and leaps into the future—incidentally overleaping the thing at which he aims. He affects an air of manly superiority; he lords it over the juvenile creation; he apes his seniors in a thousand and one things that never enter the calculations of a grown man. In a word, he thinks he has become manly; as a matter of fact he

has merely achieved *mannishness*. He sees not the sly wink or amused nudgings of those he is trying to copy, but—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

There are many worse things than smoking, many more glaring sins in the long catalogue of misdeeds, but there are few things more foolish in a young and growing boy. This is but one example of mannish imitation—they may be multiplied indefinitely—but from the *man's* standpoint it does not pay. It is the one case where imitation is not a sincere flattery.

Manliness *versus* mannishness—which is it to be?

We are indebted to the Reverend J. T. Taylor,
WORK IN of Indore, India, for the reprint of the interest-
INDIA. ing and instructive article on "Glimpses of Indus-
trial and Educational Work in Central India."
This article gives one a splendid idea of the life in one of our
far Eastern mission fields.

Contributed Articles.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

It is related that an Oxford professor, in showing a visitor about the Christ Church Library, pointed to a pile of old books in one corner. "They are to be turned out," he said, "because we need the room. They have served their day, and are valuable only as curiosities. Their wisdom, in the light of modern research, has become folly."

This is one of many striking effects produced by the scientific study of history. Industrious students burrow into old records. They find that some information hitherto accepted as true must be rejected. Pleasing theories must be reconstructed. Estimates of historical characters have to be modified. An authoritative account of a whole period is challenged because some burrower, more untiring than his fellows, finds new material which throws a different light on the current of events and on the motives and actions of the chief actors. One is never sure when a fresh discovery may be made, and the so-called wisdom of the past become its folly.

The uncertainty which thus prevails concerning some events and some men of a previous age leads to curious results. In the absence of definite knowledge, writers of an imaginative turn present a new version of history, or ask us to accept fresh views of kings and statesmen. A fancy for rehabilitating some of the villains who have strutted their brief hour on the stage of real life, has attracted certain writers who would be quite indignant if you called their efforts fiction. A few years ago an attempt was made to depict Kirke, the infamous colonel of "Kirke's Lambs," as a benevolent person who, in ruthlessly putting down the Monmouth Rebellion, was simply carrying out the King's orders. A plea has also been put in for Jeffreys who tried the poor rebels, and whose conduct on the bench is justly reprobated for its fiendish cruelty. Not long ago some of us read a clever article by a clever Canadian, who threw the



STREET SCENE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

mantle of charity over Charles II., and argued that Charles was not so black as he has been painted. But it was all a solemn jest, elaborated, perhaps, merely to show how easy it is to pervert history, and clothe falsehood in the garb of truth. Charles II. was a bad King—treacherous, dissolute, the pensioner of a foreign nation, an example, in every relation of life, of what a man should not be. Yet the English endured him for twenty-five years. There were reasons for this—the nation was exhausted by a deadly civil war; they hated a standing army; they did not know that Charles was in the pay of the French Court. He did not look dangerous. His manners were pleasant, and he mingled freely with his people. As he fed the swans in the park in the morning, conversing affably with all who cared to venture near, he cultivated a popularity which a better King would have sought in vain. But no research can rehabilitate Charles II. He is, as Milton says of Satan, “By merit raised to that bad eminence.” The other day an English author of repute wrote a book to challenge the popular estimate of Richard III. The records of that period are notoriously scanty and defective. There is great scope for plausible speculation. Perhaps Richard Crookback was not as bad as Shakespeare drew him. The poet has a license denied to the historian. Richard, we are told, did not murder the young princes, whose bodies were found in the Tower of London so long afterwards. It was his successor, Henry VII., the first of the Tudors, who caused them to be slain. The theory is pleasing, but not convincing. We cannot put all the wicked in the niches of the just because documentary evidence to convict them is lacking.

But this illustrates the difficulty of arriving at the truth. This is not only so of the past, but of the present, or the very recent past. In spite of our knowledge of what is going on—the intimate details of daily occurrences chronicled in the newspapers—the guests at the Prime Minister's dinner party, the number of persons who took five o'clock tea with Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. or Mrs. C.—we really know very imperfectly the main-springs and causes of great affairs of state. Of much that goes on behind the scenes we are necessarily ignorant. I have lately been reading something about a period in Canadian history which is full of interest and charm—the period, roughly speak-

ing, between 1850 and 1870. One incident in the story is incomplete on account of the loss of a certain state paper, which, if found, would throw much light upon the past, and probably influence the future. It relates to the supposed draft of a treaty between Canada and the United States. The negotiator was Sir John Rose—a Canadian of eminent talents, who finished his remarkable career in England. Years afterwards it was declared in Parliament that Sir John's memorandum of the basis of the treaty contained startling provisions. This was denied, but the document itself was never produced. Of the man himself—so useful a public servant, so conspicuously successful—how little Canadians of the present day know! The part he played in important national affairs is unknown, because the materials are inaccessible. Locked up, no doubt, in boxes of interesting correspondence, and only for the eyes of a later generation. But some thorough and competent investigator (which the present writer does not claim to be), may say on reading these lines: "How ignorant this man is. Does he not know that the Rose paper is in Mr. So-and-So's biography, and may be seen in any good library?" That may be, but I have never been able to find it, and, in truth, am not so much interested in the document as in the man himself—the capable and earnest young schoolmaster in the County of Huntingdon, who educates himself for the legal profession, is called to high office in the councils of his country, attracts the notice of eminent New York and London bankers by his knowledge of finance, goes to live in England, becomes financial adviser to our present King, receives a baronetcy, and fills a great place in the world.

And so history has something besides its perplexities and its hard, dry facts. There is romance and mystery. There is the usual quota of musty record and wearisome iteration. There is the display of character and human influence, the opportunity of determining how far the individual moulds the events of his time, or to what extent he is a mere puppet, acted upon by a higher law. And at every turn is the inspiration to probe deeper into these things, to learn for oneself with exactness the facts of a case, and to draw one's own conclusion respecting this man or that event.

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN.

THE MATHEMATICAL PENCIL.

“**J**UST my blamed luck,” he said, as he threw himself into an easy-chair. It was Saturday, all the other boys had left the College for their Easter vacation on the previous Thursday, leaving one poor, lonely fellow, with the prospects or not getting home till the next Wednesday, or possibly later.

How quiet it seemed in the great building, and how beastly lonely the boy felt. Just then a patter of small feet was heard in the corridor, and presently the door swung open. There stood a small figure about three feet high, dressed in a long brown tail-coat, skin-tight black trousers, brown felt shoes, and a queer pointed brown hat to match. His brown skin was slightly wizened, but he had piercing black eyes, a round, puggy nose, and two rows of glistening white teeth were showing behind his red, red lips. With a cry of delight he hopped on a chair and as quickly down again. Then for the first time he caught sight of the boy; for an instant he stood motionless with fear, his dark eyes flashed around the room, and then he seemed to regain his spirits.

“I, I, am awfully sorry to disturb you, sir; awfully sorry, I really am, sir,” he began, holding his hat in his hand. “But you see, sir, we thought everyone had gone, and the ‘Banshee’ told us we could romp all over.”

He paused for a moment—he was taking in the sorrowful face of the boy—“So now, sir,” he continued, “if you do not object I will be off immediately.”

The two stared at each other blankly for a few seconds; then the boy, seeing the other was making towards the door, in a strange voice called him back:

“For heaven’s sake, don’t go away yet,” he said; “it’s so lonely here and I can’t go home for Easter.”

The little fellow came back slowly, and lightly hopping on a chair in front of the boy, stared at him strangely.

“Hard luck,” he murmured presently; “very hard luck when a fellow can’t go home for Easter, but surely there is some way out of it; perhaps I can help you?”

Now, this was just what the boy wanted, for although he did not know who or what he was talking to, he knew that it was a little more than human.

"It's like this," he began. "I failed in all my mathematics at the recent exams, and unless I make fifty per cent., I can't try my summer ones in June, but the master is good enough to allow me to stay here and try them again whenever I like, but—"

"Umph," interrupted the other; "a very tight case; a very extraordinary case; in fact, quite an interesting case."

However, the boy failed to see the interest or to become the least bit interested in the "*case*."

"You see," said the little man, "I am just a plain ordinary Brownie; but I can do lots of things, and I fancy I can help you out of this. What time does the last train leave that will have you home in the morning?"

"Nine o'clock," answered the boy.

"Very good," said the Brownie. We shall have to hurry. Now listen to what I will do for you. I will make you a pencil—a mathematical pencil, which *you must use*. I will have it finished by noon, and you must write your papers in the afternoon."

The boy started, he could not believe his own eyes or ears.

"But you must promise me one thing," continued the little man.

"Anything under the sun," said the boy.

"Oh, just this," the Brownie went on.

"And that?" eagerly gasped the boy.

"And that," repeated the Brownie coolly—then a pause—"that you will always be loyal to your patron saint."

The boy, forgetting, held out his hand, but the little man promptly placed his own in it, and the bargain was closed.

And now the strangest part of all begun—the manufacturing of a mathematical pencil. The little workman took off his coat, wiped his forehead, and then producing a *blue bell* from his pocket rang it violently. Immediately another Brownie, only not quite half as big, appeared.

"I want two feet of rainbow, Tuff; and please do hurry."

The boy, warned by a glance from the Brownie to keep

perfectly quiet, watched the proceedings in breathless amazement. The little fellow reappeared in almost less than no time, carrying under his arm the requested material.

"Now, Tuff," said the director; "here is a list of things I must have at once;" and handing the little one a slip, he was off again like a flash. The Brownie began folding and rolling the rainbow up just as small as he could, and I tell you that was pretty small.

"The rainbow," said the Brownie abruptly, "is put in the pencil for brilliancy, which is needful in working mathematics," and then he continued rolling and folding. He had no sooner finished with the rainbow than the swift little "Tuff" was on the scene again with a bag full of the required articles. The little fat man, dismissing "Tuff," felt in the bag and soon produced a parcel of sunbeams. These he wound very carefully and closely around the rainbow, explaining to the boy that the sunbeams made brightness, also needful in mathematics. This was smeared over with mercury, and then the Brownie, again diving into the bag, produced a black parcel, labelled "danger!" This he very carefully opened. There was a bang, a whizz! and then the boy sat back dazzled. When he opened his eyes all was well again, and the Brownie explained that he had just applied some lightning for quickness, an important property for working mathematics. The boy watched in eagerness for the next step in the manufacture of the wonderful pencil. The Brownie produced a small bottle of sand.

"These," he said, "are the sands of time. Time is the most accurate thing in the world, and one must be very accurate to work mathematics."

Another layer of mercury was now applied, and then the Brownie scratched his head meditatively.

"Just one more thing," he said, "and I'm afraid 'Tuff' can't get it. I'll go myself," he said, at last.

When the funny fat man returned he was carrying a small piece of black cloth.

"This is a piece of a master's gown," he explained. "Last year we made a good many pencils out of one master's gown; so now one has to be pretty careful getting the material," he chuckled merrily as he bound the cloth around the outside of the "*greatest pencil*" ever made.

At this moment there was a knock at the door; the boy started and the Brownie disappeared. A master put his head in the room.

"You may try one of your sup's now, Vernon," he said.

"Please, sir," pleaded Vernon, "may I have the three papers. I think I can do them all this afternoon and get off to-night." A small argument followed, which resulted in Vernon getting his way.

Little or nothing need be said about the writing of the exams. The fact that Vernon made the highest mark in the class is sufficient recommendation for the mathematical pencil.

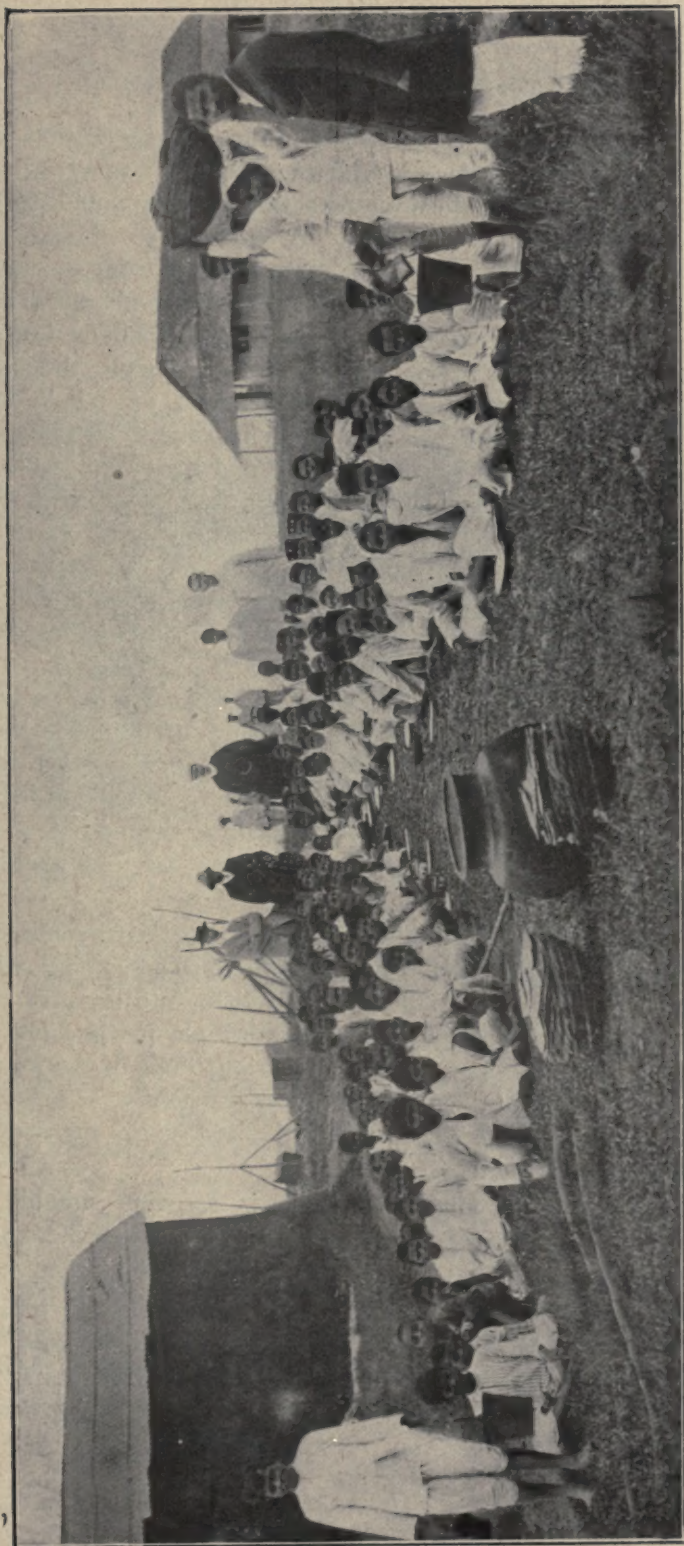
The Brownie says everybody may have one by applying to him. If we all get them there won't be so many plucked when mathematics come around again.

EDWIN A. BURNS.

GLIMPSES OF INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL WORK IN CENTRAL INDIA.



MONG the many and complicated phases of work which are involved in the establishing and building up of a native Church in India, that of Industrial Missions claims an ever-increasing amount of attention. The famine of 1897 in Central India, and more especially that of 1899, thrust into our care as a mission many hundreds of orphans and widows, and compelled us to face the problem of their training in a practical way. We would gladly blot out, if it were possible, the memory of what we saw during those terrible days of famine relief. The emaciated bodies, the loathsome diseases, the silent, despairing sufferings, the aimless wanderings, the atmosphere of death. Nothing appealed to us more strongly than the work of relief among the young girls and child widows—for one reason at least, they were the more numerous. When the days of stress came upon the people, they would rather keep their boys with them than their girls. Such is the estimate of the weaker sex which obtains in the heathenism of India. But space permits only of a brief account of the work done among the rescued boys.



DINNER HOUR IN THE ORPHANAGE AT "RUSELPURA," MHOW.

The problem thrust on us by the famine (in connection with the children) was far larger than the matter of relief. It became one of maintenance until such time as they could go out from us again.

The great majority of those rescued were from the lower castes—the laboring people. By their becoming identified with the Christian community, they are regarded by their own people as “outcasts.” When they go out from us again, therefore, they have all the prejudice and opposition of the whole caste system to confront them. The mission cannot permanently maintain them. In the Providence of God they were given to us to nourish and train in their time of need. But when they grow to manhood they must stand on their own feet.

The aim of our orphanage work has been to prepare the children for independence as fully as our limited means and the limited strength of our staff would allow. Certain definite lines have been followed:

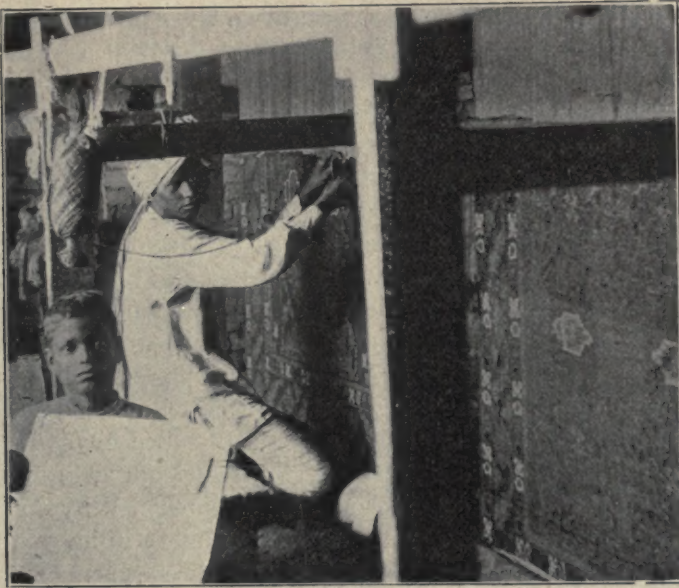
1. To give to every lad an elementary education in school. This alone, in a land where the percentage of illiterates is so large, gives the lads a genuine advantage, apart altogether from the benefit to themselves. This latter might almost be called an intellectual regeneration, in that it opens up to them a new world of books, and especially the Bible, which they can now read and study for themselves.

2. To give the opportunity to every lad to learn some kind of handiwork. Unless he can turn his hand to something when he goes out from us, he will inevitably drift into beggary.

To meet the diversity of natural aptitude in the lads, we have, from time to time, opened up various lines of work; and instruction has been given, more or less constantly, in printing, cloth weaving, shoemaking, carpentry, tailoring, rug-making and other minor branches.

The greatest difficulty was found in securing suitable instructors. In some lines excellent native Christian teachers have been employed, who have been invaluable in helping to solve the industrial problem. But in other lines only indifferent progress has been made, as it was impossible to get competent Christian instructors, and heathen handicraftsmen invariably decline to teach the Christians.

3. To improve on the native methods of work so as to improve the quality of the work and enhance the producing power of the Christian workman. Only thus can he hope to compete successfully in the market with the heathen handicraftsmen. For instance: the native cloth loom is a very primitive arrangement and the daily output very limited. By some slight improvements in the building of the looms, and a fly-shuttle attachment, not only the amount, but the quality of the work is greatly



RUG WEAVING, RUSSELPURA.

improved. In carpentry, the native heathen workman sits on the ground and uses his toes to hold the wood. We introduce the bench and the vise, and other simple improvements.

4. To so surround the lads with Christian influences that not only may they be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, but that their characters may be strengthened for the stern life of ostracism and persecution that inevitably awaits them when they go out from us and come into contact with heathenism. Not only is the Bible faithfully and constantly taught, but the direct influence of the missionary and the most trustworthy of the native Christians is brought

to bear on them continually. In an environment such as this we are persuaded that their lives will be profoundly influenced for good, and they will become in turn witnesses for Christ wherever they may go.

Eight years ago a lad wandered into the mission compound—hungry, emaciated, suspicious of everybody. He had heard that a certain Mission Padre Sahib had a home for destitute boys, and as a last resort he resolved to see what there was for such as he. His story was a sad one. He had come from the western country, where there was sore distress. As long as possible the father had kept his family together in their village home, but the hard, sun-baked soil and the fast-disappearing water in the village well warned them to flee. So, tearing down the old home, and selling what wood there was in it—a few rafters and the doors—in the market, to replenish the scanty store of meal, they, with others, began their aimless wanderings. Soon the father perished by the wayside. The family broke up and scattered to beg where they could. An uncle took the little lad with him and wandered from place to place in a vain quest for work and food. At last the struggle for life became too terrible and the uncle deserted the little fellow, and he awoke one morning to find himself alone in a crowded city. He wandered into the grain market to beg, but the rich, cruel grain merchants thrust him away, and one said to him: "Why don't you go to the Padre Sahib, he will feed you." So he came, was given a meal, and a wash, and in a few days, when he showed that he was worthy of it, was fitted out with new clothes. Gradually the hard, suspicious look disappeared. Kindness opened his heart and he began to realize that he was among friends.

Henceforth life was all changed for him. He began to go to school and soon proved himself a careful and steady, if not brilliant, student. Half of each day was spent in the workshop, at the loom, where he was taught to weave the garments he should wear. The other half day was spent in school. The combination of manual and mental training develops a good physique and a genuine self-respect. In a land where labor is considered the badge of the low caste, manual training becomes an important factor in the development of the native church.

The lad's faithfulness in his work and his earnest Christian character, combined with good mental powers, made it seem expedient to the Presbytery's Committee on Students that he be given a scholarship, and, therefore, an opportunity to pursue more advanced studies in the High School at Indore. There he receives a training which specially fits him to be a teacher and Christian worker. During the vacation he goes away to an outlying station to act as assistant teacher for one of our missionaries. After a certain time spent at school in Indore he goes out for a period of definite work under the eye of a mis-



THE MISSION COLLEGE, INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA.

sionary, and with the experience thus gained will return for further study in preparation for larger responsibilities.

From the very beginnings of our work among the orphans there has been an earnest expectation and prayer that not a few of them would become God's chosen instruments in carrying the Gospel to their own countrymen, and we have not been disappointed.

The Mission College at Indore—including the High School and Vernacular departments—provides for the fuller equipment of these Christian students just that training which the many claims of the industrial work in the Mission Orphanage at Russelpura make it impossible for them to receive there. Along with the graded course of study from the first Book in the Vernaculars up to the B.A. degree in English, which is, moreover, in harmony with the educational requirements of the Government, the Bible is systematically taught to all students; while special provision, both in class work and in hostel accommodation, is made for Christian students. So steadily, however, has the College and High School grown that the capacity of the buildings is greatly overtaxed, and extension is an urgent necessity if the work is to be maintained. The College does an important work, especially among the upper classes; and for such a splendid opportunity as at present lies before it, of moulding the thinking of the higher castes and winning a genuine respect for Christian missions, and helping to a better understanding of the real character of Christianity, a considerable increase of the European staff and larger accommodation for classes is laid upon our Church as a very grave responsibility.

A MODERN COURTING.

"And so I won Miss Mary Jones,
My bright and beauteous bride."

—Coleridge (adapted).

"**N**O, my son," said my father, sadly; "I see no way for it but for you to marry money. You have not, I am proud to say, been taught to earn your living, and now my losses on 'Change force us to this somewhat humiliating step. But, remember, be a gentleman always, and do not dirty your hands with demeaning toil."

I left the room, and shortly afterwards the house. The breezes of heaven blew gently on a brow grim with new resolve to do or die. What if my friends had said that I lacked brains and perseverance! It was true that ever since I had been requested to leave Harvard by the authorities I had neither

earned a cent, nor accomplished anything worth doing. But now I could show them that I, Reginald Clarence Van Lessen, could triumph in a pitched battle with other men.

Miss Mary Jones had been fixed on as the fit object of my attack. Certainly she boasted of having in the last month rejected no less than fourteen suitors of varying ages and heights. But none of these had brought into the siege the determination that I now possessed; none were urged by my necessity. She, of all my female acquaintances, seemed most suited to mate with me, being beautiful and clever—though hardly a match for the long descent which I could claim, as I had, with the aid of Henry Smith & Co., Limited, New York City, who supplied a few doubtful ancestors, successfully proved that an illustrious progenitor had crossed, a steerage passenger, on the maiden trip of the *Mayflower*.

That afternoon I called on the object of my affections, to ask her to accompany me to the theatre. I found her solacing her troubled spirit with a sonata of Beethoven; her fingers spread over the ivory keys of the piano, even as a salt-sea mist covers the Atlantic. (I flatter myself that this simile is both strong and original.) Abruptly pausing in the middle of an hysterical bar, she rose with conscious grace, and greeted me cordially. I broached the subject of my visit, and was glad to find her but too pleased to accede to my request. Not wishing to outstay my welcome, I left shortly, promising to call in the evening with a cab.

For the next week I fairly worked my (supposedly) bride-to-be to death. Taking the most exposed seats at the opera, and great care to be seen with her in public, I attracted attention. When we were in a room full of people, by drawing her to a corner, or if we were together alone and anyone entered, by preserving an embarrassed silence, I helped spread rumor. A few praises of my mistress, judiciously dropped around clubs, and an apparently incautious word or two made the expected announcement eagerly awaited. And at last I felt it was time to act. I thought that Miss Jones must now be certain that I was in love with her, since I was almost convinced of it myself. If we were to be married within the six months allowed me by an indulgent parent, decisive steps must be taken; and as I

ruminated on her ten millions (and, of course, on her sweet self) my heart beat strong with hope. So that evening I called, to find Miss Jones—or Mary, as I should now call her—alone, and evidently expecting me.

Opening cautiously and at long range, I carefully worked myself up into warmer and warmer spheres. (My metaphors seem a little mixed, but my meaning is quite clear.) Finally, I rose to my feet, for I look more imposing standing, and besides to kneel spoils the creases in one's trousers. "Miss Jones—or may I say Mary?" I burst forth, with true lover's fire, for I really imagined myself to fill the part. "Can you be ignorant of the feelings that I entertain for you?" (I had spent thirty-two dollars on theatres, so she hardly could.) "Can you not see in my face that for long I have entertained a feeling for you that I hope you do, to some extent, return? Yes, even unworthy as I am, I dare to love you, most perfect and goddess-like of living beings." I flattered myself that my words were absolutely original, but was undeceived later. "Oh, Mary, would you but return my love, I should be the happiest man in the world."

She did not seem over-affected. Indeed, this is hardly to be wondered at, considering that I was her thirty-fourth suitor, but in my present highly-strung state I resented it.

"Do you know, Mr. Van Lessen," she remarked, very coolly, with her eyes on mine; "you say just what they all do. And now I'm going to ask you a question: Is it me or my millions that you are after?"

I felt deeply hurt and grieved that she should question the purity of my motives; yet all the same I liked her for her coolness. I resolved to be bold, and tell her the truth—since she probably guessed it already. I put my hands behind my back, and looked down at the fire doggedly.

"To tell the absolute truth," said I, "I am, or rather was, after your millions. They brought me into the chase. But since I have seen so much of you, I am beginning to want you yourself almost as much as the money."

This was quite according to the facts, for even as I spoke I felt a feeling of affection, which I had been suspecting for some time.


She rose. I thought that she would probably discharge me perfunctorily, and waited with black brows, not looking forward with pleasure to my father's sarcastic remarks about my inability to win any girl worth having.

She walked slowly over to me, and planted herself opposite. I looked at her, frowning grimly, as she smiled back.

"Well," she remarked, sweetly, "you at least have the courage to tell the truth, which is more than any of the others had, and I'll marry you for it. I think," she said very softly, "that I'd marry you anyhow, for I believe I almost love you."

"And I," said the hero of this true history, "am absolutely certain that I quite love you," and I was then, too, and have remained so. And this is the true tale of how I won my bride, though the more I see of her the less I can understand why on earth she should want to marry me.

LA FIN.

 HE April afternoon, now well advanced, threw a gloom depressing both to body and mind over the city. Above the gigantic office buildings and apartment houses, whose summits were marked by the huge lights, hung apparently from the clouds, required by law for the guidance of airships, lowered a leaden sky, tinged with a faint, but awful red, as with the reflection of the eternal fires. Below the expresses for distant lands roared along, the undermined earth trembling as in pain. On the streets busy crowds thronged, too occupied in the small affairs of an earthly existence to notice the sky or the gloom. Had not the forecast of that month's weather been posted a week before, and printed in the papers? They had not failed for a century, why should a mistake be suspected now?

But at least one man in Paris was not infused with the ceaseless hurry-scurry of the century. In his large laboratory Lemaire L'Heureux, heedless of the thickening gloom, bent over a small crucible in which some liquid was sputtering. Tenderly, fearfully, he waited till his chronometer should tell him the process was completed. The flickering flame threw a

bluish gleam through the room, touching the glass vessels on the walls with a ghostly, unearthly light. But of this he took no note. Now there were only sixty seconds more. In one minute he would know whether his life's work was a success or not. How hope and despair—deep, black, bottomless despair—battled in his soul for the mastery. Five seconds more! For the last time he mentally ran over the details of this, the last stage, and then, summoning his nerve, lifted the crucible from the stand. It was the work of a moment to pour the liquid into a dish, mix another preparation with it, and place a glass cover over the vessel. Then he turned off the light.

With clenched hands and leaping heart he forced himself to turn from the table, and count ten. At that number he turned.

Success! Ye gods, what painful, exhilarating joy! Weakly, blindly, he groped for a chair and sank into it.

A soft, subdued radiance issued from the glass vessel, in which a liquid, pure as the light of heaven itself, moved and rested as if indued with life. Sparks of light seemed to leap over the surface of the fluid. Now it trembled, now it rested calm and limpid as a mountain lake. This was the *aqua vita*, the elixir of life.

L'Heureux's mind wandered back over the long years of toil and research, when only in his wildest flights of imagination had he dared dream and hope for the now accomplished result. His success stunned him. To-day he was unknown, save to a few friends; to-morrow he would be hailed as the greatest scientist the world had ever known. The secret of life was his; he was able to render the human race impervious to time or disease. Through him men had reached the gods' estate—had gained eternal life.

He glanced out of the window—a pure, wonderful light was filling the gloom with gentle, caressing radiance; the heavens were rolling away. The end of the world had come.

IRWIN.

UNDER SUSPICION.

NO one could ever understand why Montague had married. Some people (there always are talkers) said it was money. However, all that is necessary for us to know here is, that he *did* marry. The "whys" and the "wherefores" of it do not concern us.

Two years before (that is to say, before that memorable occurrence took place), "Monty," as he was called, had been one of the most popular men in society. He was large-hearted, easy-going and cheerful, and these three qualities won for him friends wherever he went. But two years had worked wonders, and, at present, Monty was not his own master. Mrs. Montague had not only won a heart, she had won a home where she herself was queen and ruler without dispute.

And so it was that on this particular morning, Monty, having a request to make of his wife, had allowed his spirits to drop to zero, while his courage rose for the occasion.

"Maud," he said, sipping his coffee at breakfast, "are you expecting anybody for supper this evening?"

Mrs. Montague set the coffee-pot down with, perhaps, a little more noise than was necessary.

"No," she replied, shortly; "I am not."

"Would you mind," he ventured, feeling his way; "would you mind, dear, if I were to ask a friend of mine to come for supper and spend the night with us?"

"It depends on who your friend is," snapped his wife, with a jerk of her head. "A *lady* friend, I suppose."

"Oh, no, dear!"

"Then ask him, but you might just as well tell him before hand that he'll have to get up for his breakfast when *we* do. I'm not going to carry breakfast upstairs for any man," and Mrs. Montague stamped her foot emphatically on the floor.

"Not even for *me*, my dear?" asked Monty, trying hard to smile.

"Not even for you," said Mrs. Montague.

And so it was arranged that Monty's friend should come.

At seven o'clock that evening he arrived. Supper had been

waiting for almost *two* minutes, and the punctual Mrs. Montague was in the act of expressing her dislike for the young gentleman when the bell rang.

"Maud," said Monty a moment later, as he conducted the new arrival into the parlor; "this is an old schoolmate of mine, 'Mr. Bert Waldie.' My wife, Mr. Waldie." And then, without any further introduction, they entered the dining-room.

Mr. Bert Waldie was a large, strong, broad-shouldered Canuck; six-feet-two in his stockings and built in a good proportion. At the table that night he laughed and joked with so much good-nature, he led the conversation with so much skill, that even the stiff and austere Mrs. Montague herself was made to like him. He related old school escapades of Monty and himself in such vivid descriptions that, for the first time in two years, Monty actually became talkative.

After supper Mrs. Montague took great pleasure in exhibiting her jewellery, which she kept in a handsome silver jewel-case in the drawing-room. There were locketts and broaches and necklaces of diamonds; in fact, it was a very handsome collection. The jewel-case itself, which was indeed a costly piece of workmanship, Mrs. Montague took delight in telling, had belonged to the Duke of Conaught, and, to her, was a priceless gem.

In fact, Mrs. Montague became quite pleasant. She laughed and talked and told funny stories, and Monty almost fell in love over again.

Perhaps it was in a humor like this that she had first captured Monty.

Bert Waldie examined all these jewels with the air of a professional, and expressed his admiration.

It was late that night when Monty retired to bed. Mrs. Montague had gone upstairs early, and the two men were left smoking in the den before an enormous log fire.

"If you'll excuse me, Bert," Monty said, getting up and emptying his pipe against the mantelpiece, "I think I'll get to bed. You can turn in when you feel like it."

He left the room and Waldie smoked on alone.

The grey streaks of dawn were beginning to show above the Eastern sky when Waldie knocked the ashes from his pipe

and rose from his chair. He walked to the door with quiet, stealthy steps, then paused with his hand resting on the knob, listening.

The clock on the mantel ticked off the minutes. The hands pointed to half-past three.

"Hope it's all right," he murmured, as he dropped his pipe into his pocket. He opened the door and passed out into the dimly-lighted corridor.

Next morning before seven o'clock Monty was awakened by a thundering knock at the bedroom door.

"Who's that!" roared he, in an angry voice.

Monty was a sound sleeper.

"It's me, sir," came the agitated voice of one of the servants.

"Well, what the dickens do you mean by waking me up this time of day?"

"Please, sir, the gentleman who came last night has cleared out. He's taken all Mrs. Montague's jewels with him, sir!"

"What!" thundered the exasperated Monty, bounding out of bed and hurling open the door. "You dare to charge my guest of such a thing as that! What do you mean, sir?"

The servant certainly had good reason to shake as he did, for when Monty was out of temper he stopped for nothing—except, perhaps, his wife.

"What do you mean, sir?" repeated Montague.

"Look for yourself, sir," said the terror-stricken butler.

"The jewels is gone, sir, and the gentleman with 'em."

Monty, disregarding the frightened figure who at that moment appeared in the doorway, rushed down the hall and burst into Waldie's bedroom.

He looked at the bed. It had not been slept in. He tore open the suit-case, which was standing just where the butler had placed it the night before, when Waldie arrived. Everything was in its place. Nothing had been touched.

"What's to be done?" ventured the butler, in a voice fairly under control.

The servants were listening outside the door, and old John wished to appear brave.

"Done," said Monty, sullenly. "Darned if I know. Have you looked in all the rooms?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is anything else taken besides the jewels?"

"Nothin' else, sir."

"Then send for the police," ordered Montague, in a half-choked voice. "I can't believe Bert has taken them! It's mighty hard to have your best friend arrested."

"Mighty hard, sir!" echoed the butler.

"But it's plain enough he's got them."

"Plain enough, sir." And old John went off to obey orders.

It was just at this moment Mrs. Montague made her appearance.

"Allen," she said, actually calling Monty by his first name. "What *shall* we do? That horrid man has taken all my jewelry, and the case, and everything. I thought he was so nice. Do you think they will catch him?"

"If they do," murmured her husband, grimly, "I'll do all I can to get him off. It's the *jewels* I want, not the *man*."

Mrs. Montague heaved a great sigh, but said nothing. For the second time in his life Monty was captain of his own ship.

That was an eventful day in the life of Allen Montague. All day long he bustled back and forth from home to the police station for news of the fugitive. But none came.

All the police in the city were on the alert for the great "Montague jewels." His name appeared in the papers. Great black headlines spoke forth the crime. Reporters were busy everywhere. Descriptions of the robber flashed across the wires into all the surrounding country.

That evening Monty and his wife sat brooding over an untouched supper. Suddenly the door-bell rang and a moment later a servant entered.

"Scuse me for interruptin' you, sir," he said, in an excited voice; "but the gentleman as was here for supper last night is out in the hall."

"Who?" cried Monty and his wife in the same voice.

"The gentleman as was here last night for supper, sir."

Monty controlled himself with an effort.

"Show him in," he said, quietly.

Mrs. Montague, who, at this sudden announcement, had let fall her cup of tea, began wiping off her dress with one of those small fancy handkerchiefs, which all women make it a point to carry.

Next instant the curtain parted and there in the doorway stood Mr. Herbert Waldie. He was dressed in exactly the same clothes as he had worn the night before.

For a moment after his entrance there was a dead silence. Monty was the first to speak.

"Well?" he said, shortly.

"Well," repeated Waldie, smiling; "you don't seem overly glad to see me."

"On the contrary, sir," replied Monty, "we are very glad to see you."

"I understand you have been looking for me," went on Mr. Waldie.

"Yes—we have," returned Monty, lighting a cigar.

So far it had been nothing but fencing. Mrs. Montague still continued to rub her soiled dress. Monty puffed silently at his cigar.

"I have been having a most enjoyable time skipping around the country," Waldie said, dropping into a chair.

"No doubt you have," was the cold reply.

"I got the jewels for you, however," continued Waldie.

"Let's hear how you did it," requested Allen, rather sarcastically.

"Will you listen to me while I explain, Monty?" Waldie asked, with one of his good-humored smiles.

"Certainly, sir; but don't call me '*Monty*.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Waldie, displaying more sarcasm. "Will you listen to me while I explain, MISTER Montague?"

Monty blew a large cloud of smoke and sat waiting.

Mr. Waldie quietly produced a case of jewels from his pocket and placed it on the table.

Mrs. Montague uttered an exclamation of delight, and snatched them up. Monty took the cigar from his mouth. He was beginning to understand.

"To begin with," Waldie said, continuing to wear his good-

humored smile. "You remember you left me down here in the smoking-room, Mister Montague?"

Monty cleared his throat.

"After you had gone," continued Waldie, "I remained here smoking till after three o'clock. Just at half-past three I fancied I heard a noise in the parlor. Of course, I got up and went to find out who could be prowling around here at that time of night. As I reached the parlor door I stumbled over the mat, making a slight noise. That must have frightened the fellow in the parlor, for when I opened the door I was just in time to see somebody getting out at the window.

"Well, I chased him out across the lawn and down the street. I'll be darned if I know where the cops keep *themselves* at three a.m. At any rate there was none in sight. I followed him till he reached the station. There he caught an east-bound train just pulling out and I snagged on to the end car. I discovered that he had placed himself next to the window in the smoking-car. When the conductor came around to get the tickets, I handed him a bill, as I hadn't had time to buy a ticket before leaving. On the back of that bill I had explained the whole thing in pencil writing. The conductor was no fool, and when we reached the next stop, about fifty miles up the line, he telegraphed to the next large town, so that when we arrived all we had to do was to hand our crook over to a couple of detectives waiting on the platform. He put up quite a scrap, but, as you know, I'm no weakling, so it wasn't long before we had him nailed. I caught the first train back—and here I am. You'll find the other burglar in the lockup down street, Mister Montague."

As he finished, Waldie rose to go.

"Where are you going?" Monty asked, in a voice choked with shame. "Where are you going, Bert, old man?"

"To the hotel, Mister Montague," said Waldie, smiling.

"You stay here, Bert," Monty said, grasping his friend's big, right hand. "Forgive me, Waldie; I've been a darn fool and I admit it."

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted Waldie, with his unalterable good nature. "I would have thought the same as you, Monty."

Even Mrs. Montague was affected. Her cold, reserved man-

ner was thrown off and in its place there was something else—that which must have been there once before—for all people have something good in them.

“He’s the nicest man I ever knew, Allen,” she said that night up in the room—“except *you*.”

And let us do Mrs. Montague justice, for she really thought so.

FRED. B. HOUSSER.



LIFE IN A CHINESE TREATY PORT.

THE whole of China has not yet been thrown open to foreign trade and commerce, but such intercourse is allowed in a few cities known as Treaty Ports. At present there are some thirty of these, some of which have quite a large foreign population and are almost entirely under foreign jurisprudence.

One of the largest is Shanghai, situated at the mouth of the Yang-tze; the first Chinese port at which the trans-Pacific steamers call. The foreign population is quite large, and consists, for the most part, of merchants and importers. The settlement is governed by the consuls and a Municipal Council, which is elected annually.

The foreign residents have their own peculiar customs. All offices and stores close exactly at 5 p.m., excepting on Satur-

days, when business is suspended at noon. About ten years ago it was customary to have free lunch counters at all the large stores, while nobody paid cash for anything. At that time a clerk would hardly know what to do with the money if you wanted to pay it—as all accounts were settled at the end of the month. This was all very well when the town was small, and when dealers knew all their customers, but, of course, it was discontinued as soon as the population grew larger. The credit system, however, is still in force in nearly all of the stores.

There are extensive recreation grounds and many cricket and football clubs, and the men of Shanghai find full use for




them. On Saturday afternoons, almost everybody, clerk and manager alike (and even the policeman off duty), turns out to the recreation grounds, either to play or to watch the players. Tea is also provided in pavilions for the ladies, and thus Saturday afternoon makes a delightful change from the dull routine of the week. During the winter months, paper hunts on horse-back are the order of the day, and advantage is taken of every clear Saturday afternoon. The surrounding country, moreover, abounds in game of all kinds, and many a jolly house-boat party winds its way through the canals to the happy hunting grounds for the week-end.

During the summer months there is a universal slackening

of business, and everybody who is not compelled by business duties to remain in town hurries off to the hills in search of cooler weather. Shanghai, in summer, is a good place to avoid. Situated on the flat, muddy delta of the Yang-tze, the heat becomes almost intolerable, especially since there is hardly any relief, even at night. At this time the poor unfortunates, who are compelled to remain think of little but ways and means to escape the heat and the mosquitoes. There are several high hills within a few score miles of Shanghai, where the temperature is from ten to fifteen degrees cooler by day, and considerably cooler by night. These hills are reached by hiring a houseboat, and for thirty-six hours one twists in and out among the canals, which afford the chief means of transportation to the natives. I know of nothing more pleasant than to sit out on the deck of a houseboat (not Chinese by preference), gliding slowly with scarcely a ripple along a quiet canal in the cool of a summer evening, while the "yuloh," as the large, flat-bladed oar is called, gives a delightful rocking motion, which is peculiar to that style of rowing. Do you wonder, then, that I am convinced there's no place like home?

EVANS.

RANDOM GLIMPSES OF FRENCH CANADA.

 HE boat swings into a wharf crowded with greasy, gesticulating natives, shrieking in the tongue of the Gauls. As you walk up a sea-weedy incline, excited calèche-drivers gather around you, lauding the praises of their respective chariots. You vainly search in your mind for forgotten irregular French verbs, and at last resort to a few frantic gestures to the nearest pirate, who seizes you with an air of proprietorship. After a hair-raising calèche-drive you are landed at your little white-washed lodgings, probably reposing in the shadow of a gigantic cross, and are received by Madame wreathed in smiles.

French Canada is a region far and apart removed from any other district known to man. It is a country of contradictions; it has the simplest kind of house (there is only one room), and

yet the most complex, for everything, including the family, is in that one room. The families are colossal, and yet are reared in the simplest way, because they are left alone. The priest is theoretically the servant of his people, and yet he always occupies the most sumptuous dwelling.

The French-Canadian mode of living is simplicity itself. As I have said, one room comprises the house in which reside parents, grand-parents, children, and, maphap, a few cousins, but they have always room for the traveller—if he cares to stay. There is an undeniable charm about this primitive life; they are so unused to the silly conventions of modern society, and they look at the world with such an unbiased, wholesome, bath-less gaze. "While there's life there's soap" is true everywhere but in Lower Canada.

The French household works with a surprising unanimity; even the wily ten-year-old can do his little part to fleece the unsuspecting American. One day, about ten miles in the wilderness, we desired a calèche to take us home. At a knock at the door of a nearby farmhouse the good woman appeared, encrusted with many earthy infants, and cheerfully offered to harness the family palfrey. Soon, from the awful darkness of a small stable, issued a bow-legged infant, who illustrated the power of mind over matter by dragging what once had been a horse, but was now a transparency. The remaining offspring swarmed about the steed, which, after a delicious draught of swill, ambled gently to the recumbent cart. We all helped in the good work, and shortly we were bowling along conscious of the departure of a few *piastres*.

And these people always excel in ingenuity. So the habitant boys get their bait by the following method: They walk along the beach armed with large shovels, when the tide is out. At the sight of a disappearing worm they dig furiously, and after extracting the beast they carefully place their fingers at his mouth. If he bites he is of the proper variety, or, in other words, a bite is a bait.

It is a curious thing that you find a great many Scotch names among the habitants. There are MacNicholls, Blackburns, Frasers, and enough Gaelic nomenclature to fill a kirk session. But the vision that the name of, let us say, Jean

Baptiste MacTavish calls up before us is not like the real J. B. MacT. We imagine a large, red-headed, florid son of Scotia, and we see before us a small, dark, *café au lait* colored son of a voyageur. But probably we would find that one of Jean's remote forbears was an ensign in a Highland regiment under Wolfe.

The French language adds undoubted interest to wandering about in habitant villages. When you speak twenty minutes in haranguing a shopkeeper in your best Parisian accent about the purchase of a few post-cards, and are finally answered by a disgusted, "What d'ye want?" you wish heartily that in ages past everybody had been cultured and had spoken English. However, the natives, no matter what their knowledge of the Saxon tongue may or may not be, always know the three fundamental words of the language, "yes," "no," and "dam'."

The French mind cannot comprehend the British love for sport. To him it is inexpressibly ridiculous to see an apparently sane man run around after a tennis ball. He has even been known to ask how much the gentleman was paid for thus exerting himself. Habitant caddies are quite unsatisfactory. More clever than their English cousins they have regular confederates to do the work of confiscating golf balls, and thus keep their own characters unspotted from the world.

I sincerely hope that no-one's opinion of the habits of our great French people will be lowered by this disconnected effusion. I must say that if some of those who are following the cry of "Westward, Ho!" would forego their journey to the plains, and would visit instead this old-world people, they would find it quite worth while, provided always that they had taken soap and a French dictionary.

C. VINCENT MASSEY.

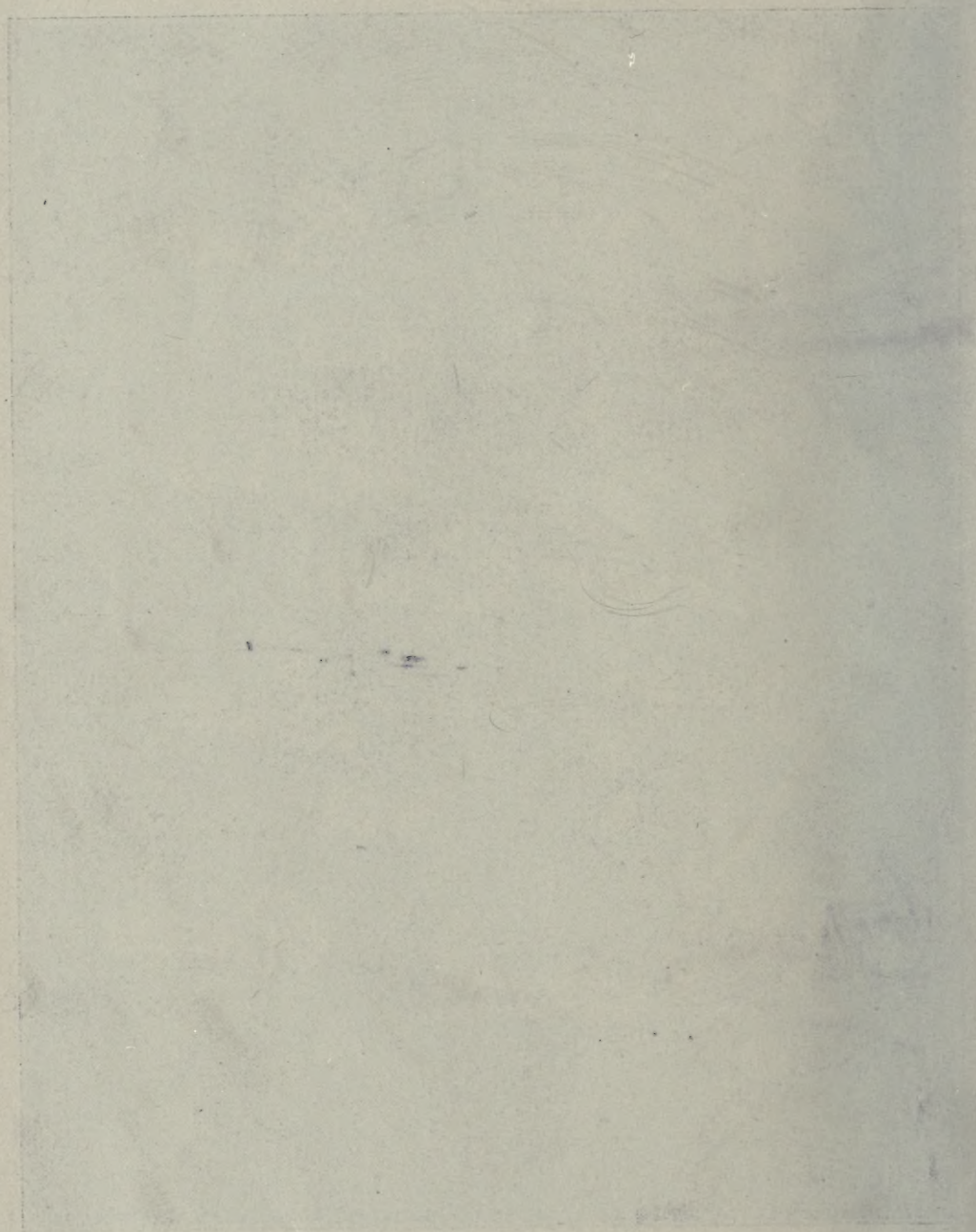
Athletics.

HOCKEY SUMMARY.

STICKS and skates, skidoo! The hockey season of '07 is over, and to a certain degree everybody is happy. The season has not been such a howling success as it were possible for it to be had the team been a better one. Ten games were played. The first five were won, while the last five were lost. From this one must not conclude that the team went back as the season progressed, for such was not the case. Of the last five games the better team won, except in the game against the Beavers, when our first team was not represented entirely by the first team men. Varsity III. defeated us twice, and afterwards won the Junior Intercollegiate Challenge Cup and championship. The most important game of the season was lost to U. C. C., whom we defeated last year. As the score indicates, the victory of Upper Canada was no fluke, but one of the decisive variety. Lowes was not able to give his services to our first team against U. C. C., as he was suffering from a broken thumb received in the last Varsity III. game. During the winter St. Andrew's did not score as many goals as she had scored against her. Altogether forty-nine tallies were rung up by the wearers of crimson and white, while the rubber disc found a resting place in the S. A. C. net on sixty occasions. As was the case last year, St. Andrew's entered the Junior Intercollegiate Hockey Union this winter, and were in a group with McMaster II. and Varsity III. The winners of this group were to play off with the winners of the Eastern section, which was composed of R. M. C. II., Queen's III., and Kingston High School I. After playing and losing one game with us, McMaster II. defaulted. The championship, as is before stated, went to Varsity III., who defeated Queen's III. on the round. this year's team. Between now and cricket season many mental no doubt do much to increase the already considerable interest shown in this league. Prospects for a good team next winter seem very bright. Four, if not five, of this year's colors will




THE FIRST TEAM.



be there when the whistle blows for the first game. This in itself is encouraging, as only one of last year's colors was on this year's team. Between now and cricket season many mental pictures of this year's contests will, no doubt, loom up in the minds of THE REVIEW readers. If next year's team tries as hard as that of '07 did there will not be a grumbling '08 S.A.C. hockey supporter. The following are the games played and the scores:

- January 28, Monday, Junior Meds., 9—5, won.
- January 30, Wednesday, T. C. S., 4—1, won.
- February 6, Wednesday, McMaster II., 7—2, won.
- February 9, Saturday, T. C. S., 6—4, won.
- February 11, Tuesday, Dekes, 8—6, won.
- February 13, Wednesday, Varsity III., 2—7, lost.
- February 22, Friday, Varsity III., 2—12, lost.
- February 25, Monday, Beavers, 3—5, lost.
- February 27, Wednesday, Dekes 4—5, lost.
- March 6, Wednesday, U. C. C., 4—13, lost.

JUNIOR MEDS. vs. S.A.C.

 HE first game of hockey for '07 took place on Wednesday, January 28th, at Mutual Street Rink. The Junior Medicals of Varsity were the first team to suffer defeat at the hands of the Saints. Only a fair crowd was on hand to cheer on the S. A. C. team, and to see it start off the season in such a commendable manner. The score was 9—5, and had a little more energy been used up in the second half by the wearers of the crimson and white the score of the Meds. would have been doubled.

The Meds. were the first to score, the trick being done after only two minutes play. Before the students from Varsity "came to" the score stood 5—1 against them. Macdonald, Lowes, Hastings, and Kilgour each managed to net one or more during this scoring feast. The Meds. came back with a rush, and before the bell rang for half-time they had scored two, Spohn and McClure being the goal getters for the Junior Meds.

The first half ended with the score five to three. As has been shown, the "Dissectors" were very strong on the rush, and in the second half they scored in one minute from the face-off. Lowes and Kilgour each found the net for a tally. Spohn, a College old boy, was heartless enough at this period of the game to go through the defence and score. Before time was called, however, Lowes scored St. Andrew's ninth and last goal.

As this was the first game of the season the good condition of the teams was not conspicuous. For St. Andrew's, Lowes played a hard, steady game, and his shooting was very accurate and effective. For the Meds., Spohn was undoubtedly the best man. Although at the disadvantage of being on the wrong boards, he made many good rushes.

St. Andrew's lined up as follows:

Goal	MacLaren II
Point	Smith I
Cover point	MacPherson I
Rover	Hastings II
Centre	Kilgour I
Right wing	Macdonald I (Capt.
Left wing	Lowes

S.A.C. vs. DEKES.

A PRACTICE game was played on Tuesday, February 11th, with the Dekes at the Mutual Street Rink. This game was won by the close score of 8—6. First one side would score and then the other, until in the last half, when S. A. C., by splendid combination, scored two. They held their opponents down until the end of time, and thus won a game that was of greater value to the team than a practice with the seconds would have been. The men that the firsts were bumping up against in this game were somewhat heavier than the second team, and in this way prepared the team for harder bumps. The Dekes had Evans and McSloy, two Varsity II. team men, who were excellent stick handlers, as well as fast skaters and heavy shooters. For St. Andrew's, Macdonald and Hastings played effectively and aggressively.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.		DEKES
McLaren.....	Goal.....	Sifton
Smith.....	Point.....	Hall
MacPherson.....	Cover point.....	Stewart
Hastings.....	Rover.....	Mills
McNeil.....	Centre.....	Evans
Macdonald.....	Right win	MacSloy
Lowes.....	Left wing	Hyman

S.A.C. vs. VARSITY III.

THE last game in the Toronto series of the Junior Inter-collegiate Hockey Union was played between St. Andrew's and Varsity III., on Friday, February 22nd, at Mutual Street Rink. The game, which was won by Varsity III., was very keenly contested, as both teams were anxious for a trip to Kingston. The score was 12 to 2, and Varsity, who were in much better training than the first time we met them, never allowed the result to be in doubt. During the game Lowes had his thumb broken, and Corey, of Varsity, retired with Lowes at half-time to even up.

For the first fifteen minutes of play St. Andrew's outplayed Varsity, but after that the Saints were smothered. In the first half Varsity scored six goals, and in the second half they scored six, while St. Andrew's scored one in the first half and another in the second. Frank Macdonald was unable to play owing to illness, and the Saints felt the loss of their captain very keenly. The game was free from roughness, and it is expected that St. Andrew's will be able to put a heavier team on the ice next year that will make a very strong bid for the championship.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.		VARSITY
McLaren.....	Goal.....	Rogers
Smith.....	Point.....	Fowler
MacPherson.....	Cover point.....	Stewart
Hastings.....	Rover.....	Hunter
Kilgour.....	Centre.....	Corey
Flemming.....	Right wing	Johnston
Lowes.....	Left wing	Douglas

S.A.C. vs. BEAVERS.

A PRACTICE match was taken on with the Beavers at Mutual Street Rink on Monday, February 25th. The game was lost by the score of three to five. There were three first team men off, which, without doubt, made the game come out as it did. In the first half of the game the Beavers completely outclassed the Saints, and scored five goals while the College scored one. However, in the second half it was different. The Beavers did not score at all, while St. Andrew's scored twice. Of the five goals scored by the Beavers, Greene got two, Macdonald got two, and Gzowski one. For St. Andrew's, Hastings, Capt. Macdonald, and McNeil scored. MacKinnon was given a try in goal in this game with the Saints I., but his performance hardly justified him a place. Lowes was off in this game, and his place had to be filled by McNeil.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.		BEAVERS
MacKinnon.....	Goal.....	Beatty
Smith.....	Point.....	Thompson
MacPherson.....	Cover point.....	Gzowski
Hastings.....	Rover.....	O'Grady
Kilgour.....	Centre.....	Green
Macdonald.....	Right wing.....	Macdonald
MacNeil.....	Left wing.....	Laird

S.A.C. vs. VARSITY III.

It was on the thirteenth that the trouble started. On Wednesday, February 13th, the first team lost to Varsity III. From that day until the end of the season not a game was won. Whether the thirteenth was a bad day to lose on, or whether all the players on the first team developed a highly malignant case of the pipp, is not known. This much, however, is known, and that is that somebody lost the first team's rabbit's foot. That should have been enough. Why should the team have struggled on after that? Even the looking-glass in the dressing-room was broken that day. So if you can tell why the first team should have gone on hoping against hope

after all that had occurred, send a dollar and you will get THE REVIEW for a year.

The score was 2—7 at full time. Of these goals Varsity scored six goals in the first half while St. Andrew's were scoring one. In the second half the play was a great deal evenner, as both teams scored one goal. Not a game played during the season showed the disadvantages of a light team more than this one did, for in the first half Varsity scored no less than five goals in ten minutes, owing to their weight. As their condition was not as good as that of St. Andrew's, their weight was of less use to them in the second half, and consequently the evenness of play.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.		VARSITY
McLaren.....	Goal.....	Rogers
Smith.....	Point.....	Fowler
MacPherson.....	Cover point.....	Stewart
Hastings.....	Rover.....	Hunter
McNeil.....	Centre.....	Corey
Macdonald.....	Right wing.....	Johnston
Lowes.....	Left wing.....	Douglas

S.A.C. vs. DEKES.


A RETURN game on Wednesday, Feb. 27th, was played at Mutual Street Rink with the Dekes. This game, however, did not have quite the same result as the first game, for the Saints lost four to five. The line-up of the Dukes in this game was entirely changed from that of the first game. The Saints worked hard in this game, but were hardly able to hold down McSloy or Evans. Stewart, of the Varsity III., played a very strong game at cover point; his wrist shots in particular being effective. For St. Andrew's, Macdonald and McPherson played the most spectacular games. The chief fault in the S.A.C. team in this game was the manner in which they bunched, two or three men on the same side being after the puck at once. This game was much faster than the one before, when these two teams came together. Both sides appeared to

be in much better condition. The S.A.C. team is very grateful to the Dekes for their practice games.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.	DEKES
McLaren.....	Goal.....Hall
Smith.....	Point.....Jameson
MacPherson.....	Cover point.....Stewart
Hastings.....	Rover.....Mills
McNeil.....	Centre.....Evans
Macdonald.....	Right wing.....Sifton
Flemming.....	Left wing.....McSloy

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

RINITY College School of Port Hope, anxious to atone for their defeat in football last fall, lined up against St. Andrew's at Mutual Street Rink on Wednesday, January 30th, when Referee Hemmock I., of U. C. C., blew his whistle. Many rumors had floated into the halls of St. Andrew's as to the prowess of Port Hope, and the hearts that beat beneath the crimson and white that afternoon were full of misgivings as to the final outcome of the game. The T. C. S. team was well balanced and fast; but as the score shows, they were not fast enough. This was the first time we ever met T. C. S. in hockey, and naturally the game was contested all the more keenly.

Play in the first half was very even, the score being one to nothing in favor of T. C. S. In the second half both teams reappeared determined to win, as neither side had a lead that could not be overtaken. However, try as they might the T.C.S. forwards were not able to turn the trick. The score ended for full time, 4—1. Had T. C. S. not had such a splendid goal-keeper the score would have been greater against them. Drummond scored T. C. S.'s single tally, while Hastings, Lowes and Kilgour did the work for St. Andrew's.

This is the first year that football, hockey and cricket will all have been played by T. C. S. and S. A. C. The meeting of the two hockey teams was such fine sport that it is hoped that it will be continued. An Interscholastic Hockey League would

prove a good thing for the Big Four, and it would be to the interest of hockey if annual hockey matches could be definitely arranged for, as well as football and cricket.

St. Andrew's lined up the same in this game as in the game against the Junior Meds.

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

A TRIP was made to Port Hope on Saturday, February 9th, to play a return match with the T. C. S. team of that town. A victory was hoped, but not looked for, in Port Hope, and that it came was a happy surprise to all.

At three o'clock the teams lined up, and after a few words of warning, Referee Parrish, of Toronto University, unleashed them. The Saints decided not to waste any time, and Lowes, after two minutes' play, notched a goal from a neat side shot. T. C. S. came back hard, but it took Ball, their centre, ten minutes to reciprocate. The forward lines of both teams worked hard, each man checking back untiringly. MacPherson scored S. A. C.'s second goal in three more minutes' play. This goal was a long shot from cover point, and was dead on goal. T. C. S. did not take so long to reciprocate this time, however, for their second goal was batted in from a scrimmage thirty seconds after it had been checked off. Combination was being indulged in more by S. A. C., and the result was that McNeil scored on a pass from Lowes. This made the score three to two, and to prevent T. C. S. from coming back and once more evening the score S. A. C. redoubled her efforts. These efforts were rewarded when Lowes beat Drummond by a low shot from the side. Scrimmage shots were T. C. S.'s long suite, and two minutes before half-time was called, Cambell got a counter in from a scrimmage. S. A. C. led at the call of time by four to three.

Only three goals were scored in the second half. Two of these went to St. Andrew's, while T. C. S. got the other. MacDonald and Lowes combined for the two goals scored in this half. Maynard scored T. C. S.'s goal on an individual rush.

When the whistle blew for full time the Saints were going strong and were two in the lead. The final score was six to four. For St. Andrew's, Lowes played the best game. McLaren made some very clever stops, and steered several shots aside that were labelled for the net.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.		T.C.S.
McLaren II	Goal	Drummond II
Smith I	Point	Wheeler
MacPherson	Cover point	Drummond I
Macdonald (Capt.)	Rover	Cambell
McNeil	Centre	Ball
Flemming II	Right wing	Maynard
Lowes	Left wing	McGibbon

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE I. hockey team met and defeated St. Andrew's College I. team at Mutual Street Rink on Wednesday, March 6th. The score was 13—4. The game was not by any means as one-sided as the score would indicate. St. Andrew's had the puck in U. C. C. territory half of the time, and had as many shots on the U. C. C. net as the blue shirts had on the S.A.C. goal. Upper Canada had a great deal heavier team than St. Andrew's, and they did not fail to take advantage of every extra ounce they possessed. At times the play was very rough. Morse, of U. C. C., was the chief offender, while Hemmick I. and Adams scintillated for U.C.C.

For St. Andrew's, Capt. Macdonald and Hastings II. played the best game of the forwards, while Smith was always in evidence on the defence. The rest of the team all worked hard and deserve credit for their work. At half-time the score stood 7—0. U. C. C. scored 6 goals in the second half, while S. A. C. scored 4. The Saints missed greatly the services of Lowes, who would have strengthened the team a great deal had he been able to play.

The supporters of both teams were out in full force, and the rink was at all time filled with songs and yells given by the two colleges.

The teams lined up as follows:

S.A.C.		U.C.C.
McLaren II.	Goal	Richardson
Smith.	Point	Patterson
MacPherson.	Cover point	Allan
Hastings.	Rover	Hemmock I
Kilgour.	Centre	Adams
Macdonald (Capt.)	Right wing	Morse
McNeil.	Left wing	Hemmock II.

S.A.C. vs. M-MASTER II.

ON Wednesday, February 6th, St. Andrew's College first team met and defeated McMaster's II. at Mutual Street Rink. It was the first game of the year played by S. A. C. in the Junior Intercollegiate Union, and naturally the Saints were very eager to "smear it on" McMaster, as it were. The men in the green and maroon sweaters outweighed St. Andrew's at every position. However, by being in better condition the St. Andrew's boys were able to outskate the students from McMaster. Speaking of handouts, this game was without a doubt the fattest thing passed to the Saints during their experiences this winter. At no time did the S. A. C. players have to extend themselves, and the junior house boy, who said after the game was over, that it might have been worse, was a young philosopher. It is to be hoped that McMaster are back in the Junior Intercollegiate with a second team next year that is strong enough to finish out the season without defaulting. For St. Andrew's, McNeil, Lowes, Hastings and McDonald did the scoring.



FRANK M. MACDONALD (CAPT.).

PERSONNEL OF FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.

MACDONALD (Skipper).—Captain of the team. Played a hard steady game at right wing throughout the season; but can follow the pace better than he can set it. Participated in nine games out of ten, and set a good example for the team by his regularity and promptness at practices. Macdonald was the only old color on the team.

McPHERSON (Bill).—Was awarded first color, owing to the consistent exhibition he gave of how to play cover point. He played a stonewall defensive game, and was a splendid rusher. With another year's experience, William will be up with the leaders as a defensive player.

HASTINGS (Honest John).—Held down the position of rover and did it well. He improved every practice, and in the last game of the season he played an exceptionally strong game. Hastings was always prominent in the list of goal getters, and in this capacity was a valuable man to the team.

LOWES (Toad).—Comes in for third color. He played at left boards. Lowes had the distinction of being the best shot on the team. He was a hard worker and always checked back well. A broken thumb put him out of the game for the last two matches.

SMITH (Doug.).—Made the team at the position of point. Smith improved a great deal as the season advanced, and had he played the game at the first of the season that he did at the last he would have been of more value to the team. No man on the ice in the S. A. C. vs. U. C. C. game played better than Smith. Time and again he relieved and rushed the whole length of the ice. He will be of great value to the '08 team.

MACLAREN (Gee).—The youngest player on the team. Played a splendid game in goal. His first year on the first team. With a year or so more experience will be an A1 goal-keeper, as he has such goal-keeping requisites as nerve, speed, and cool-headedness.

MCNEIL (Bunt).—Was last year first substitute for the team. He is a hard and willing worker. Played both at centre and left wing during the winter. His chief faults were shooting from too far out and wandering from his position. Will be a good man on next year's team.

KILGOUR (Ashes).—Although a substitute he was granted a first team color, owing to the number of games he played. As Lowes was laid up for the U. C. C. game, Kilgour played. He is rather light and did not always check back as he should have. His shooting is good, but on account of his weight he was not able to check as hard as is necessary.

THE SECOND TEAM.

THE hockey season of '06-'07, which has just been concluded, proved to be a very successful one as far as the second team were concerned, although but two games were played. It was due to the fact that the first team played so many matches in the practice hours that the management of the second found it difficult to arrange games and hours which would connect. Ridley's second team were challenged, but found it impossible to arrange a game with us.

The two games played were with the first team of Highfield College, Hamilton. The first game was played in Hamilton on very poor ice. The score, which, however, does not indicate the play at all, was 2—0 in our favor, our team outclassing them in every particular.

The return game was played two weeks later on the College rink. The ice, being very heavy, the team did not show up as well as was expected. However, we won by the score of 4—0, thus scoring six to Highfield's nothing in the two games.

There are a few promising players on the team who bid fair to make good as first team men next year.

This year's team was as follows:

Goal.....	McKinnon
Point.....	Hale (M'g'r)
Cover point.....	Fleming II. (Capt)
Rover.....	Graham I
Centre.....	Carling
Right wing.....	Winchester
Left wing.....	Grass

THE SECOND TEAM.



JUNIOR HOUSE HOCKEY TEAM RECORD.

JUNIOR HOUSE VS. FOURTH TEAM, SR., FEB. 4TH.



N this afternoon we tied the Senior House, the score being 8 all. Junior House played a good game, and always kept their opponents busy. The Junior defence was good in this game, and the goal-keeper stopped many shots.

JUNIOR HOUSE VS. TECUMSEH I., FEB. 8TH.

This was another unlucky game for us. We went with Gill down to the Victoria Rink, which was a very much bigger rink than we were used to, and the score was made 7—0 in their favor.

JUNIOR HOUSE VS. TECUMSEH, FEB. 27TH.

This was not the same team that played before, but the day was very warm and the ice was not good. College did not play as well as usual, but the score was 4—3 in their favor.

JUNIOR HOUSE VS. SECOND FORM, JAN. 24TH.

The first game of the season was played with Second Form. The ice was not in very good condition, but the Junior House showed that they were the best team by running up a score of 9—4 in our favor. Fraser refereed and the game was a clean one.

CAYUGAS VS. S. A. C., JAN. 29TH.

On this bright afternoon the Cayugas sent forth their challenge to the Junior House to play them. The ice was fine and it was a fast game, the College wings following up well and playing combination. The score was 3—1 in favor of S. A. C.

TECUMSEHS VS. S. A. C., FEB. 1ST.

This afternoon was an unlucky day for S. A. C. The ice was fine, and at the end of the first half it looked as if the Junior House would win, the score being one all, but College had played the better game. The second half was different. The College had a poor defence, and Tecumsehs took advantage of this, and by the end of the game had run up a score of 12, leaving College only 1.

U. C. C. PREPS. VS. S. A. C. J. H.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, February 18th, 1907, U. C. C. Preps. came down and played St. Andrew's Junior House first hockey team on our big rink. Munro played an excellent game, making many good rushes, one in particular from cover point through the whole U. C. C. line and scoring a goal. McColl also played exceedingly well. Bicknell and McKnight, on the wings, used their weight to perfection. Campbell, at point, played very well, stopping a good many shots and taking them up the ice. Dymont, in goal, played exceedingly well, getting right in front of the puck and not being afraid of it.

For U. C. C., McCarty, at centre, played well; also Capreol II. at point. Walker played goal and stopped a few shots. The game was brought to a close at five o'clock, the score being 7 goals to 2 in our favor. Duncanson refereed.

JUNIOR HOUSE VS. U. C. C. PREPS.


On the afternoon of Thursday, February 28th, the Junior House I. went up to Upper Canada College to play the return game with their preparatory first team. At 3.30 the puck was faced-off, and at the start the game looked as if it would be pretty even. About five minutes after the puck was faced-off U. C. C. placed a goal in St. Andrew's net; then play went on evenly till half-time. Hardly had the whistle blown for the second half when McColl scored St. Andrew's first goal. After this U. C. C. "bucked up" and brought the score up to five to

one in their favor, where it remained till the end of the game. Munro, as cover point, and McColl, as rover, played well for S. A. C., while on the Upper Canada side, Carter, as centre, Capreol, as cover point, and Walker, as goal, played the star game. The play was fast and clean. Saunders, of U. C. C., refereed to the satisfaction of all.



Miscellany.

THE DANCE.

 N the evening of February the sixth a highly successful dance was given by the officers and men of the Cadet Corps. The Assembly Hall was transformed by a wealth of palms and flowers, while the artistic arrangement of rifles and many flags imparted a truly military character to the spacious room. The brilliant uniform of the hosts, and of many visitors who came in regimentals, mingled with the dainty gowns of the young ladies, formed a scene that was unusually picturesque and attractively gay.

Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, assisted by Lieut. Duncanson, gave cordial welcome to the many guests for whom a good floor, excellent music, and agreeable partners left nothing to be desired. Cosy nooks were arranged in various corners as resting-places, and the dances were heralded by bugle and drum in fine military fashion. The programmes were tastefully gotten up in the College colors, and supper was served in the dining-hall, the tables being lighted by the soft glow of many crimson-shaded candles, and decorated with roses and carnations.

Dancing was kept up until a late hour, the hearty encores to each number testifying to a universal appreciation of the good-natured orchestra who were lavish in their generous responses.

In addition to the Principal, Mrs. Macdonald, and members of the College staff, a few of the many present included: Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald, Major and Mrs. Gooderham, Miss Scott and the young ladies of Branksome Hall, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Jean Davidson, Miss Jean Alexander, Miss Matthews, Miss Carling and Miss Anderson (Ottawa), Mr. Douglas Mason, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. George Alexander, with many others too numerous to mention.


Altogether the dance was voted by one and all to be a huge success. All praise is due to the officers and men of the Cadet



MYRTLE HOTEL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

Corps for their enthusiasm in arranging so successful an entertainment for their friends, and for the excellent manner in which the arrangements were brought to a completion. Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald must also be thanked for the interest shown by them in the dance, an interest which contributed very largely and very materially to the success of the whole affair.

NOTES ON THE DANCE.

 HE caterers raised their prices fifty dollars when they learned that the boys from the second flat were contemplating a run on the dining-room.

Look who's here! Santa Claus brought her.

The music set her going like a jumping-jack, and she had to dance till the band got through.

It is many a dance since Tove Goggin, one of our illustrious old boys, was in better form. Look where you might there was Tove with his smiling face.

"Oh, how clever!" piped one fair damsel on seeing Martin and McKirdy. She explained to her partner that she thought it too sweet for anything to have brought two of the statues from the old school and dressed them up in kilts. Stung!

Edward Evans, Jr., after his fifth glass of lemonade, staggered downstairs to the check-room in a dazed sort of manner and asked for his hat and coat. What a shame in one so young and unsophisticated!

It must have been very embarrassing for modest fat Eberts to overhear the following conversation:

"Isn't Melchior dressy without being flashy to-night?"

"Why, I thought of the dear as being careless but nobby," answered the other one of the Sutherland sisters.


Oh, ho! we see, Burke, why you saved up your pocket money for so many long months. Yes, that bunch of sword ferns caused a furore all right.

Of course, we knew it was Duncanson's first dance; but still we hardly thought he would try to enter the ballroom in bedroom slippers.

Judging from Winstanley's actions during the evening he must have had more than two or three smiles of Cambell's condensed soup.

McCullough's disguise was perfect.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

 ON Monday evening, January 27th, a meeting of the school was held in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of organizing the Literary Society for the year 1906-07.

After the opening address by the retiring President, Mr. Bell, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, with the following result:

Honorary President—Dr. Macdonald.

President—Mr. James.

1st Vice-President—Gill.

2nd Vice-President—Findlay.

Secretary—Graham.

Treasurer—Irwin.

Historians—McNeil and Hale.

FORM REPRESENTATIVES.

VI. Form—Milligan.

V. A. Form—Ramsey.

V. B. Form—Fleming II.

IV. A. Form—Beattie I.

IV. B. Form—McNee.

III. A., III. B. Form—Bollard.

On account of other work, Mr. James was unable to accept the Presidency, and Mr. Northcott was elected, but he also found it impossible to accept the office, so Dr. Macdonald kindly consented to act for the coming year, although his time is so fully taken up with duties both in and outside the school.

Although our season is such a short one this year on account of the early Easter vacation, and the lateness of organizing, yet the meetings have been most successful so far, and give every promise of being so throughout the season.

This year the programmes have been composed by the boys themselves more than ever before, and their spirit and enthusiasm has shown itself to be much greater than in previous years. It is certainly to be hoped that this will keep up, as it rests entirely in their hands if they are to have the successful meetings which have so far marked the year.

Our debates have begun and will continue till the end of the season. There are four teams entered. One from the Sixth Form, composed of Irwin and Wrong. One from Five A., Findlay I. and Fraser I. representing this form. One from V. B., with Fleming II. and Crawford I. carrying their colors, while Lowes and Beatty II. uphold the honor of the Fourth Forms.

At our last meeting V.B. and the IV.'s debated upon the subject, "Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be Abolished." Form IV.'s for the affirmative, Form V. B. for the negative. After a very interesting debate the debaters for the affirmative were declared winners. Forms VI. and V. A. will debate next, the winners of which will meet the representatives for the Fourth Forms in a final debate for the Interform Championship.

Mr. James has kindly aided us twice in our programme; once with piano selections and once with a couple of comic songs. Crawford I., Donald, Delaplante I. and Davison I. have also favored us with selections. We have also had exhibitions of fencing and wrestling, which were put on by Delaplante II. and Grant I., Davison I. and Clarke I., respectively. Impromptu two-minute speeches are given every night by six or eight of the boys upon subjects given them after the meeting has been opened. A great deal of amusement is derived from these. The annual oratorical or reading contest, for which Dr.

Macdonald has given a medal, is to be started at the next meeting.

There is a great deal of material in the school, both in the musical and other lines, which the officers of the Society do not know of definitely, therefore if any of the boys can do anything to make the meetings in any way better, it is hoped they will not be backward in offering their services, for, as it is said, "Every little bit helps."

R. J. G.

HORACE, ODES, BOOK III., CARMEN XXX.



MONUMENT stronger than bronze I have reared,
And higher than thrones of kings;
By rotting rain it shall not be seared,
Nor torn by destructive winds.

Time with his scythe shall helpless be,
He shall not be able to harm,
So, fresh in recent praise I'll grow,
The poet from the farm.

Where angry rivers roar in might,
And Daunus ruled his land,
I shall be spoken of as one,
The first from Latin strand,

Who, to the measures of mighty Rome,
Did suit the Æolian song,
As long as the priest with virgin maid
Shall lead the swarming throng.

Then take thy long-deservèd fame,
And lyric muse, do thou
Place Delphic laurel on my locks,
And crown the poet's brow.

CADET CORPS.

JUST after the Christmas issue of THE REVIEW went to press, Dr. Macdonald received a letter from the St. George Chapter of the "Daughters of the Empire," presenting to the St. Andrew's Cadets a Ross rifle as a prize for shooting among its members. This generous gift was very much appreciated by the officers and members of the corps, more especially as the season's shooting was just about to begin, and with a prize competition at the end of the season in sight the interest taken in the then coming rifle practices was greatly increased.


The branch of the work which is being done by the Daughters of the Empire, not only here, but all over Canada, is certainly a most praiseworthy one, as it is everywhere an acknowledged fact that the sooner the youth of this country learn to shoot and properly care for the rifle the better it will be for Canada.

There have been some changes in the officering of the corps since last term. Mr. White, on account of his other numerous duties, resigned the captaincy of the corps, still, however, remaining connected with it as the master in charge. The Cadets greatly appreciate the efforts Mr. White has put and is putting into the welfare of the corps, as there is nothing that Mr. White can do that he is not doing for its advancement. The resignation of Mr. White entailed a vacancy in the officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned. Gill was promoted to the captaincy; Duncanson to be 1st lieutenant; Col.-Sergt. Wood to be 2nd lieutenant, while Sergt. MacPherson was appointed color sergeant. This leaves Burton and Hope the remaining sergeants, with one sergeant vacancy yet to fill. The appointment will be announced shortly.

The shooting competition will be held at the Long Branch ranges in the summer term. Till these are ready for use the shooting will continue in the armory. Our annual inspection will also be held during the earlier part of the summer term, when it is hoped that the report of the inspecting officer will show as good standing and be as gratifying as that of last year.

R. J. G.

"FOOTBALL DINNER."

 ON Friday evening, December 10th, took place the last and, perhaps, the most enjoyable event of the football season. Training for football may be all right, as those who got two helpings of turkey on this excuse will testify, and so it was a joyful assemblage that sat down in the dining-room that evening.

Covers were set for forty persons, which included the first and second teams, officers of Athletic Association, masters, and old boys. The room was decorated with crimson and white, and the head table was adorned with a couple of footballs, just to show the purpose of our meeting together.

After justice had been done to the excellent fare, the second part of the programme commenced, with Mr. White proposing a toast to "The King."

The next toast was to Canada, proposed by Mr. James, and responded to by Hope.

"The College" was proposed by Gill. Mr. J. K. Macdonald responded.

He said that the school has always shown a spirit and an enthusiasm which has been greatly responsible for the high position it has attained. He enjoined the boys to maintain the spirit of determination and perseverance, and to remember that they had the good name of the school in their keeping.

Then the health of the first team was proposed by Mr. Macdonald, and responded to by Captain Crossen. The toast to the second team followed, proposed by McNeil, and replied to by Captain Winans.

"The Old Boys" was next proposed by Hastings I., and responded to by Dub Sale.

"St. Andrew's Athletic Association" was proposed by Allan, responded to by Mr. Macdonald.

"The Staff" was proposed by Irwin, responded to by Mr. Robinson.

"The Ladies" followed. Fraser I., who proposed it, proved that the success of our matches was directly proportional to the attendance of the fair sex. Eberts replied very fittingly.

"The Cross Country" was then proposed by Duncanson, and responded to by Findlay.

One of the most pleasing events of the evening then took place in the presentation of a "college shield" by Captain Crossen to Coach Allan, on behalf of the first team, for his untiring efforts for their welfare throughout the entire season.

After which the company sang "Auld Lang Syne" and the "College Song" and then broke up. J. P. M.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

BESIDES the addresses of the Principal, the School has enjoyed talks from several prominent men, not directly connected with it. On January 27th the Reverend Mr. Hossack spoke on the subject of individual strength, and the necessity of not always being ruled by the voice of the many. There is some glory in standing alone. The strong personality of the speaker impressed his remarks on every boy.

The Reverend Professor Kilpatrick preached on February 3rd about morals. Those of the present day, he said, were not as pure as those of our fathers, and he pointed out to his hearers the awful consequences of vice.


The next Sunday evening the Most Reverend Arthur Sweatman, Archbishop of Toronto, spoke to the assembled school. "Manliness as Distinct from Mannishness" was his theme. He showed how games developed self-control and restraint of the temper. His kindness in coming to St. Andrew's when he has so many urgent calls added to the interest of his words.

On Sunday, February 24th, the Reverend R. Douglas Fraser was to have addressed us. By an unavoidable occurrence he was prevented from doing so, and the Principal took his place most ably.

Professor Wrong spoke to us on the subject of "The Growth of Moral Strength and Wisdom." The latter was for the most part lacking in many people nowadays, but was needful to thoroughly enjoy existence, and to get the best out of it. Life at the College developed these well.

The address of the last speaker on the list, the Reverend John Neil, is being eagerly awaited by the boys, who are already well acquainted with him.

SOME CURIOUS NAMES OF SCHOOL PRINCIPALS IN ENGLAND.

 HESE are all *real* names (of actual principals of English schools). In many of the schools of undermentioned principals Mr. Coleman has given his lecture on "America" (the United States):

Miss Adam, Mr. Eve, Miss Evening, Mr. Gentleman.

Miss Good, Mrs. Best, Miss Kind, Misses Cross.

Misses Chataway, Misses Liptrop, Miss Cheek, Rev. Mr. Tongue, Miss Chinn, Mr. Allchin, Miss Gossip, Mr. Saywell, Miss Gammon, Miss Yell.

Rev. Mr. Beater, Miss Beatson, Mr. Kicks, Miss Makepeace, Mrs. Coward, Miss Fear.

Rev. Mr. Jolly, Miss Merry, Miss Death, at Bury St. Edmund's.

Miss Luck, Miss Profit, Miss Trick, Misses Swindell, Miss Double.

Mr. Organ, Miss Fidler, Misses Player, Miss Chant.

Miss Chalker, Miss Chart.

Miss Hope, Miss Charity (Miss Faith *not* yet discovered).

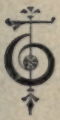
Miss Cæsar, Miss Shakespeare.

Miss Careless, Miss Idle, Miss Allwork, Miss Twentyman, Miss Schooling.

Miss Smart, Miss Uncle, Miss Kitcat, Misses Blizzard, Misses Knobs and Cranks.

Mr. Greenhill, Principal of Vermont College, in London ("Vermont" the French for "Green Hill," or "Green Mountain").

EXCHANGES.



HE *Quill* the artistically gotten-up paper of Alcuin Preparatory School, New York, is one of our newest exchanges. We are always glad to see a college paper showing so much taste.

Schenectady High School has a very well illustrated journal called the *Shucis*. We welcome it heartily, and give it an honorable place on our shelves.

The University School *Register*, from Baltimore, another new exchange, contains, besides the usual football scores, some excellent pictures.

We are glad to find on our table the *Collegiate Outlook* from Moose Jaw. It portrays favorably the life at the school.

We always look forward to the next issue of the *Calendar* from Central High School, Buffalo. It is at all times interesting.

We regret missing the Trinity College School *Record*. No number of it has been received since Christmas. The Western Canada College *Review* has also stopped exchanging. We hope soon to receive both of these again.

The *Varsity*, of Toronto University, has always some most interesting articles, and we are glad to exchange with it. Coming once a week, its arrival is eagerly awaited.

We have not yet received the February number of the Queen's University *Journal*, and hope that this excellent paper has not stopped exchanging.

The *Magnet*, of Jarvis Street Collegiate, is most carefully published, with many excellent little illustrations.

The McMaster University *Monthly* has had lately some good poems and excellent stories. The tales in its prize competition were most readable.

The Dalhousie *Gazette*, from the University of that name, comes to hand a most welcome and interesting magazine.

We are very sorry not to have lately seen *Lux Columbiana*, from Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C. We hope soon to receive it again.

The St. Hilda's *Chronicle*, from Toronto, is an interesting paper to glance at. *Acta Victoriana* contains well-written and solid articles. Its poetry is also at times meritorious.

Skits.

† N German period (Mr. R., writing "of that city." in German):

Hertzberg—"Sir, there is no sense in that!"

Mr. R.—"You mean, there is no sense in you."

General chorus from Form.

Ask Ike Graham if he knows how to take a lady on the floor!

In Literature period, master explaining about Cæsar and Cleopatra:

"And Cæsar was marching across the desert. As he was passing the Sphinx out tripped the beautiful maiden of sixteen."

Every person pricked up their ears.

Voice from the back—"Pardon me, Cleo., may I carry your skates?"

Exit commoner, three hours' detention.

Grass to Clark—"I bar to have the first wear out of Delaplante's next spring suit."

Little Eva to Long Martin—"Not so fast, Long! I can't keep up."

Eva Gilmour to girl at ice-cream counter—"A David Harum, please."

Waiter—"We have no ice-cream."

"Then I'll have an ice-cream soda."

Mr. C—— to McNee—"Trying to hold hands, McNee. I'll send you over to the maids' quarters."

McKirdy, in grammar class—"Dive, dove, diven."

McKenzie II. to room-mates—"Gee! Isn't the human skeleton an awful thing when it has no flesh on it?"

Hope plays very striking hockey, at least our shins feel like it.

A preacher's remark that cricket was the most manly game was evidently too much for the rubber plant in the prayer hall.

Grant III. (who has had about three helpings of everything)—"Gee! I'm hungry."

Mr. N— (to Skinner)—"I have no doubt that if your jaw was less active your brain would be more so."

Crowe (11.30 p.m., Feb. 2nd)—"Say, boys, we will soon be getting rhubarb again."

Mr. C. to Gilmour—"Take half an hour and stop yawning. If this was not Friday afternoon and bargain day it would be worth an hour."

Forge has already formed a talking union at Queen's.

If Burton does not stop growing he will have to come in the doors on his knees.

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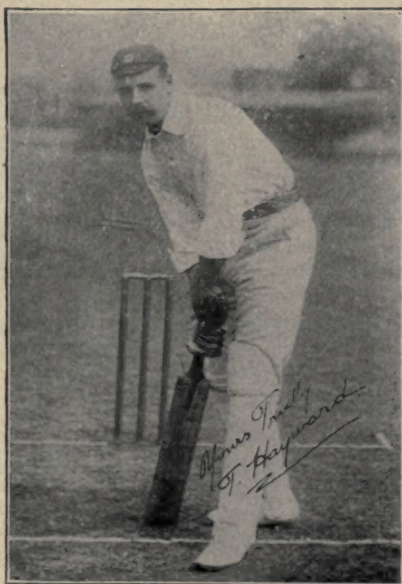
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TORONTO

"Lemon" was a popular flavor at the dance.

Hastings I. and Duncanson made such a hit with a certain young lady at the dance that they were invited for tea the next Sunday.

Winans only hit the high spots when dancing with a certain young lady.

A certain boy has a glad neigh.

Grif, Walter and Star are too busy fussing to go to the College matches.

Montana Bill Cheyenne Winstanley made a hit when he spoke on Clinker.

Have you ever heard Hastings II. speak of "Alice"?

Crawford is making a hit pumping the piano at dancing class.

One master to another—"Beatty I. has a blue tie on to-day, and his brother has a red one."

The Beatty boys were elected to represent IV. A. in the literary debate by the same number of votes.

If Miller were put in goal for the IV. A. team it is certain that nothing would pass him.



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TORONTO

Wilson (as he and two friends go into Bingham's)—“I bags to pay the 5 cents.”

Grant III. (feeling his muscles)—“Gee! I feel proud I can nearly chin myself once!”

Grant III. (putting on his boots)—“Oof! Oof!”

Grant III. (speaking of his eating class)—“Corbould is the most promising pupil I have!”

Wilson I. (Saturday, 2 p.m.)—“I'm broke!”

Mr. F. to Gilmour—“Yes, go on, that's funny!”

Theo. Moore—“Gee! this soup isn't so bad when you get into it!”

Elliott and Duncanson are fairly good shots. Yes, no!

The Fourth Forms are getting into training for the Dominion Bowling Championship.

McAvity (returning from a flat raid, coat torn and covered with mud)—“Gee, I put up a great scrap against Rolph III and Campbell III.”

At last it is the master's turn to report to the office. “Keep off the grass.”

Davison III (to MacDonald I)—“What place had I better try for next year?”

MacDonald—“Right boards on the Junior House.”



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mail or express.

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free of duty.

Parker to Junior House boy (who is in gym.)—"Say, do you have to build fences when you take fencing?"

Stewart to Mr. James—"Sir, did I pass in arithmetic?"

Mr. James—"Yes, you got 75 per cent."

Stewart—"Out of one hundred, sir?"

Winstanley—"Yes, mam."

Sutherland II. to Massey—"Give me a candy."

Massey—"I have only got four left."

Sutherland II.—"Well, give me one, and you will have five left."

Mr. P.—"Corbould, take off that paper eye-shade."

McLagan (butting in)—"Sir, what is the good of paying 15 cents for a shade when a paper one is just as good for nothing?"

(Applause from Ikey Ross.)

Did McLagan yell when Dora came in the room?

Miss R. to Parker II.—"Have you got an Eaton suit?"

Parker (smartly)—"No, I think it is a Simpson suit."

Ross to McLagan (when he heard that Chase and McNeil were prefects)—"I think I ought to get a prefectship next year."

McLagan needs a hair-cut. Is he going to be a poet?

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SPADINA CRESCENT

Davison II (to Davison III)—“Won't we have a great times next year as librarians?”

“Fat” Grant has struck a worthy rival in Corbould for the eating contest.

“O what's the news that's struck the earth like to a tidal wave?”

The answer comes with merry mirth, “Ed. Evans had a shave!”

McKay (to Evans)—“Say, Eddie, isn't it great to have a girl think about you always?”

Evans—“I really can't say, I was never in love.”

Winans (to “Montana Bill”)—“I think your room is the finest on the flat—Can you lend me a collar button?”

Sands (soliloquizing)—“Oh! if I could only have been Frank Merriwell instead of little Charlie Sands!”

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Midsummer
1907

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of
Summer
Footwear

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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1907.

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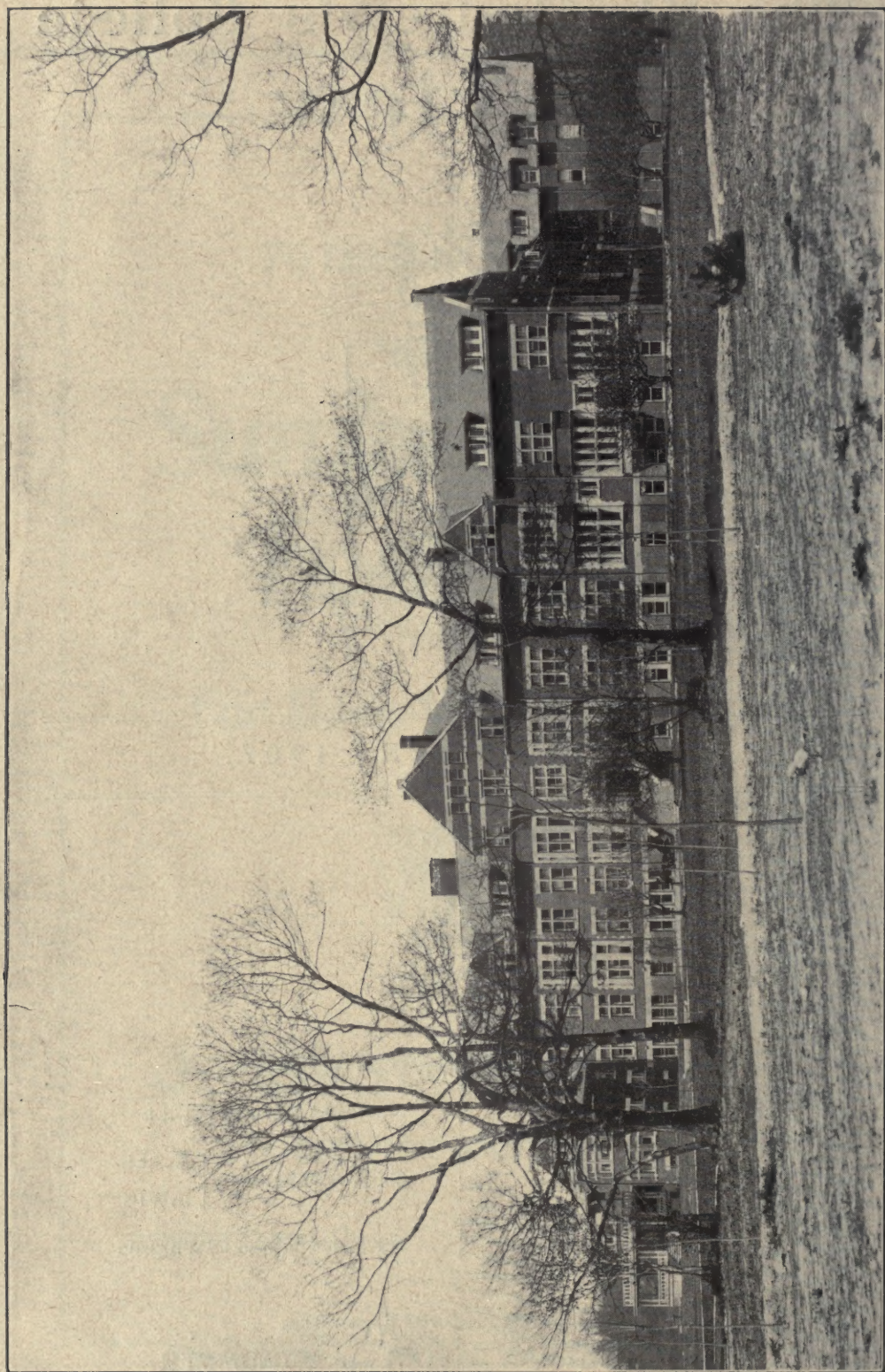
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IRWIN

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: WINANS, WRONG, HOUSSEY, BURNS, EBERTS.

BUSINESS MANAGER: GILL. ASSISTANT MANAGERS McNEIL, IRWIN.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: WRONG.

MIDSUMMER, 1907

Editorials.

Another school year has come and gone; once more
RETROSPECT. we are on the eve of the long vacation. Inter-
mingled with the joy of a summer's respite, with the
freedom from school restraint and discipline, is the sadness of fare-
well and the unhappy realization that some of our best fellows will
not be with us next year. Our loss will be some other's gain and we
rejoice in the knowledge that so many devoted sons will carry the
name of their school if not to the uttermost parts of the earth to,
at least, many a place, many a centre of activity where her name is
already favorably known and fully recognized. Out of the fulness
of our hearts we propose to them a toast in which flattery and
verbose praise have no place—a toast that is brimful of good wishes
and the lingering *God-speed* of S. A. C. Good luck be with you,
boys!

“May Dame Fortune ever smile on you;
But never her daughter—Miss Fortune!”

Likewise to the masters who are severing their connection with
the college, the REVIEW extends hearty good wishes for their future
happiness and welfare.

As a school we have had a successful year in every respect; our
roll has increased, the residence of both upper and lower schools at

one time during the year having been taxed to the utmost capacity; our representatives at the various universities have come out well in their exams; in athletics there has been no small measure of success; residential life has run smoothly and—barring one sad occasion of painful memory!—normally. Accordingly we have little to regret during the past session and we have every assurance of a bright and prosperous re-opening in September.

The college has been singularly fortunate this year
PERSONALITY. in being brought into more or less personal touch with several gifted men whose very names have won universal recognition. Few schools have an opportunity of hearing within a short time such men as Dr. Goldwin Smith, the Sage of the Grange; Professor William Clark, of Trinity, whose name is loved and revered not only by graduates of that college, but by a very large circle of devoted friends; Dr. Grenfell, the good angel of the Labrador coast, whose modest self-effacement could not conceal the true greatness of this strong man of action and vast heroism; the Archbishop of Toronto, whose interest, not in matters ecclesiastic, but in schools such as our own, has made him a prime favorite among Canadian boys; with some other notables whom we cannot particularize.

Personality is a wonderful power for good or evil. To have lived under any conditions with men of such calibre as those mentioned, is in itself a liberal education. There is nothing small or petty in such as they; they radiate manliness, power of intellect, breadth of thought and energy of purpose. They are men who have lived with a definite object in view, men who have given to the world the best that is in them, and who will leave to a later generation the record of lives lived worthily and to the true betterment of their fellowmen. The written words of these men of action and thought carry weight in every direction; their contributions to the world of letters are read with care and appreciation. But it

means something more to have known them as men; to have enjoyed a personal intimacy with them; to have seen them off-hand, as it were; to have had with them the daily intercourse of collegiate or social life is to have seen human nature at its best and human mentality in its most attractive form. Only some of us have had that full privilege, but it is no small thing for us to have heard these great men in our own halls, to have listened to words meant for us as integral parts of Saint Andrew's College, and to have in after years the remembrance of their strong, charming personality, their courteous dignity, their words of kindly counsel and encouragement.

As a result of Dr. Grenfell's entertaining talk upon THE GRENFELL his work among the deep-sea fisher-folk, a very strong interest was evoked among the older boys as well as in the lower school. A creditable collection was made on behalf of the doctor's worthy and dangerous mission, and it is the purpose to give at Easter of each year from S. A. C. as large an amount as possible for the continuance of this splendid work.

Through Norman Duncan's book, Dr. Luke of the Labrador, and other recent stories, we have all been made familiar with the locality in which Dr. Grenfell spends his life. But behind the romance of this labor of love lie the stern facts of extreme hardship, the gravest danger, unlovely poverty and barren destitution. There is scarcely a common necessity that these poor people do not require, so empty and so unremunerative is their life. They prey upon the deep; the deep preys upon them and so the years go on, monotonously, cheerlessly, and with the greatest physical and mental deprivation. We should be glad of the opportunity as a college and as individuals to help on the heroic work of this noble man, to bring some comfort to the lives of the lowly fisher-folk who know nothing of the joys and comforts enjoyed by the humblest boy at Saint Andrew's.

Several trees have been planted about the grounds
 TREE-PLANTING. this spring, which in a few years will greatly
 enhance the attractiveness of the college premises.
 Not the least notable event on our annual Field-Day was the plant-
 ing of a commemorative elm by Professor Goldwin Smith, a grace-
 ful ceremony full of poetic meaning.

There is something wondrously beautiful in a brave old tree
 that has withstood the ravages of time, that has strained and
 creaked before many a chill, winter blast only to cling more firmly
 to mother earth in grim defiance of such elemental outbursts. In
 the spring its boughs are clothed anew in vivid green; during the
 hot summer months it affords grateful shade to all who come
 beneath its whispering canopy of leaves; for the too brief autumn
 days it adds a bright dash of color to the resplendent glories of a
 dying year. One by one its leaves fall; again it stands in undis-
 guised and naked strength, stript of all save its delicate tracery of
 interlacing boughs.

The Lieutenant-Governor in his happy speech spoke of one's life
 being as the life of a tree, and surely there is no simile more applic-
 able to those whose years are in the sapling stage, whose growth to
 maturity should be as progressive, as expansive, as the growth of a
 useful and beautiful tree.

The Editor-in-Chief again finds it his pleasur-
 THANKS AND A able duty to thank his co-workers for their inter-
 GROWL. est in the paper and the downright, solid hard
 work they have devoted to the REVIEW. They
 have spared neither time nor trouble in doing their share. Espe-
 cially have the Business Manager and his assistants evinced a
 deep interest in the paper's welfare and have succeeded in placing
 it upon a satisfactory financial basis. Any credit coming to the
 REVIEW is due entirely to the fellows who have so ably discharged
 the duty entrusted to them in their election to its various offices.

In sad comparison, however, the Editor laments the feeble support given by the college in general. Last year two competitions were opened as an encouragement to dormant talents and with a view of securing good material for the paper. As a result of the first contest three stories were entered, and in the photographic contest two entries were made. This year it was even worse; one set of photographs was submitted—excellent photographs, too, and well worth the prize offered; but it seems a shame that a school paper is given the go-by in this way. Almost every second boy in college has a camera and to all appearances spends considerable time in taking pictures. But they were too lazy or too indifferent to collect six of their negatives and tender them to the REVIEW. One might think the prize offered is not tempting enough, but, from the number of insolvents one hears trying to borrow a dime to spend at the tuck, evidently there is not too much cash amongst the boarders. So that excuse does not hold. The REVIEW wants good school photos at all times, but it is like drawing teeth to get them.

Then, with regard to literary contributions. There are plenty of fellows who have the story-telling faculty, but they leave it all to five or six whose brains and unfailing good nature keep the school paper supplied with reading matter. Every number is indebted practically to the same generous few who are always quick to respond to editorial appeals.

Again, the noble youths who will not condescend to help the REVIEW are the very first to pounce, harpy-like, on the paper and pull it to pieces. They are the *knockers* who criticize and find fault but who wouldn't raise a finger to help things along. They grumble at the style of the REVIEW, and demand something better for their money's worth, but they are too contemptibly indifferent to lend a hand. Possibly they think the editing of a school paper is a lead-pipe cinch! Well, with this issue the present staff retires. The coast is clear. Let them try it and have an eye-opener!

Contributed Articles.

WHEN STANWYN BROKE THE STRIKE.

PETERSON, the foreman, stalked wearily into the rough, clap-boarded office, and cast his broad brimmed "Stetson" on the counter. "Them blamed dagos is getting worse every day. Do nothin' but kiek, and aint got no time left for work. Give me Swedes every time." Whereupon, having disburdened himself of this long speech, he poured some water into a tin basin, and began to wash his hands.

Stanwyn, the clerk, glanced up from a requisition list he was making out, "Why, Pete, I thought you said they were doing finely."

"So they was," answered Peterson, slowly drying his hands. "So they was, until them new ones arrived. They can't work properly themselves, and they won't let no one else. Always talking about poor wages, and declaring that if they don't all get a quarter more a day they'll quit; it makes me sick." Just then Frank, the cook, stuck his head in the door, and announced that dinner was ready, so Peterson wearily left the shack for the delights of the grub-tent.

Stanwyn had recently graduated from a well-known university, and having no definite career mapped out, had eagerly snapped up the position of combined clerk and timekeeper, in a construction camp of a railway line, running through a rocky part of New Ontario. Peterson, the foreman over a gang of Italians, and Frank, the cook, completed the list of white men.

Stanwyn found the out-door life suited him splendidly, and had entered heart and soul into the prosaic duties of keeping the time of a hundred Italians. All that afternoon, he was busy checking up the time on the pay-roll, and was much surprised when Peterson, more despondent than ever, entered the shack. "What, supper time already," Stanwyn called out. "How did things go this afternoon?"

"It's getting worse Stan; they refused to work after half past five to-night, and I guess they'll be coming in here for their time before long."



REVIEW STAFF, 1906-07.

"But the company paid their fares from Montreal, and they haven't even earned enough to pay that off, yet," said Stanwyn.

"Quite right, youngster, they ain't going to quit yet, not while I'm foreman," and Peterson walked to the small mirror to complete his simple toilet.

Hardly had Stanwyn come back into the office after supper, than the Italians came for their time. "Not now," said Stanwyn, "wait till you've worked out the price of your passage." Peterson used more emphatic language, but all with apparently no result. Finally they were persuaded to leave the office and Peterson locked the door. "They won't quit camp without they get their cheques. We'll keep them here till they come to their senses," declared Peterson, although he looked worried. Stanwyn said nothing, but through the small window he noticed that some Italians were stationing themselves near the camp and that several carried shot guns.

"Looks like a siege," he finally ejaculated, and his suspicions were confirmed when Frank was brought by the Italians to the door. The besieged took him in, and were told that "them bloomin' dagos" had taken charge of the supplies.

"Starve us to terms, I suppose," said Peterson, but Stanwyn answered not a word, for already he was turning over in his mind a scheme by which the siege might be raised.

At length he unburdened himself. "It'll be dark to-night, Pete, won't it?"

"Looks like it," said Pete, glancing through the window at the cloudy sky.

"Well, when it's dark, you or Frank could pretend to make a dash for aid down the tote-road to Nicholson's camp. I don't think they'd dare fire at any of us, so it's comparatively safe. Then when most of the guards are chasing you, I'll slip out under cover of the darkness, and make for the bay where our canoe is."

"But what good's that going to do us?" broke in Peterson.

"Why to-night the boat passes here on her way to Garside, and I could likely catch her at Bob's Landing and get into headquarters before daylight."

"Sounds good to me," said Peterson. "Count me in for the bluff part," and so it was settled.

Darkness came at last, and Peterson got quietly out into the night, and was well started down the tote-road before the Italians realized that one of their prisoners had escaped. Then there was great excitement, and a mad dash after him before they brought

him back in triumph. But in the midst of the confusion, Stanwyn had started on his journey.

Quietly he wormed his way towards the shore of the bay where the canoe was hidden. He took advantage of every vestige of shelter, but his heart was in his mouth more than once, when a stick under foot would break with a snap. Once he thought he was seen, and lay perfectly still for a time that seemed hours. Then he cautiously started on his way again, and finally reached the bay.

He lit a match, carefully shading it with his coat, and glanced at his watch. Ten past nine, and he had to catch the boat at ten-thirty, five miles away. Could he do it? There was a chance. He'd try anyway. He had to launch his canoe quietly, and go slowly at first, and this was the hardest part of the whole trip, for he realized that he was racing against time, yet realized also that discovery now would spoil his whole plan. Three or four Italians could easily overtake him in their big rowboat, should they discover he had gone.

When he was out of earshot from the camp, he looked at his watch again. More than twenty minutes gone. Now he must work—and work he did.

Fortunately there was not much wind, so he had no sea to combat. He bent himself to his work, but every now and again would stop for an instant and listen. At last he heard what he had been waiting for, the throb of the steamer's engines, a few miles away. It sounded as if she were nearer than he expected, he must go faster. The boy was almost exhausted, but the sound of the whistle as the steamer neared the landing, seemed to revive him.

Just a short distance more—now he could see the steamer's lights. She was stopping. If there were only enough freight to keep her at the wharf till he should arrive! He couldn't shout, for he had no breath left. Only a hundred yards more, but he heard the engine gongs sound the signal to start. He would miss her after all. No! a careless deckhand had forgotten to land a trunk! It meant only two or three extra minutes, but they were enough for Stanwyn. He reached the side of the steamer, and was pulled aboard just as the last line from shore was thrown off.

How he reported the affair at headquarters and next day brought up a tug in which were fifty specially sworn-in constables—(a welcome sight to the hard-pressed Peterson and Frank)—and how the stalwart fifty persuaded the Italians what their *real* duty was, is another story.

DOUGLAS W. FRASER.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

It was the last half of the ninth innings. The afternoon sun flooded the field, and the wildly-excited "fans" who crowded every available part of the grounds stood waving their arms and yelling like mad. To fully appreciate the situation you should know that this was the final game in the Eastern League race for the Pennant of 1907, between the Toronto team and their rivals of old, Buffalo.

The score stood at two all, with the Toronto team at the bat. Two men were down, Thoney had reached second on his two-base hit, and as Kelley came to the bat, the crowd held its breath. Many were the words of advice that came from all parts of the field, but when two strikes were registered against the batter, the "fans" were silent in despair. But not for long, for the ball flew from Kelley's bat right into the crowd on the outskirts of the field, and the game and pennant were won.

As Holmes and I, Dr. Watson, jostled our way through the crowd, we were well pleased with the first baseball game we had seen in Canada. When the busses containing the players came along, we were carried out into the road by the cheering, happy mob.

The Toronto team passed first, then the Buffalo team. Just at this moment, between the two busses, my eye fell on something glittering against the bricks of the road.

Drawn by curiosity I shouldered my way over to the spot where the crowd fell in behind the busses, and, after a little trouble, managed to pick the object up. Not having time to examine it closely then, I thrust it into my pocket, and set off to find Holmes. This was more difficult than I had expected, for he had been swept on by the crowd. When at last I caught up with him, I was surprised to note that his face wore that abstracted look which comes over it when his mind is busy with some deep problem.

It was not until I had slipped my arm in his that he was aware that I had left him, and then the look of abstraction disappeared from his face, as his eyes regarded me with their fascinating, keen gaze.

"Ah, doctor," he said, "I was thinking of that interesting case that came up before me yesterday. But what was it you found on the road?" Then seeing my look of bewilderment, he added: "I

noticed the dust on the fingers of the glove on your right hand." He laughed at his little joke, as though pleased at my unspoken testimony to his keenness of perception.

I then told him of how I had come across what seemed to be a common Canadian coin. It was my unfamiliarity with Canadian money that caused me to make this mistake.

When we had got free of the crowd and were walking towards our hotel I showed him the coin. He seemed deeply interested in it, turning it over and over in his hand and scrutinizing it closely. Then, as I watched my interesting friend—for I confess I dearly love to study his methods—I noted the same curious look of abstraction come into his face.

We walked on in silence for some time, and then I noticed his face clear. This was the opportunity for which I had been watching, and I asked him what he made of the coin.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I feel reasonably sure that the owner of this coin is a careless, meddling American, who drives his own automobile." I was not greatly surprised at my friend's confident manner, for I had long ceased being surprised at his marvellous and never-erring powers of deduction from things which the ordinary man would regard as most commonplace. In answer to my questions, he pointed out that the coin was an American five dollar piece, which fact led him to believe that, as the coin was evidently a perfectly new one, its owner was an American. The numerous small dints and scratches about it showed that it had been carried loose in the pocket with numerous other coins. This meant that the owner was careless.

He pointed out to me where someone had cut chips off the milled edges with some sharp instrument. This undoubtedly proved its owner of a meddlesome nature. Is it any wonder that this human calculating machine, from whose notice no trifle, however small, can escape, compels my admiration?

By the next morning I had almost forgotten the incident. Holmes and I breakfasted together, and I was in no small way surprised when he refused to take his customary morning walk with me. I did not wish to go out alone, so I remained with Holmes.

About ten o'clock the bell boy knocked at the door, saying that a gentleman wished to see Holmes. My friend ordered that he be sent up at once. "Now, doctor," he said, "we shall see if the trip across has caused me to lose any of my old-time cleverness. I placed



PREFECTS, 1906-07.

an advertisement in last night's paper regarding that coin you found. I suspect that that is its owner who is now coming along the hall." He was right. A large, genial, pleasant-looking man took the chair that Holmes offered him, after having introduced himself and me.

When Holmes spoke of the theory he had formed, our visitor appeared interested. He identified the coin as his, and when he put it carefully away in his purse, I could see that my friend was at a loss.

Upon hearing the substance of Holmes' theory, our visitor seemed overcome with merriment, and it was evident that at last my friend's reasoning had failed to guess at the truth.

I set down the exact words of the visitor as nearly as I can remember them:—

"My name is Joseph Kelley. I am captain-manager of the Toronto Baseball Club, now champions of the Eastern League."—Here we both expressed our surprise.—"I am afraid, Mr. Holmes, that your reasoning is far astray. Some evenings ago I visited the home of a friend, to whose small son I foolishly showed this coin. He fancied it, and, to stop his crying I let him have it for a few moments. While my friend and I were talking, he took it out of the room, and, as you have pointed out to me, used it roughly. When I left the house the coin could not be found. My friend, however, found it and gave it to me yesterday after the ball game, handing it to me in his automobile glove, thus giving it the smell of gasoline. I must have dropped it from the tally-ho."

When he had departed after thanking us, Holmes sank into a chair in despair, and has never since seemed the same man.

F. MACDONALD.

A FAIRY'S GIFT.

LITTLE MIRO was a fairy who lived with her many, many fairy friends in the wall of an old building. Ever since she could remember the building had been used as a college, but her grandmother told her that it had not always been so. She was the prettiest and sweetest of fairies, and above all, she was always happy.

By-and-by the college moved away to a more suitable build-

ing; and for a long time Miro and her friends enjoyed playing about the vacant building. But soon the fairies grew tired of the empty house, so one by one they began to lift their faces to the moon, and ask, "May I go now?" And the old moon would laugh and nod his head. Then away the fairy would fly to some unknown land many times better and more wonderful than this old earth of ours. So each night one of the fairies would receive the moon's consent and fly away.

At last every fairy had flown away except Miro. She disliked leaving her happy home, but, of course, she could not stay there all alone. So when night came on she stepped out in the silver light of the moon, and lifting up her tiny face she said: "O Moon, may I go now?" But the old moon just shook his head and sailed away across the sky.

There she stood for a long, long time. The gentle breeze ruffled her golden hair, and tossed about her shining robes of white. She was left alone and the moon refused to let her go. She dropped one tear which rolled off in the grass sparkling like a diamond, and when she raised her head again, the moon was gone.

Not long after the removal of the college, men came with picks and spades and pulled the old building down; and with it they destroyed Miro's home. But Miro found a hole under a rock where she abode till the men had gone away. Then, drying her tears, she came to the entrance of her hole. The stars were shining brightly in the quiet night. Once more Miro stood before the moon, and, stretching out her arms to him, said: "Please, Moon, may I go now?" But the moon just frowned as he passed behind a dark cloud, and Miro wept.

Soon more men appeared, and in due time, in the old college grounds stood many beautiful residences. But Miro was lonely, so lonely that she did nothing all day but weep and weep. Once more the workmen left the grounds, and again Miro came out of her hole, this time in the midst of many houses. The moon was shining above, and Miro knelt on the ground and pleaded: "O Moon, can't I go now?" But the moon looked cross, and shook his head, so again Miro went back to her hole. This time to think and not to weep. Surely there was some reason why the moon would not let her go!

Now, the only treasure that Miro had saved from her old home in the wall was a small tin box. This had probably been too care-

fully stowed away at the time the college occupied the building, for the box was labelled "College Spirit." Idly now Miro opened the box for the first time. Inside she found very carefully wrapped up a minute seed. The box also contained a small parcel of black soil. And Miro planted the tiny seed in the black soil. Then she watered it and put it in the sun and cared for it, and soon a small plant appeared. So taken up was Miro with the care of her plant that she almost forgot her grief and once more was the same bright fairy of former days. The plant grew and grew, and continued to grow and to become stronger, until it was really a fair sized tree. And Miro said, "What shall I do with my fairy plant?" Then a thought came to her. That night while every one was sleeping she carefully took her plant of college spirit and flew with it to a college not far away. "There," she said as she planted it in front of the building, "this tree will guard the college with a magic power, and will continually increase the right kind of college spirit."

Then the fairy flew away to her hole and felt happy, oh so happy! The moon beams crept to the darkest corners of the hole and brightened them with their silver light. Then it was that Miro again stood before the moon and merrily asked: "O Moon, may I go now?" And the good old moon nodded and laughed, and Miro flew away.

Far up in the sky she looked down on the college. The air was filled with the words of a song. "Ah!" she said as she sailed onward, "the tree has taken effect already."

It is true that the fairy has gone away, but may the words of the encouraging song every stay with us!—

March, march on down the field,
Fighting for Andy.
Break through the dark blue line
Their strength to defy;
We'll give a cheer for St. Andrew's men,
We're here to win again.
U.C.C. may fight to the end but the Saints will win.

EDWIN A. BURNS.

A LUCKY HAZARD.

A FEW years ago I was a member of an expedition formed to make a study of the flora of Central Paraguay. A learned professor, Dr. Jarvis, was in command of the party, and he, together with another Canadian, named Turner, and myself, comprised the white portion of the outfit. Two negroes, one of whom we called Sambo and the other Coal Scuttle acted as guides and general handy men.

We had advanced quite a distance into the interior and had left civilization behind us at Corrientes. All day we rowed up the Vermejo River, getting out of the boats occasionally and seeking new specimens in the plant world. On one of these expeditions the adventure happened which came near costing us our lives.

We were proceeding quietly up stream when suddenly the professor's skilled eye perceived a flower which he thought was rare and which he desired to add to his collection. So, desirous of stretching our cramped limbs we at once rowed to the bank and tied the boats to a tree. Having left Coal Scuttle to see that the boats did not drift, the rest of us set out in quest of the flower.

It was more distant than it had first appeared and we consumed a longer space of time than we had expected. When we finally reached the spot the professor put the flower in his specimen case and suggested that he should go farther, where we might possibly find other plants.

Turner, I may say, was an ardent golfer. He had become inoculated with the mania shortly before we left home and so it had hardly as yet had a chance to wear off. He had had no chance to play on board ship and so, of necessity, he would only babble incoherently of bunkers, mashies, fozzles, niblicks, hazards, etc. On our little inland excursions he was always armed with a crooked branch which he called a brassie and with which he was continually making imaginary strokes.

Well, to resume, we pursued our search for specimens, and ere long emerged from the woods into a green and grassy plain. It was perhaps one hundred yards in width at the place where we stood, but it broadened out a short distance farther on and grew rather more hillocky and rough. Directly opposite us a hill arose to the height of, perhaps, five hundred feet. It was a beautiful sight and aroused in me the feelings of an artist, but it had quite a different effect upon Turner.



MAURICE MCPHEDRAN,
PRESIDENT'S GOLD MEDALIST.

"What an ideal spot for a golf course," he exclaimed. "It's almost as level as a floor on the side east of the hill, and as for that rough ground on the west, it would make splendid hazards. My kingdom for golf clubs and balls! What a fool I was not to bring any with me! This old prehistoric," shaking his makeshift club, "is all right in a way, but for real science it is no good whatever."

We decided to see some more of this lovely spot and at once started to walk across the meadow in the direction of the hill with Turner still bemoaning his unhappy lot. We had almost reached the foot of the hill when suddenly Sambo touched the professor on the arm and pointed into the forest behind us. At the farther edge of the wood we perceived to our dismay a band of savages approaching in single file. We decided not to honor the natives with our presence and made our way as rapidly as possible up the hillside. The savages seeing that further concealment was useless with a yell broke out in pursuit, but we reached the hill top, however, before they arrived at the edge of the woods. We had unfortunately left our firearms in the boat as we had expected to be gone but for a short time and so were puzzled how to resist the savages as they had unconsciously cut off our retreat to the boats.

We were endeavoring to think of some plan to outwit the enemy, that is, the professor and I were doing the thinking. Sambo was watching the enemy with his teeth chattering like castanets and Turner was coolly knocking a little clay ball about on the flat surface of the hill top with his club.

"For goodness' sake, Turner," I exclaimed, "quit that confounded golf for a moment and tell us what you think ought to be done."

"Done about what?" he answered. "Oh! yes, you mean how can we get rid of these niggers. Well, my plan is to use this hill top as a teeing-ground and to knock some of these clay balls into the midst of them. They are stopping to have a consultation and that will give us time to make our preparations. You will find a bed of clay over yonder, and you can make the balls out of it. Then lay them in the sun and they will be as hard as rocks in a few minutes. You had better get to work right away as I begin to see signs of movement among the 'niggers.' In the meantime while the balls are hardening I will make a few tees and practice the driving swing which old Sandy McGregor taught me."

We followed instructions to the best of our ability and Sambo even essayed at making a "tee." The balls were soon hard and

Turner taking the hardest one balanced it carefully on a little mound of earth which he had built and which he called a "tee." He had instructed Sambo in the art beforehand, with the result that the native had become quite an adept.

Our exponent of "ye noble game" of golf then took his club in hand and placing himself in an attitude which would have done justice to a contortionist began his driving swing, as he termed it. It seemed to be rather unnecessary, but he said it was the game and must be done, so I hoped for the best and let him do his worst. He started off gently enough merely touching the sod with his club, but at length in a paroxysm of fury he swung fiercely with his club and lifted an unoffending bit of sod ten feet in the air. This seemed to satisfy him and he got down to business, and bringing his club well above his shoulder smote the ball fairly.

There was a sharp click caused by the impact and then, although I strained my eyes I could see no sign of the ball. Suddenly one of the negroes pointed to a spot in the forest behind and I saw that Turner's first attempt had not gone very wide of the mark.

Our golf player now mounted another ball on a "tee" and told me to keep my eye on a certain negro who was advancing from the wood carrying a large earthenware jar on his head à la Happy Hooligan. I watched carefully and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the jar fly off its owner's head to the latter's utmost astonishment.

"How's that for accuracy?" yelled Turner. "I wonder what Sandy MacGregor would say of his pupil now? I guess I'll have a try now for that fellow with the feather head dress. He seems to be boss of the ranch and if he gets hit it will, I think, paralyze the rest of the bunch. Fore!"

Crack! Our messenger of fate had departed and the tall figure of the chief was for a moment the cynosure of all eyes. Then we saw him drop like a log, and although we did not know where he had been struck, it was evident that he was pretty hard hit. His followers with cries of astonishment at once flocked around their wounded leader. One of them picked up the small clay ball and we could see from their gestures that they were entirely at sea as concerned it. The natives in a body with the chief in the centre began to carry him off the field in order that they might revive him in the shade of the trees.

"Well," said Turner, "I know it is a rule of civilized warfare not to fire on the ambulance corps, but circumstances alter cases."


And, so speaking, he drove two balls into their midst in close succession which left havoc in their wake and caused the natives to seek cover in a hurry, leaving their chief groaning upon the ground.

Shortly afterward, however, they risked being hit by flying balls and rushing out drew their leader back into the shelter of the woods. Here, we saw the chief speaking to them and we gathered from his gestures that he believed the gods were in league with us. In fact he seemed to believe that Turner was a god, as he had noticed that whenever Turner waved his club an unseen thunderbolt dashed from the sky and struck down a man. To render the chief's speech more dramatic Turner sent a ball crashing through the bushes near them and thus did much to increase the effect of the oration. It also made them determined to depart and leave us in peace, as they knew it was perfectly useless to strive with gods.

Having arrived at this conclusion, satisfactory to both parties, they "stood not upon the order of their going, but simply went." We watched them until they were out of sight, when we descended from the hill top and made our way to the boats. We embarked and resumed our voyage and from that time forth were not bothered by any natives whatever, the general feeling among them being that we were in league with gods. But the next time we made a little trip of this sort you may be sure that we exercised more care and vigilance than we did in the above written memorable excursion.

MACKAY.

A STORM.

 HERE is something in a severe storm which, while it lasts, holds one's nerves at such a tension as is caused by nothing else; something which keeps one keyed at the height of expectancy, waiting for the next vivid flash of lightning and its instantly following peal of thunder, giving another example of the weakness of puny man compared with the mightiness of nature. Although my experience of storms has been limited, the memory of one which occurred one summer in northern Ontario will never leave me. In this section of our province the storms, though not frequent, are unusually severe.

For three days the heat had been oppressive and at night the usually cool breezes gave way to an atmosphere of stifling heat.

Everything in nature seemed struggling for a breath of air and even in the depths of the woods there was no escape from the closeness. The rising sun appeared like a copper disc in a murky sky. The ever-trembling leaves of the poplars quivered and rustled, the light and dark sides showing alternately like the view in a kaleidoscope, while the heat-devils chased each other in shimmering lines across the surface of the water. A few frogs croaked dismally in the marsh down the shore, but no song of birds filled the air. All nature seemed to be under some tremendous strain and to be tensely awaiting something.

Soon a change could be noticed in the appearance of the sky which became darker and took on the look of a great bronze dome. The stillness became even more profound. Suddenly a poplar across the little bay shook its bi-colored leaves violently and then stood still. The dark line which had begun at the western horizon widened rapidly. A fitful gust of wind shivered across the bay and stirred the cat's paws, followed by dead calm, while the black cloud rapidly overspread the sky.

Then a broad irregular ribbon of lightning divided the storm-cloud, while a few large drops of rain fell heavily and noisily, followed by a short fierce gust of wind which lifted the dust in whirlwinds along the sandy beach.

A deep silence followed and then the first low rumble of thunder. A tearing, roaring gust of wind convulsed the tree tops on the other side of the bay. A terrible flash of lighting ensued and with it came the rain. Before it reached us we could see it blown to spray like the foamy crest of a wave. The wind rushed across the lake and the storm struck us as we scurried for shelter. Amid the creaking and groaning and the crashing of falling trees came a terrific peal of thunder. The wind roared through the woods carrying destruction with it, while flash followed flash in quick succession as the lake was lashed to fury. Then the violence of the storm began to abate, but the rain came down harder than ever. We looked out from our shelter throwing open the door to let in the fresh air. And what a change! The green of the woods had changed from a dull, listless, shade to one of fresh newness. Little rivulets foamed down the shore on their way to the lake. A ray of light shot down through a tattered cloud and with it came a twittering of birds. We stepped forth and filled our lungs with the cool, clear air as the muttering of thunder died away in the east.

GRAY.

THE WORK OF DR. GRENFELL.

VERY few of us probably have ever paused for a few moments to think about the widely-known "Little-Big" man, who so recently confronted us in our own halls, or the work to which he has devoted the better part of his life. As Dr. Grenfell entered the prayer hall and walked to the platform by the side of our Principal, we were little able to guess of the power hidden behind his calm eyes and countenance. As soon as he began to speak, however, his presence was felt, more than anything else. He talked, not in the eloquent phrases of an orator, but very simply, and so that the very smallest boy might understand. He gave us a few incidents of his life among the poor fishermen of Labrador, and we were thrilled with the accounts. What a life it must be—full of excitement and romance, but of a better sort—what more could be desired? It was with a sigh of regret that we heard him say that his time was up, and that he must keep us no longer. But it was with a great hope that we should see and hear him on his next trip south, that we left the hall.

Labrador, as we all know, is a barren rock-bound coast, deeply indented, like Norway. Fogs are frequent, and are often the cause of many dire calamities. Provisions, with the exceptions of fish and game, have to be imported from Newfoundland. The inhabitants of this lonely spot are hardy fisher folk, who daily take their lives in their hands to try and gather a scanty living from the forbidding sea. For them it is a perpetual struggle against fog, hidden rocks, and dangers common to a treacherous ocean. Yet if markets were more easily accessible, if men of knowledge settled there to dispel their ignorance, to heal the sick and, in general, to teach these men of the sea how to live, their lives would doubtless be different. These are a few of the ends towards which the mission is pressing, and with fair success.

In this land there is a great lack of education. But the question arises, how shall the people be taught? These men know all the hardships of life. When sickness or accidents come upon them they are all but helpless, and their only safeguard is this deep-sea mission. Before this work began, the mail boat which passed twice a year, carried a doctor, who would treat any patients who were able to come to him at the various stopping places. But throughout

the long autumn and winter, with its manifold storms and accidents there was no help.

In 1892 Dr. Grenfell sailed from England on the hospital ship *Albert*. In three months he had treated more than 900 patients. During the next ten years, through much labor and the kindness of a few interested friends, three hospitals were built, small ones it is true, but serving the purpose a great deal better than none at all.

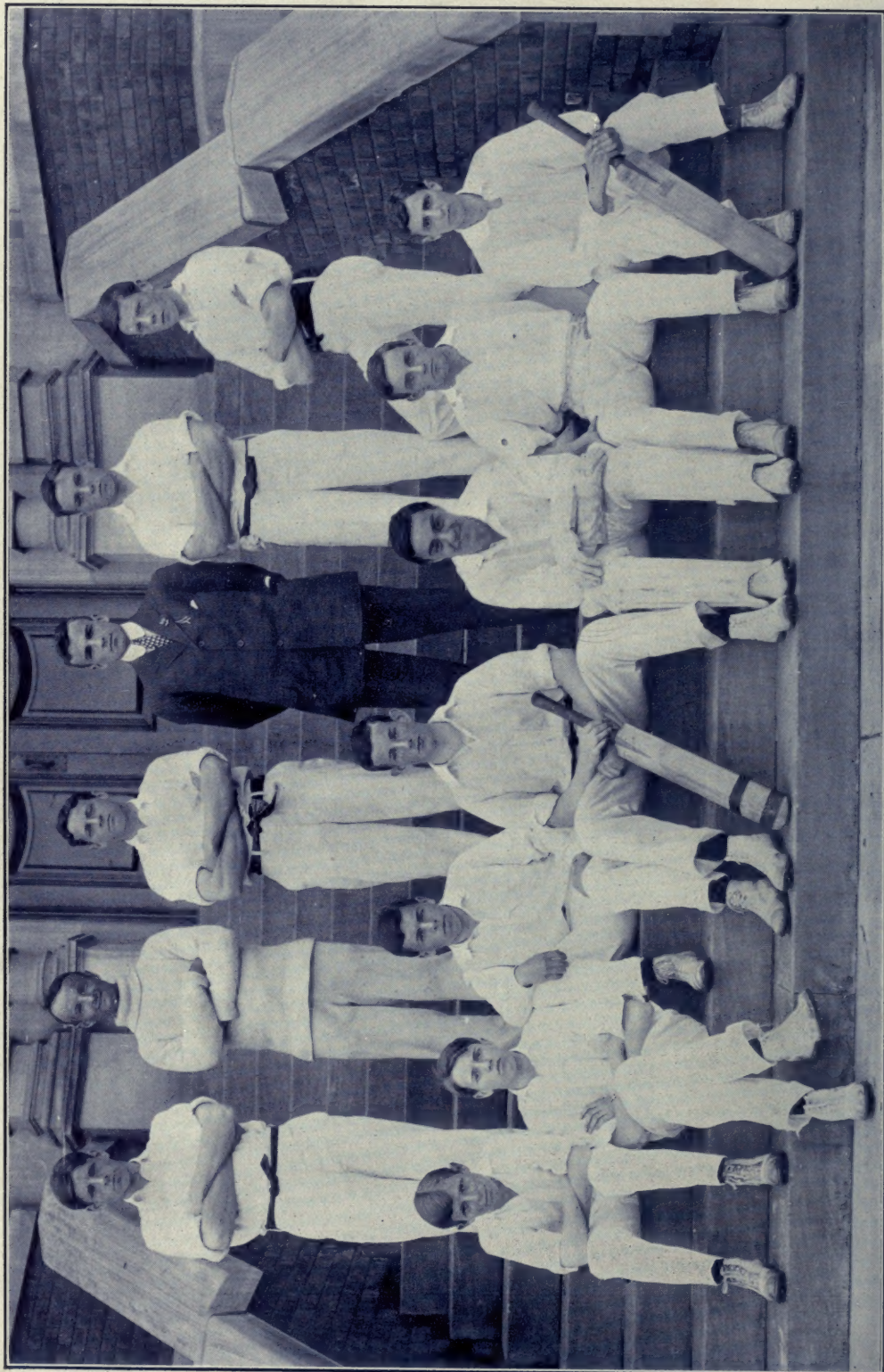
In addition to these hospitals, Dr. Grenfell established a number of stores in opposition to the "truck system" of trade, and the consequent loss of thrift; a lumber mill which afforded employment, and the so necessary material; an orphanage where those were cared for whose protectors had been claimed by the insatiate deep; besides industries for women, such as weaving and boot making.

So this work progresses, slowly, owing to lack of proper accommodation and adequate support. To build hospitals, give medical assistance, drugs, and other necessities, all require money, and I am sure that you will all agree with me that every right-minded boy in Saint Andrew's ought to feel proud of the opportunity so lately afforded, of doing even a little each year towards this mission, which is indeed a heroic institution, and which has a true hero at its head.

McLAREN II.



PLANTING OF THE TREE.



FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1906-07.

Athletics.

CRICKET.

THE cricket season was opened on Saturday, May 4th, by a game with Rosedale, played on the College campus, resulting in a win for Rosedale, 83 to 61. For the College McPherson was high with 32, and Graham next, with 13.

The next game was played on Wednesday, May 8th, against Stanley Barracks on our grounds. The team were successful in this match, 88 to 63, of which Duncanson's 25 and Graham's 16 were the chief features.

On the following Saturday Grace Church were our opponents and were also successful, 75 to 25. None of the College eleven reached double figures. The weather was extremely cold accompanied by a high wind. McPherson 7 and Fleming 4 were top scores for College.

On Saturday, May 18th, we were defeated by the St. Albans' Club, 87 to 20. Hope headed the College list with 7 runs to his credit.

The annual game at Mimico was played on May 28th, the weather still being cold. Mimico batted first and were all dismissed for 67 of which Whitaker obtained 18 and Terry 25. College made 34 in their half of the innings, Grant scoring 12. Tidy took 3 wkts for 9, and McPherson 5 for 30. In the second innings Mimico made 108 of which Whitaker contributed 115 by hard hitting. S. A. C. managed to score 60 of which Graham with 30 was chief run getter.

The first school game was played at Port Hope, on Saturday, June 1st. The day was dark, and the weather very threatening. We arrived at T. C. S. about eleven o'clock and were ready to commence half an hour later. McPherson won the toss, and elected to field. Aided by bad fielding Trinity made 76. After the lunch interval, S. A. C. commenced batting but were returned to the field with only 20 runs to their credit. In the second innings T. C. S. declared for 110 runs, S. A. C. then tried a second time and scored 46, Grant making 25, not out.

S.A.C. v. U.C.C.

College and Upper Canada met in their annual game on Saturday, June 8th, on the U.C.C. campus. St. Andrew's were sent to bat, and by careful playing scored 50, of which Grant obtained 17 and Maclaren 11. U.C.C. then went in and lost 6 w'k'ts for 29 when several hard hitters made a stand, and raised the final score to 74, winning the innings by 24 runs. College again went to bat, but were retired for 21.

U.C.C. thus won by an innings and 3 runs.

S.A.C. v. B.R.C.

The game between Ridley and S.A.C., took place on the College Campus on Tuesday, June 11th. The day was fine but a heavy wind was blowing across the grounds. Ridley won the toss and chose the field. St. Andrew's innings was opened by Hastings and Hope, who made a good start. However, Hastings was bowled by Maxwell I., before his eye was in, Grant joined Hope, and the partnership yielded the former 18 runs and the latter 14. From this on runs came steadily until we were all out for 79. McPherson (13); was the only other to get doubles. Ridley began their innings immediately after lunch. Alexander unfortunately was clean bowled by McPherson for 7, and Maxwell II., his partner, was caught by MacLaren off Graham for 5. The rest of the team retired for 11 runs, the total of the innings being 23. Graham bowled extremely well taking 7 wickets for 6 runs, while McPherson took 3 wickets for 3 runs. S.A.C. again batted but were dismissed for 42, of which Fleming obtained 13, not out, and Grant 11. Ridley were unable to continue their innings owing to the expiration of time. College thus won by 53 runs on the first innings.

McPHERSON.



W. B. McPHERSON, CAPT. 1906-07.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM.

- ✓ **M**CPHERSON, I.—A good bat. Hits well all round the wicket. A fine left hand bowler. The mainstay of the eleven. Team field captain.
- ✓ **G**RAHAM.—A free left hand bat. Bowls fast right hand, often taking wickets. Can hit.
- ✓ **G**RANT.—Bats in good style and can cut. Plays forward well. With increased size should be good. Can bowl. Has made some fine catches at point.
- ✓ **F**LEMMING.—Bats in correct form and ought to make runs. Has been very unlucky.

✓ MACLAREN.—Has too much flourish at present, but with care should be a punishing bat. Fair right hand bowler.

✓ HOPE.—An enthusiastic cricketer. With more experience should turn out well. An energetic field and good company on the cricket field. Should be good next year.

✓ SMITH.—A painstaking bat and tries hard. Is improving and ought to be good next season. Fair field.

✓ MILLER.—The wicket keeper and a promising one. Must play with a straight bat. Has lots of power.

✓ HASTINGS.—A left hand bat, but must play with more vigor. Must conquer his nervousness.

✓ TIDY.—A young hand, but with care should turn out well. A fairly good left hand bat and a good change bowler. Fair field. Should do well next year.

DUNCANSON.—One of the best bats in the team. Good defence. Must learn to hit on the off. A hard-working field and never gets slack.

CALDWELL.—A patient bat. Has fairly good defence. A fair left hand bowler. Should be very useful next year.



SECOND TEAM.

ALTHOUGH the season of 1907 was not the most auspicious for cricket as far as the weather was concerned, yet in every other way this year has been a most successful one for S.A.C.'s second team.

The first match with Highfield was on S. A. C. grounds when the 2nds were rather unlucky, time only accounting for their defeat. In the first innings, Highfield went to bat first and knocked out 45, while owing principally to nervousness, 22 was all the 2nds could tally, but in the 2nd innings things were different, Highfield only getting 27 runs, while Caldwell and McKinnon alone overtook Highfield's score and lacked but nine runs to win, when time was called and wickets drawn.



In the return match with Highfield at Hamilton, only two things need mention. First the score was 87 to 18, in S. A. C.'s favour, Cutler distinguishing himself by making 34, and secondly, the kind manner in which we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Collinson, of Highfield.

The following composed the team:—Wood I, Cutler, Edwards, Caldwell I, Douglas II, McKinnon, MacFarland, Smith IV., Grant II., Lowes, MacAvity. Spare: Matheson.

WOOD I.

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET.

HERE have been only a few games so far. Christie Clark, acting as captain, arranged a match with the lower flat, senior school, which resulted in a defeat for the junior team: score 45-26. Douglas' bowling and batting were exceptionally good, while Leishman I. and Smith also played a good game.

On May 11th Upper Canada Preps made us a visit. Although they have a fine team we beat them with a score of 20-19. Douglas and Delaplante making top score. On the 14th Mr. James kindly picked two teams from the junior school to give us some practice. The Toronto boarders assumed the name of "The Torontos," while out-of-town fellows represented "The Dominions." The Dominions won: score 34-28. Delaplante bowled well; Bicknell made a good bat and wicket-keeper.

On June 1st Junior House met the "Madisons," by whom they were defeated with a score of 58 to 42. Bicknell, Campbell and Munro batted well while Delaplante's bowling was very good.

There are still one or two games to be played, the most important being the return game with U.C.C. Preps at Upper Canada grounds.





GYM. TEAM, 1906-07.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

ON Wednesday evening, March the twenty-seventh, the first annual assault-at-arms of St. Andrew's College took place. The event, which was witnessed by nearly four hundred people, was a pronounced success from every point of view. Many parents, brothers and sisters (and others) came up to the school to view the exercises and went away well satisfied with the performance of the boys. The programme, which consisted of eleven numbers in all, was divided into two parts. The first was given over to calisthenics, apparatus and matwork, while antagonistic engagements made up part two.

All the different forms were represented in some manner. Calisthenics and marching by Form I, upper and lower preps, was the first number on the programme; and the forming of the letters S A C by these smaller boys all uniformly clad in crimson and white brought forth the merited applause of the onlookers: The work of IV. A. and IV. B. was of a very finished order and their exhibition of calisthenic and apparatus work showed careful training. The

gymnasium team was in the limelight a large part of the evening. It consisted of Davison I., Davison II., Davison III. and Corbould. They appeared in three different numbers. Their efforts on the horizontal bar, on the flying rings, and their tumbling on the mat caused more than one to whisper in an awed breath, "Just like Shea's."

Interspersed with some of the thrilling mid-air performances were the irresistibly funny antics of some professional clowns, who, although very amusing, performed some feats of strength which called forth as much praise as had any of the many wonderful things that took place. The Junior Leaders did a very pleasing turn on the German horse. Ferguson (I.) was disguised as a clown and provoked so much mirth that could St. Andy have been carried into the gymnasium from his perch over the door, the old fellow would surely have cracked a smile.

There was a short intermission between parts one and two. During this second half the gymnasts gave place to those who gave exhibitions of self-defense. Eberts and Hope gave a boxing exhibition which was just spirited enough to be exciting. There were no decisions given after the bouts as that would have made the assault-at-arms resemble too closely the boxing, fencing and wrestling tournament which was to take place later on April 24th and 25th. McColl wrestled with Strother, who was college bantam-weight champion in 1906. Both of these boys showed that they possessed more than a meagre amount of knowledge of the head spinning game. A two round fencing bout between Gill and Wrong (I) proved to be as interesting as it was fast. This finished, all chairs were turned towards the southeast corner of the gymnasium, where MacKirdy had mounted a small platform to prove his skill as a bag puncher. He was not long in proving it, and soon the audience was applauding him heartily for his clever work. The evening's entertainment was brought to an end by the "Fight for the blockade," between MacKeen (I.) and Delaplante (II.) Although scientific work did not specially characterize their efforts it was nevertheless very amusing.

The Isthmian Club, under whose auspices the assault-at-arms was held, deserves to be congratulated on the creditable manner in which the evening's sport was carried out. Most credit is due, however, to the physical director, Mr. Chapman, who has worked long and untiringly in the gym. with the boys since last September. Next year's assault-at-arms is looked forward to with much enjoyment.

WESLEY W. WINANS.



WINNERS OF BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT, 1906-07.

THE BOXING, FENCING AND WRESTLING TOURNAMENT.

COMPARED with last year's tournament, the one of this year was much better—better in nearly every department. The bouts, both in boxing and wrestling passed off with greater promptness, were noticeable for more science and were more pleasing from the spectator's point of view. The preliminaries took place on Wednesday afternoon, April twenty-fourth. In all ten bouts were witnessed on the opening day, five of these being boxing while the other five were wrestling. The bouts in the boxing consisted of three two-minute rounds.

The first bout to be decided was in the 115 lb. class between Corbould and Bath. The former had an advantage of 10 lbs. over the latter, who, although fighting gamely was outclassed.

Bicknell and Macdonald II. also boxed three rounds in the 115 lb. class. In the first round Bicknell showed to advantage, while Macdonald forced matters in the second round. The last round which proved to be very exciting was won by Bicknell. The decision was well received, but was especially popular with the lower school boys.

The 135 lb. class bout between Norris and Bollard was very even and as no decision could be reached after four rounds of fast and furious going, Mr. Chapman decided to have it finished in the finals on the night of the twenty-sixth of that month.

One of the tamest bouts was between MacAvity and Cutler in the 145 lb. class. MacAvity went after Cutler from the sound of the gong and seemed to forget all about the fact that they were both easterners. As the second round showed MacAvity landing with his left and right on Cutler's face and body at will, a decision was made without a third round being called.

Burton mastered Wood I. in the heavy weight class after three rounds of not very exciting boxing. The first round was the only one in which the result was not evident. Wood, however, showed pluck and is to be congratulated on his improvement of form over last year.

In the wrestling Crowe and Bollard were the first to necessitate the mat being brought into the ring. They were entered in the 135 lb. class, and held the attention of the spectators for only one minute

and forty-four seconds. Bollard won the bout after throwing Crowe twice. He secured the first fall in nineteen seconds with a cross-buttock, and the second fall in one minute and twenty-five seconds with a half-Nelson.

Davison II. made short work of his bout with Bicknell in the 115 lb. class. He secured his first fall in three minutes and twenty seconds, while the winning of his second fall took him forty seconds.

The school record for the length of time in securing one fall was broken when Firstbrook and Boyd wrestled forty-seven minutes, with no result. Boyd won the decision, however, owing to his aggressiveness. It may be said that both boys did well and if the standard work in the featherweight class next year is as good there will be no cause to complain.

On Friday night, April twenty-sixth, the finals were held. If the Isthmian Club was satisfied with the number of people which attended the assault-at-arms it was simply dee-lighted with the manner in which the people crowded the gymnasium to witness the final boxing, fencing and wrestling bouts. Mr. Cochrane, the physical instructor at Upper Canada College, very kindly refereed the boxing bouts, while Mr. Chapman refereed the wrestling bouts. The decisions of both gentlemen were satisfactory to all.

Gill and Duncanson fenced seventeen minutes for the championship of the school. Gill scored two points, five minutes after which Duncanson evened up. Gill managed to break the tie by scoring a fifth point and winning the bout.

Winstanley and Phillips wrestled only two rounds for the middleweight championship of the school, since it took Winstanley only two rounds to procure two falls. On a scissors and far three-quarter Nelson he pinned Phillips in two minutes. The second fall took him six minutes to obtain; but at the end of that time Phillips could not get away from a near half-Nelson.

The deciding bout in the boxing bantam weight class was fought for by Kirkhouse and Rutter. Round one went to Kirkhouse, while Rutter captured the second. In the third round Kirkhouse clearly outpointed his opponent and got the decision.

Acton and Elliot I. were the contestants in a special one hundred and twenty-five pound class bout. Elliot took the lead from the first and was never headed during the full route, winning in handy fashion from him of the light locks.

The most scientific bout of the tournament was between John-

son I. and Norris in the lightweight class. In the first round Norris did the forcing, while Johnson had the better form. The end of the second round showed Norris slightly in the lead and he was awarded the decision at the end of the third round. Johnson received little punishment owing to his clever footwork and shiftiness.

The welterweight class brought out MacAvity and Delaplante I. The former had much the better of the first round and was unprepared for the rally made by Delaplante in the second. There was no underrating done in the last round, however, and MacAvity won as he pleased.

Winstanley and Phillips clashed in the middleweight class. A tamer round than their first one could hardly be imagined. A great improvement was made in the second round in which Phillips appeared to have a slight advantage. In the third round Phillips chased Winstanley all over the ring and many were surprised when the bout was awarded to Winstanley on account of low hitting by Phillips.

Hope went in against Burton for the heavyweight championship, although he could have entered the middleweight class. The honors in the first round were very evenly divided. Hope avoided Burton's left leads by close in-fighting. In the second round Burton kept away from Hope and in this manner landed almost at will. Hope, in ducking under a right swing, hit his head on Burton's hip bone. He fell to the floor and it seemed as if he had been knocked out; but he pluckily resumed. Burton in the third round had Hope at his mercy and won the bout with little trouble.

For a change the wrestling bouts were again resorted to. Monroe won from McKeen II. in class B after ten minutes' work. There was no fall, but Monroe did all the forcing.

McColl threw Yuile twice in succession in class C. He secured the first fall in three minutes and the second fall in two minutes.

Two falls were won by Strother from Thompson V. in the bantam weight class. The time for the falls was two minutes and six minutes.

Davison II. and Boyd wrestled ten minutes without a fall being secured by either boy. The former received the decision by his aggressiveness. It may be stated, however, that Boyd is a very promising wrestler and with more experience will be a hard boy to defeat.

Delaplante I. defaulted to Davison I. in the welterweight class.

The last bout of the evening was between Bollard and Gill. The former won the first fall in one minute and twenty-five seconds, and the second fall in one minute.

This ended the second annual tournament, and judging from the interest shown in the bouts and from the number of contestants entering each class, the tournament may well be considered a school fixture of great account at Saint Andrew's College.

WESLEY W. WINANS.





THE SEVENTH ANNUAL ATHLETIC GAMES.

VERY seldom are we fortunate enough to have a day for our sports which is not to some extent at least marred by rain. The exception proves the rule, for Friday, May the seventeenth, was an ideal day. The dark leaden clouds hung ominously low about two o'clock, but instead of doing any harm they rather served to molify the rays of Old Sol.

The College was "en fête" as Hortibus says, and it was a day to be remembered long after we have passed from St. Andrew's. One reason why it will be impressed deeply in our memories is because this is the first year that we have ever held our games on our own grounds. It would be hard to conceive a prettier sight than the course presented. The green field, with the college and thickly wooded ridge rising to the north and east as a back-ground, looked its best with the crimson and white hurdles rising at regular intervals on its velvet-like turf. The two marquees overflowed with charming young ladies attended by stately matrons and attentive brothers. The crimson blazers and white flannels seen everywhere, added as much to the gayety of the scene, as did the Forty-

Eighth Highlanders' band, which discoursed music while the different events were being run off.

Not next in importance to the games themselves was the planting of the commemorative elm by that grand old scholar, Professor Goldwin Smith. The school appreciates to a very large degree the honor conferred upon it by this gentleman, who is so well known and respected by us all. His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, in a few well-chosen words expressed the high esteem in which he held Dr. Goldwin Smith. The principal, Dr. Macdonald, thanked Dr. Smith for the honor that the school as a whole was receiving from this noted man of letters.



After a sapling elm had its roots safely packed in rich brown loam the younger people eagerly made their way to the Assembly Hall where dancing was enjoyed for two hours or more. It was truly a day to be marked in the recording of sports days. Fifteen hundred people were present, and from all sides came expressions of praise and remarks flattering to the Athletic Association. Mrs. Macdonald received during the afternoon and many of her guests took advantage of the view of the field from the verandah of the principal's house.

Much could be said about the events. The preliminaries in the dashes, and the finals in the 440 yards, the one-half mile and the mile were run on the Varsity oval. The feature of the runs was the

breaking of the school record for the mile by Grass, who did it in the splendid time of 4.56. At the finish Grass was so far ahead of Knox that he did not have to extend himself. Had he been harder pressed he might easily have lowered his present mark by a second. In the finals Burton was the "premier danseuse," all the rest compared with him were simply coryphees. This versatile athlete won the senior championship cup, while Edmunds by very consistent work carried off the boarders' championship cup. Among the juniors, Smith III. was the most successful and won the junior championship cup. This year a boarders' championship cup for lower school boys was very kindly donated by Mrs Macdonald. It was won by Bicknell, who is to be congratulated on the very good showing he made.

This year there were more entries for each event than we have had on any previous sports day, a fact which in itself is encouraging. And so a thorough comparison between the past annual spring meets and the one of this year's tends to give us a fuller understanding of that remarkable prosperity, that deep respect and merited recognition which St. Andrew's College is now enjoying.

The following is the list of events with their winners: —

440 Yards Dash—58 secs.—Knox, Edmunds, Gill.

One Mile—4.56—Grass, Knox, Macdonald II.

One-half Mile—2.8—Knox, Grass, Edmunds.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—96 yds. 2 ft.—Winstanley, Eberts, MacAvity.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—69 yds. 8 ft.—Wright, Gooch, Hillman.

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—13 ft. 9 in.—Smith III., Bicknell, Delaplante II.

Running Broad Jump (Senior)—17 ft. 3 in.—Burton, Ferguson I., Flemming.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—7 ft. 9 in.—Smith III., Bicknell, Delaplante.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—8 ft. 10½ in.—Burton, Ferguson I., Grant II.

Running High Jump (Junior)—4 ft. 4 in.—Wright, Clark V., Lockart.

Running High Jump (Senior)—5½ ft.—Burton, Macdonald II., Knox.

Putting the Shot—32 ft. 7 in.—Burton, Winstanley, Norris.

50 Yards Dash (Preparatory Forms)—7 1.5 secs.—Wright II., Campbell II., Paterson II.

100 Yards Dash (Senior)—10 4-5 secs.—Edmunds, Skinner, Winstanley.

100 Yards Dash (Junior)—12 3-5 secs.—Bicknell, Smith III., Wright I.

100 Yards Dash (under 13)—13 secs.—Cassels I., Wilson III., Goodman.

Three-Legged Race—Mackay and Evans, Carlyle and Hewitt.

220 Yards Dash (Senior)—25 secs.—Edmunds, Knox, Winstanley.

220 Yards Dash (Junior)—28 4-5 secs.—Smith III., Bicknell, Wright I.

220 Yards Dash (under 17)—23 1-2 secs.—Skinner, Bell, MacKay.

Lower School Race (Handicap)—12 1-5 secs.—McColl, Thompson, Delaplante.

Sack Race—Lindlay II., Carlyle, Munro II.

Obstacle Race—Carlyle, Munro II., McCullough.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—22 1-5 secs.—Macdonald II., Burton, Edmunds.

Hurdle Race (Junior)—Smith III., Gooch, McKenzie.

Old Boy's Race—Boyle, Crossen, Driscoll.

Consolation Race (Junior)—14 3-5 secs.—Won by Hillman.

Consolation Race (Senior)—MacAvity, Clark.


Relay Race (Forms VI., V., IV., III.)—3.24—IV.A.—Knox, MacAvity, Edmunds.

WESLEY W. WINANS.



Miscellany.

THE CADET CORPS.

 HE annual drill season for nineteen hundred and six and seven closed with an inspection of the corps by Col. Galloway on Tuesday, June 4th. From last November till that date the cadets turned out every Tuesday to receive instruction at the hands of Quartermaster-Sergeant Hatt, drill instructor of the 48th Highlanders.

The total strength of the corps is about 68; practically the same as last year. It was hoped at the first of the season to have a larger enrollment, but as the finances of the Cadet Corps Fund (a fund started last year for the support of the corps) did not permit the purchase of additional uniforms the corps' strength remained unchanged. But this slight disappointment was fully balanced by the efficiency of those enrolled.

This year the privilege of using the 48th shooting galleries at the Armouries for a period each week was fully taken advantage of, the Cadets benefiting much, as was shown by the scores made towards the end of the year when not a few scored over twenty out of the possible twenty-five marks.

The match for the rifle, donated by the Daughters of the Empire for competition amongst the Cadets, has not yet been held, but will be held before the close of school.

On Sunday, May 19th, the corps turned out with the Highlanders for the Toronto Garrison Parade and made a splendid showing, fully upholding if not adding to the good name which was made for the corps last year.

The day for inspection was not one which could have been termed ideal, as it rained or drizzled nearly all day, but fortune was with us and it stopped raining just after the falling in, in the gymnasium, and held off till a few minutes after five, just giving nice time for drill.

Lt.-Col. Galloway was the inspecting officer. He arrived at 3.15 and after inspecting in the gymnasium the rifles and uniforms, had the corps march to the campus where he, after seeing them drill for

about an hour, spoke to the corps, complimenting them on their drilling and smart, soldierly appearance, mentioning especially the steadiness of the corps, a thing which he said "was seldom found amongst cadets."

Too much credit cannot be given to Sergeant Hatt for the efficiency of the corps. Always willing, obliging and painstaking and with unlimited patience he has won for himself the greatest respect and affection of the boys. He is on hand at all times, helping and encouraging the boys when on parade, especially when they are out with the city regiments where nervousness and lack of confidence are only overcome by having such a man near. It is sincerely hoped that he will again be instructing the corps next year, a fact which in itself will ensure an equal success as that attained by the boys of this just completed season.

The boys themselves, however, deserve great praise for the way in which they turned out to drill throughout the year and the interest which they manifested in everything pertaining to the corps' welfare. The officers would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for this interest, and hope it will always continue so.

The officers and non-commissioned officers were: Captain, R. J. Gill; 1st Lieutenant, A. E. Duncanson; 2nd Lieutenant, L. Wood; Sergeants, Col.-Sergt. Macpherson, Sergt. Burton, Sergt. Hope and Sergt. Chase; Corporals, Bowman I., Edmunds, Macdonald II., and Grass.

R. T. G.

LEAVING.

*STANDING on Saint Andrew's threshold,
Gazing o'er the smoky town,
Thinking of my soon departure,
Random thoughts I scribble down.*

My feet still rest on the care-free school floor.
Soon to be planted in the throng,
A backward glimpse at the life that's over
Gone—fled forever as a song.

Then the college left behind me
Ne'er may I return the same,
Never see life from the standpoint
Of that year in which I came.

One phase of my life has vanished,
Quarter of the years of men,
Though as Bible psalmist singeth,
He might pass three score and ten.

Have my hours here been wasted?
Can I dare to meet with fate?
Through forever with the small things,
Fitted now to work the great?

Good-bye, school, our life's broad gateway,
Days there portal to that hall,
In which the stairs run in the dark,
And some climb, though many fall.

Many—yet the earth has bettered
As the ages fast unfurled,
Gained in wisdom while the schools grew,
Power house for all the world.

Far in future time we wander
Down the troubled stream of years,
Let us work whate'er the end be,
Fight and grapple with our fears.

Farewell, college! Farewell, school days!
Good-bye, masters of the gown,
This I thought, and started on towards,
Distant blur of smoky town.

E. M. W.

EXCHANGES.

FROM far off China—Tientsin, to be particular—comes the magazine of the Anglo-Chinese College there, *College Echoes* by name. It teaches us things of the existence of which we were ignorant. First, that athletics have a strong place in the land of the pig-tail, and next, that many boys from this school are scattering to various colleges over the world. This last we learn from the Old Boys' column. The magazine is well worth reading, containing many interesting items.

Acroama has one good story—the first, and its usual excellent imitation of the *Spectator*. These with some readable tales and a few more or less interesting articles make it up. It is creditable on the whole, showing unmistakable evidences of taste.

We have received the jubilee number of the *Magnet*, from Jarvis Street Collegiate. It is most interesting, not only to a student of history, but also to the man in the street, as it shows great care and excellent workmanship.

In *Acta Victoriana*, besides numerous scientific articles and some good short stories, we find much poetry of some value. In the March number we especially commend some verse, entitled “Valedictory, 1907.”

From O. A. C., Guelph, comes their *Review*, full of farming information (at least it seemed, to our inexperienced eye, to be about farming). But, besides all this shop, in its many pages we find some things that would interest even the veriest of laymen.

Small, but in many respects good, is the *Collegiate Outlook* from Moose Jaw. The main trouble which we notice is that nearly all of the best things in it are taken from far distant writers.

Also small, but select and artistically got up, is the *Ashburian*, from Ashbury College, Ottawa. A new exchange, it shows taste in both matter and technique, and we welcome it cordially.

The *Harbord Review* is another new exchange, which we are glad to see. Though at times a trifle wearisome, on the whole it is most creditable.

The *Blue and White*, from Rothesay, N.B., appears once more. A little verse and an illustration or two would improve it.

Amongst others have come the *McMaster Monthly*, the Queen's University *Journal*, Trinity College School *Record*, Buffalo Central High School *Calendar*, Baltimore University School *Register*, St. Hilda's *Chronicle*, *Acta Victoriana*, and the *Shenis*, from Schenectady.

Skits.



R. H.: "MacKeen, what do you think of the character of Hamlet?"

Anderson butting in: "He was a brute and belonged to the Forty Thieves!"

Our closing anthem: "For all the Saints who from their labors rest."

In vain we climb the heavenly steps,
To look at Martin's hair;
We must but guess at how it keeps
It is so cold up there.

Bell II. leaving class with sixteen quarters: "Good-bye, fellows! I must away!"

We are glad to have Angstrom with us for a day.

Who has seen Montana's tennis medal?

Master: "The next boy I see will take sixteen quarters!"

Chorus: "Don't look at me, sir!"

The school celebrated Victoria Day most fittingly by the opening of the rhubarb season.

"Vinchesthur, are you through perhaps pretty soon?"

"Haaf" haven't heard of "out you go,"
Nor yet of "silly asses,"
Then, "Haaf" go in where hours flow,
To 'rithmetical classes.

It is lucky that "hand mattresses" were forbidden when they were as it enabled Missoula to return his Ostermoor before his thirty days' free trial expired.

The following is the college baseball team proposed by a few enthusiastic fans:—

Pitcher—"Little Eva."

Catcher—"Gangle."

1st Base—"Pickles."

2nd Base—"Cheese."

3rd Base—"W. Perry McKay."

Shortstop—"Lohius."

Left Field—"Gibbie."

Right Field—"Steevie."

Centre Field—"Eby S."

Under the gracious patronage of "Montana Bill."

Chalk was scarce during the milk famine.

Smile, Chase! Dub Sale used to when he was a perfect.

Gladney quoting Tennyson: "Forgive my wild and wandering cries."

With apologies to the author:—

"Be strenuous and let who will be clever,
Give striking blows, not take them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One Chinese gong."

We judge that Cutler's favorite book is Dickens' "A child's dream of a *star*."

Mr. W.'s release from the sick room was anxiously awaited by the tennis fiends.

If "Fat" Grant ever enters politics it is safe to predict that he will advocate "the full dinner pail."

Martin (in a burst of rapture to "Little Eva" on first seeing the Don): "Oh, see the little cloudlet above the little wavelet, so like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene."

Ned Winstanley (in the rear): "Cheese it, 'Long,' you had better go to the little pumplet in the yardlet and soak your little headlet."

Which do you prefer:—

“Out you go.”

“Git aout,” or

“Thur is the door.”

It was merely an oversight that “Coozy” Burke did not go into the Old Boys’ race.

Messenger from the office: “Sir, mai the Principal have Massa Hiwood?”

Macnee at a Yonge Street haberdasher’s: “Let me see the vilest pair of socks you have.”

“Kiss—me” Cutler requests everyone to save him their banana peelings as polish for his new-fangled tan shoes.

The following were the rules required to be observed by the inmates of the measles quarantine:—

(1) There is to be strictly no talking out of the window either to the birds or stars.

(2) Walking strictly prohibited either on your head or feet, either for moon gazing or healthful exercise. This applies likewise to crawling and tight rope walking.

(3) The use of dumb-bells as missiles strictly prohibited during the hours of 11 p.m. to 5 a.m.

(4) Don’t eat, drink or think without special permission.

(5) No whittling of the dumb-bells.

(6) “No flowers received.”

(7) Positively no tipping the undertaker.

“The Cinch Sanitarium.”

By Order.

North Toronto.

(For the benefit of the Nova Scotians.)

Since Dr. Falconer’s appointment it has been stated that the wise men of Canada come from the East. It may be further noted that the wiser they get the quicker they come from the East.

We think good manners are quite as much in evidence in the upper fifth as good arithmetic.

"Whisky" did the "grand" at the games.

Lieut. Wood in Drill: "Pull together, Martin! Pull together!"

Caldwell I. says he doesn't like to shave because it makes his beard bristly.

Did you see the abbreviated boy with the colossal hat?

We regret that the doctor does not give a favorable report on Chase's condition during the past year.

Gladney: "You should see the big red fifteen thousand dollar automobile we have in Belleville!"

Chase will no longer be seen in tragedy, but we are happy to report that he is making a hit in the circles of humor.

Yours to a cinder, W. W. W. How big a cinder?

Mr. H. in Literature: "Why didn't Hamlet kill the king when he was praying?"

Harcourt: "Because Shakespeare wanted the story to run longer."

Mr. Winans has been dissipating at the Tuck recently.

Knox has been dodging people with cigars since Longboat was injured.

When the price of milk went up Delaplante went home to keep from starving.

In Grammar Class: "Shred, shredded, shredded wheat!"

It's hard luck that we can't make any more jokes on Crowe's name.

Hastings I., after the Glen Mawr line arrived, "STUNG!"

The Masters, referring to Bell I.: "We like dat boaoy."

Crack! Is the building falling down? No, only Sherriif removing his shoes.

The coach offered to take Sands to Mimico, but he was afraid.

Highfield boy to McNeil: "Did you play on the 2nd football team?"

Sands is studying chemistry in study with an ink well.

Mr. R—. (Coming in to put out the lights to Burns, who is on the window sill): "Burns, that looks conspicuous."

Lafferty has left. So has the Calgary boom.

Jage Chase is an awful cut up, but he is calming down now. He recently swore he wouldn't speak to a girl for two days.

Riches (after a bath): "Gee! I feel ten pounds lighter."

Master: "You're not the only person that ever knew anything."
Wright: "Oh, no, there's Shakespeare."

Thompsons, I., II., III., IV., V., VI.: We're a' John Thompson's bairns.

"Bung" Flemming has a job in a Brewery.

Mr. C.: "Admiral Van Trome sailed up the Midway with a broom at his masthead saying that he was going to sweep the sea."

Miller: "Why didn't he use Old Dutch Cleanser?"

Old Head: "I have seen hail in June."

S. A. C. Lad: "I have seen Hale in August."

Stranger at Varsity to Driscoll: "Has your father a very large farm?"

When the Principal mentioned the refreshments several boys had to hold Grant III. in his seat.

Grant I. to Bell Boy: "We're pals, ain't we 'Enery?'"

Skinner, referring to baseball match: "Toronto won by three goals."

Mr. B. to Carling: "If one apple cost one cent, what would ten cost?"

Carling: "20 cents, sir."

Davison III.: "That's nothing! I bowled Jack Hope."

"Mystery of room 3, or who took Ikey's Cadet buttons?"

"Mystery of lower study; or Who dumped the ink well?"

Mr. P. to Oliver, who dropped a book on the floor: "Why don't you make more noise?"

Oliver drops the pile that was left.

McLagan to Ross: "Ikey, come out from behind that tree!"

Matheson did not enjoy the mouse hunt on second flat.

Davison III. is thinking of joining the Toronto baseball team.

Room 8 is always heated with hot air when Davison III. is around.

Mr. Bell: "Patrick, where does the sun rise?"

Patrick: "In the west, sir."

Cutler (to group of junior house boys): "I could have easily beaten MacAvity in the boxing tournament, but I had a stiff neck."

One of the boys: "Yes, it looked very stiff, especially just after you'd been hit."

Chase to Pickles: "I bet our crops of potatoes will beat yours this year."

Pickles: "Not so sure about that, but I'll bet a squash that our turnips will beat yours."

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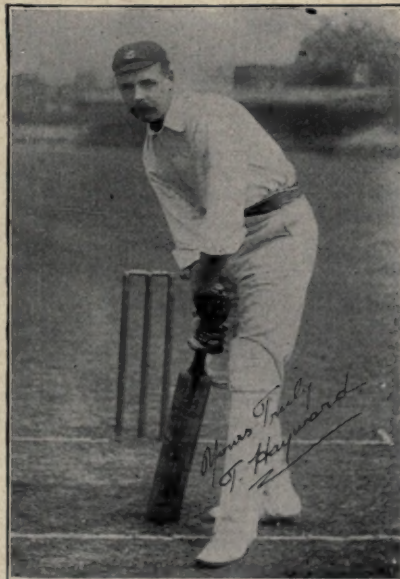
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TORONTO

Mr. R. (translating a sentence in Latin): "This man was not conscious of injury to himself."

Harcourt: "Did he have paralysis?"

Flemming (singing): "Give me a little dolly, one I may call my own."

Mr. F.: "Donald, what's the meaning of falling sickness?"

Donald (his mind full of current events): "Measles, sir."

"Hymn No. 251. Woh! back, Creaser!

Clark's socks were one of the sights at the sports.

Irwin (to Gill): "Bob. give me a nude piece of paper."

GRASS—WOOD.—The engagement is announced between Bully Bob Grass, late of Port Credit, to Miss Gertrude Redness Wood of Sunnyside. Cobalt and Washago papers please copy.

MacFarland: "Who swiped my curling tongs?"

Mr. McG.: "Winstanley, when are you going to settle down?"

Winstanley: "Settled down already." Loud applause from gallery.

Grant III. translating Caesar: "He sent him with long boats."

McKirdy at 7.15 in morning: "She's a foxy summer girl and —."

Montana: "Say, Hughie, you should see the medal I got at home for the boy's tennis championship of our town."

Hughie: "How old were the boys?"

Hardie reading his composition aloud: "'An the Injuns were jumpin' around like a pack o' geese."

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Bung in his sleep: "Oyez she's the candy. I've got her pinched all right.

MacFarland and Burns were at Parker's dye works the other day on very important business.

The boys with cameras are to be thanked for the "noble" and "unselfish" way in which they took pictures for the REVIEW. One boy out of 300 sent in pictures. Luckily they were very good.

Thank you, boys!

The staff isn't getting at all familiar, no? The other day one of the highly respected was heard to say: "Are you Ready Wood?"

Hope at dinner: "My face is II. R^2 , therefore"—"Yes," interrupted fifth form humorist, "therefore you have a II. face."

Mr. F—y: "B—ton, take your hands out of your pockets, you don't look nice that way."

B—ton, removing his hands: "Do I look nice now, sir?"

"5B forever" says small, but extremely noisy boy. "We even have a member in the orchestra."

MacFarland: "Sir, may I borrow a match—I mean a pencil?"

Delaplante to Clark: "The latest from Paris is to wear the trousers two inches below the knee."—Soulful socks.

Room 8 is very warm, having a steam radiator as well as "Hot Air."

Hastings II. at the sports: "I wonder if you are allowed to speak to the Havergal girls."

We missed our old friend Goggen with his kindly words and happy smile at the sports.

Many a fair maiden inquired where Forgey was at the sports. He is not forgotten yet.



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- ¶ College Pins are another specialty of our Insignia Department. Designs and estimates given on application.

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Caldwell I., making 23 runs in S. A. C. *vs.* Highfield match:
"Gee, if Edith could only see me now."

Mr. W.: "What strikes you as the big difference between diamonds and the other forms of carbon?"

Ikey Ross: "The cost."

Sherlock Holmes, the great detective, was visiting St. Andrew's College. When asked by one of the boarders if he could find any lemon in the lemonade served on Field Day, the great detective fell on his knees and begged them not to tell Conan Doyle.

Ross I. to Mr. P.: "Sir, is dandruff dried thinks?"

McCullough II. wishes to notify any boys that are leaving the College that he has two pair of old socks he is willing to give away as keepsakes.

At the T. C. S. game owing to the cold weather many muffs were in evidence.

Bung filled in his spare time keeping track of the different holds used by the bride and groom.

June opened well with three couples on the way home from T. C. S.

J. O. used to dream of Alice, but in future, however, his visions in slumberland will be of Camille.

Hats have been put to many uses, but there was a new one sprung on the public coming home from T. C. S.

As usual, Ike quite forgot himself at dinner.

The catch of the season—by Choppy Grant.

Studies of Plant Life in Canada

By Catharine Parr Traill

With 8 Engravings in natural colors and 12 half-tone engravings from drawings by Agnes D. Chamberlin

Lovers of the wildflowers will be pleased to learn that a revised edition of Mrs. Traill's valuable work (long a prize for book collectors) has been issued. No expense has been spared to make this edition, in typography, illustration, and binding, worthy of the text. The author—one of the famous Strickland sisters, whose contributions to English literature were many and important—in this volume gave to the public the result of her observations and research during a long residence in Canada. Prof. Macoun and Dr. Fletcher, the "fathers of Canadian botany," describe the book as "a record of close observation, together with an intelligent consideration and accurate description of what was seen, helpful to those who are actively engaged in education, and attractive to all lovers of wildflowers from the large number of plants dealt with in an accurate but quaint and original manner." They further remark that "the value of the book is much enhanced by the large number of plates by Mrs. Chamberlin, the well-known artist of Canadian wildflowers." It is one of the books no Canadian library should be without.

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SPADINA CRESCENT

Hamilton may be pretty dead, but it was the only place in which Bung could let a contract for making a pair of boots to fit him.

When the brakeman called "Riverdale next stop" two train hands tried to coax Bung from the train to take him to the Zoo. Not yet but next time!

Vic Miller waxed eloquent addressing a very select audience on the train on the way home from T. C. S.

Mr. F—n—l—y: "Now, boys, I want you to write your compositions on something simple."

McL—r—n I. (from back of room): "McIntosh, for instance."

Mr. N.: "You bally ass."

Wesley and his little golf bag.

Ramsey's eloquence—"Phœbus, dear, wander here without further preamble."

Be "cam," J. O.

